

William Law Hufsey

with kindest regards

from the Author

San Francisco Lodge

April 15th 1868.

HOMER'S ILIAD.



H O M E R ' S I L I A D.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH HEXAMETERS

BY JAMES INGLIS COCHRANE,

TRANSLATOR OF "HERMAN AND DOROTHEA," "LOUISA," AND "HANNAH AND HER CHICKENS,"
FROM THE GERMAN; AND AUTHOR OF "SONNETS AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS."

BOSTON COLLEGE LIBRARY
CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

1867.

NOTE.

It will be seen that the following Preface was originally issued with the First Book. Most of it, however, applies to the whole work. Since the death of the Translator, it has been judged best to print it exactly as he left it.

For the Illustrations he was indebted to his friend the late Henry Hussey, Esq.

PA4025.
A2C6

PREFACE.

THE following First Book of the Iliad, translated into English hexameter verse, is published as a specimen of the whole Poem, which is now completed, after a labour of ten years—the same time as the siege of Troy itself occupied. The object of the Translator in publishing at present one Book only is, that it may be noticed in some of the literary journals, and that he may thus have an opportunity of making any alterations in his style which he may think desirable. When he first determined upon translating the Iliad into hexameter verse, he prepared himself for the task by translating from the German ten or twelve thousand verses ; for, although he was always of opinion that the measure was quite as well adapted as any other to the English language, yet, there were so many conflicting opinions on the subject, that he had in a considerable degree to grope his way, and ascertain for himself what the English language was capable of. Every hexameter writer had his own particular theory, and there were no definite and acknowledged rules to guide one.

The Translator does not intend, in this short preface, to discuss the question, whether the measure can be introduced into our language in such a form as to prove the best vehicle for the translation of the Iliad ; or, whether it should be abandoned, like the abortive attempts made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Upon this subject, he would refer to his Prefaces to “Herman and Dorothea,” “Louisa,” and “Hannah and her Chickens ;” he would also refer to many excellent articles in various literary journals. The Translator is of opinion, that the arguments in favour of the measure have never been answered by its opponents. One thing is certain, the measure has been successfully introduced into the German language, and the genius of the English and German languages being the same, it follows, as a matter of course, that there should be no difficulty in the case. After a careful examination of the two languages, the Translator agrees with Coleridge in thinking that the English language possesses certain advantages over the German for the successful introduction of the measure, and that the German has no advantages to counterbalance these.

In the Translator's opinion, the great defect of English hexameters is the indiscriminate use of the trochee, instead of the spondee. It is true that it is impossible to avoid using the trochee occasionally, but if one takes it for granted that it may, on all occasions, be used instead of the spondee, the character of the verse becomes altered, and it must then want the strength and flow of the Greek hexameter. When little use is made of the trochee the measure will, of course, run more upon dactyls than the Greek ; for, generally speaking, it is not easy to introduce many spondees into an English hexameter line. But this does not seem to be a valid reason for the indiscriminate use of the trochee instead of the spondee, as the measure has a greater resemblance to the Greek when dactyls predominate. Besides, when lines have been running too much upon dactyls, if the writer is careful to throw in two or three spondees in succession, and occasionally to make use of a spondaic line, the monotony of the previous lines will be completely neutralized, and the ear gratified by a change in which the measure is still preserved, though with some variety.

From the original name of the verse being dactylic hexameter, it would appear that the Greeks preferred a line composed of dactyls with the exception of the last foot, and only allowed a spondee as a matter of sufferance. What they at first permitted as a necessity, they afterwards found to be a beauty : and no doubt it is, as the spondee gives strength and dignity to the measure ; but the trochee does not do this, it weakens the measure, and leaves the ear conscious of a want. The use of the trochee further prevents the articulation of the different feet into each other ; and thus the measure is deprived of one great charm, viz., the undefinable pleasure which the mind feels when the sense is not completed with the foot, but is carried along from one foot to another till the close of the sentence.

The difference between a hexameter line composed of dactyls and spondees, and one composed of dactyls and trochees, cannot be better illustrated than by three well-known hexameter lines occurring in the Sacred Scriptures :

“ Why do the heathen¹ rage, and the people imagine a vain thing ? ”

“ How art thou¹ fallen from heav'n, O Lucifer, son of the morning ? ”

“ Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.”

The first two lines are composed of dactyls and spondees, for as “ heathen ” ends with a consonant, and the next word begins with a consonant, it may be considered a spondee ; the last line of the three is composed entirely of trochees, except the fifth foot. Now, let any person, even though unacquainted

with hexameter verse, read these lines aloud, and it will be at once obvious that the first two lines have a majesty and harmony of flow totally wanting in the third line ; indeed, the third can hardly be considered verse at all.

The Translator has adopted the Greek names of the deities, as is universally done in German, and very generally now in English. Proper names he has also taken from the Greek, and usually given them the Greek termination : the only exceptions being names so familiar in English, that it seemed like affectation to revert to the Greek : in such cases, for example, as “ Achilles,” instead of “ Achilleus ;” “ Diomedes,” instead of “ Diomedes.” He has also preferred “ Trojan ” to “ Tros,” as the former is a more sonorous word.

Some translators of Homer advocate the leaving out of the oft-repeated epithets, and full designations which he gives to his various characters. The present Translator cannot agree with these writers on this point. He thinks that, to give a proper idea of Homer’s style, it is quite necessary to follow Homer in this respect. Homer is very wordy, and to represent him aright, a translation must also be wordy ; besides, it is the style of antiquity, and that of the Biblical narrative. Perhaps the greatest fault of Cowper’s beautiful translation is, that he is concise when Homer is diffuse ; and although his conciseness is in itself a beauty, yet it is not so in a translation of Homer.

ELDESLIE HOUSE, LARGS, Ayrshire,

19th May 1862.

LIST OF GREEK PROPER NAMES, WITH THE CORRESPONDING
NAMES COMMONLY USED IN ENGLISH.

AIAS,	AJAX.
APHRODITE,	VENUS.
ARES,	MARS.
ARTEMIS,	DIANA.
DEMETER,	CERES.
DIONYSOS,	BACCHUS.
ENYO,	BELLONA.
EOS,	AURORA.
HEPHAISTOS,	VULCAN.
HERA,	JUNO.
HERAKLES,	HERCULES.
HERMES,	MERCURY.
KRONOS,	SATURN.
ODYSSEUS,	ULYSSES.
PALLAS ATHENA,	MINERVA.
PERSEPHONEIA,	PROSERPINE.
POSEIDON,	NEPTUNE.
ZEUS, KRONION,	JUPITER.

For Greeks the term used invariably is Achaians, Argives, or Danai.

ARGUMENT.

BOOK I.

PAGE

The Greeks are encamped before Troy, in the tenth year of the siege. Chryses, the priest of Apollo at Chrysa, coming to the ships to ransom his daughter Chryseïs, is insulted by Agamemnon, to whom she had been allotted. Apollo, in revenge, smites the Greeks with a pestilence. A council is called, at which Calchas the augur discloses the cause of Apollo's wrath, and Agamemnon promises to restore Chryseïs, but demands another prize. Violent strife arises between him and Achilles. Nestor interposes, and Achilles consents not to oppose the removal of Briseïs. Agamemnon, having restored Chryseïs to her father, and sent a hecatomb for Apollo, despatches his heralds to take Briseïs from Achilles, who resigns her, but complains to his mother Thetis, and, by her advice, withdraws from the war. At the entreaty of Thetis, Zeus promises to send victory to the Trojans, until the Greeks shall honour Achilles. Hera remonstrates, but is silenced by his threats and the entreaties of Hephaistos. The gods feast, and retire to rest,

9

BOOK II.

Zeus sends a dream to Agamemnon, in which he deceitfully leads him to expect the speedy capture of Troy. The latter, having assembled the forces, announces, to try them, that he has been ordered by Zeus to return home. As they are hastening to embark, Hera sends Pallas Athena to restrain them, which she does by means of Odysseus. They rush to another assembly, at which Thersites reviles Agamemnon, and is chastised by Odysseus. The latter, seconded by Nestor, having persuaded them to continue the war, Agamemnon dismisses them to their repast, after which they are summoned to battle. Athena goes through the ranks, encouraging each man. The book closes with an enumeration of the ships and forces of the Greeks, and of the forces of the Trojans,

25

BOOK III.

As the armies approach each other, Alexander challenges the bravest of the Greeks to single combat. On Menelaus advancing, he retreats; but, being reproached by Hector, returns for the fight. Heralds are sent for Priam, who find him, surrounded by the elders, on the walls at the Scaean gates, along with Helen, who is naming to them the Grecian chiefs. On his arrival, the conditions of the combat are ratified with the usual rites. The duel takes place: Alexander is worsted, but is rescued by Aphrodite, who conveys him

to his chamber, and brings Helen to him. Agamemnon claims the victory for Menelaus, and demands the restoration of Helen and her treasures, and the payment of a fine, 48

BOOK IV.

Zeus proposes to the other gods to put an end to the war, Menelaus being allowed to take away Helen ; but, at the request of Hera, sends Athena to beguile the Trojans into an infringement of the treaty. The latter persuades Pandaros to discharge an arrow at Menelaus, which, through the interposition of Artemis, merely grazes his skin. Whilst the wound is being dressed, the Trojans advance to battle. Agamemnon goes through the Grecian ranks, encouraging the brave, and reproaching the timid. The armies engage ; Ares and Apollo favouring the Trojans, and Athena the Greeks, 60

BOOK V.

Diomedes, with the assistance of Athena, distinguishes himself on the field, the Trojans being repulsed with great slaughter. He is wounded by Pandaros, but cured by Athena, who then leaves the field. Æneas and Pandaros coming to attack him, he slays the latter, and wounds the former. He wounds Aphrodite, as she is carrying off her son, whom she then drops, and whom Apollo rescues and conveys to Pergamos, where his wound is healed. Apollo personates Æneas in the battle, until Ares, at his request, comes to the help of the Trojans, when he retires to Pergamos, and sends Æneas back to the field. Hector, roused by the reproaches of Sarpedon, rallies the Trojans, and an obstinate conflict ensues, although the Greeks are discouraged by hearing that Ares is assisting the enemy. Tlepolemos and Sarpedon, taking aim at each other at the same moment, the former is slain, and the latter wounded, but saved from death by Zeus. Hera and Athena repair to the field, and the latter enables Diomedes to wound Ares, who retreats to Olympus, whither the two goddesses also return, 74

BOOK VI.

The gods having left the combatants to themselves, after some time the Trojans are on the point of retreating. They are rallied by Hector, in obedience to Helenos the augur. The latter also sends him to the city that he may order the Trojan matrons of distinction to entreat Athena that Diomedes may be withdrawn from the battle. This they do, bringing her a splendid robe, and promising a sacrifice ; but in vain. During Hector's absence, Diomedes and Glaucos find that their ancestors had been friends, and exchange armour. Hector, having bid farewell to Andromache and his infant son, returns to the field, accompanied by Paris, 98

BOOK VII.

Hector challenges the bravest of the Greeks to single combat. Nine chiefs having offered themselves, it is decided by lot that Aias shall accept the challenge. They fight with equal fortune, until they are separated by the

heralds on the approach of night. In the morning, the Trojans send a herald to announce to the Greeks that Paris is willing to restore Helen's treasures, adding others of his own, and to ask permission to bury their dead. Alexander's proposal is rejected. Both armies having buried their dead, the Greeks fortify their camp, to the displeasure of Poseidon, who complains to Zeus. Ships arrive from Lemnos with wine, 112

BOOK VIII.

Zeus assembles the gods, and forbids them to take part in the combat. The armies re-engage. At mid-day, Zeus having weighed the destinies of the Greeks and Trojans, and found those of the former adverse, discharges his lightning against them. They are panic-stricken, and even the chiefs flee before it. Nestor alone remains, busied with a disabled steed, when Hector bears down upon him. Diomedes takes him into his chariot, and they drive to meet Hector, at whom Diomedes hurls his weapon, which only kills his charioteer. Zeus sends his thunderbolt into the earth before the horses of Diomedes, whom Nestor with difficulty persuades to flee. The jeers of the enemy make him hesitate whether to return and fight Hector, and he is only prevented by the repeated thunderings of Zeus. Hector drives the Greeks behind their fortifications. Agamemnon rallies them, Zeus sending an auspicious omen. The chiefs distinguish themselves, especially Teucer, who is at last disabled by Hector. The Greeks are again driven behind their wall. Hera and Athena, hastening to their assistance, are turned back by Iris, who is the bearer of a threatening message from Zeus. The Trojans kindle fires, that the Greeks may not embark unseen during the night, . 125

BOOK IX.

At a council of the Greeks, Agamemnon complains of the treachery of Zeus, and proposes that they should return home. Diomedes scornfully opposes this advice. Nestor persuades Agamemnon to give a banquet to the elders, at which the former recommends a reconciliation with Achilles. Agamemnon consenting, Phoenix, Aias, and Odysseus are sent to the tent of Achilles, where they are hospitably entertained. After supper, Odysseus addresses him, urging him to come to the assistance of the Greeks, and announcing the terms of Agamemnon. He refuses, and persists in his refusal, in spite of the entreaties of Phoenix. Aias and Odysseus return to Agamemnon, Phoenix remaining with Achilles, 140

BOOK X.

Diomedes and Odysseus are sent to ascertain the intentions of the enemy. They stop Dolon, who had been sent by Hector as a spy upon the Greeks. Odysseus makes him disclose his errand and the state of the Trojans, especially of the Thracians: he is then slain by Diomedes. Reaching the Trojan camp, they find the Thracians asleep, and Diomedes slays thirteen of them, including Rhesus their king. Having been warned by Athena, they return to their own camp, 158

BOOK XI.

PAGE

Agamemnon distinguishes himself on the field, and the Trojans are repulsed.

Hector is forbidden by Zeus to take part in the conflict, till Agamemnon shall be wounded. In the meantime he exhorts the Trojans. Agamemnon slays Iphidamas and Coön, but is wounded by the latter, and retires to the ships. Hector then enters the battle, and the Greeks are in danger of being repulsed in their turn, when they are rallied by Diomedes and Odysseus. The former repulses Hector, and slays Agastrophos. He is then wounded by Paris, and retires from the battle. Odysseus, now left alone, is surrounded by the enemy, and makes a vigorous resistance: he is at last wounded by Socos, whom he kills. Menelaus and Aias come to his assistance; the former leads him out of the crowd, and the latter puts the enemy to flight. In the meantime, Hector is fighting on the left of the battle, where, on Machaon being disabled by Paris, the Greeks give way. On hearing of the discomfiture of the Trojans by Aias, he repairs to that part of the field, and makes havoc of the Greeks, but avoids Aias, who is, however, smitten by Zeus with fear for the ships, and retreats, pursued by the Trojans, against whom he sometimes makes a stand. Eurypylos comes to his defence, and is wounded by Paris. Meanwhile, Machaon is conveyed to the ships by Nestor. Achilles sends Patroclus to inquire the name of the wounded man. Nestor expresses surprise at the compassion of Achilles, and recounts the reverses of the Greeks. He urges Patroclus to try to persuade his friend to go to their assistance, or, at least, to send him forth with the Myrmidons. Patroclus dresses the wound of Eurypylos, 173

BOOK XII.

Hector, having driven the Greeks behind their rampart, calls on his forces to cross the trench. Their horses refusing to enter it, they adopt the advice of Polydamas, to cross on foot. Asios and his followers alone refuse to part with their chariots, and make an unsuccessful attempt to enter by a gate, held open for the last of the retreating Greeks. Whilst the Trojans are preparing to cross, an augury appears which Polydamas interprets unfavourably; but Hector disregards his warnings, and leads on his forces. After an obstinate resistance on the part of the Greeks, Sarpedon makes a breach in the wall; but his further progress is prevented by its defenders, and Hector is the first to leap within, having driven in one of the gates with an enormous stone. The Trojans follow, and the Greeks are driven towards the ships, 194

BOOK XIII.

Zeus leaves the combatants to themselves, as he does not expect that any of the gods will aid either side. Poseidon, however, assists the Greeks. Hector is repulsed by the Aiases. Imbrios having been slain by Teucer, Hector takes aim at the latter, misses him, and kills Amphimachos, the grandson of Poseidon, who, enraged at his death, rouses Idomeneus, addressing him under the likeness of Thoas. Idomeneus and Meriones repair to the left of the

army, and put the Trojans to flight, the former slaying Othryoneus and Asios. After more fighting, Deïphobos kills Ascalaphos, the son of Ares, over whose body a fierce struggle takes place, several heroes falling on both sides. In the meantime, Hector is still fighting in the quarter where he had driven in the gate. Finding his forces thrown into confusion by the concealed Locrian archers, he is advised by Polydamas to call a council. He then goes through the ranks to encourage the Trojans, and returns to the thickest of the fight, where he is challenged by Aias, and heads the Trojans in a charge, 206

BOOK XIV.

Nestor announces to Agamemnon that the Trojans have got within the wall. The latter, proposing to embark by night, excites the indignation of Odysseus. Diomede suggests that they three should return to the battle, wounded as they are, to encourage their comrades, keeping out of the reach of weapons. This advice is adopted. On their way, they are encouraged by Poseidon. Hera, having obtained the Cestus of Aphrodite by false pretences, and bribed Somnus to assist her, repairs to the summit of Ida, and lulls Zeus to sleep. She then despatches Somnus to order Poseidon to assist the Greeks, whom he leads on against the Trojans under Hector. The latter is wounded by Aias, and carried from the field. The Greeks, encouraged by his fall, repulse the Trojans, 227

BOOK XV.

Zeus awaking, sees the Trojans routed, and reprimands Hera. She pretends that it is not at her instigation that Poseidon assists the Greeks, but he does not believe her. By his command, she repairs to Olympus, and sends Iris and Apollo to him. He despatches the former to Poseidon, whom she persuades to leave the field; and the latter to Hector, whom he enables to rally the Trojans. In the meantime, Ares is prevented by Athena from hastening to the field to avenge the death of his son Ascalaphos. The bravest of the Greeks, allowing the rest to retreat to the ships, engage the Trojans. Both sides fight with equal fortune, until Apollo shakes his ægis, when the Greeks take to flight. He makes a passage across the trench, and overthrows the wall: the Trojans, entering in force, drive the Greeks to the ships. After a prolonged conflict, in which many heroes fall on both sides, Hector takes hold of the stern of the ship of Protesilaos, and calls to his followers to set it on fire. Aias slays twelve of them while thus employed, 240

BOOK XVI.

Patroclus entreats Achilles to allow him to put on his armour and lead the Myrmidons to battle. He consents, on condition of his returning, after he has repulsed the enemy from the ships. In the meantime, Aias is disarmed by Hector, and the Trojans set fire to the ship of Protesilaos. Achilles, seeing the flames, urges Patroclus to make haste, goes through the ranks exhorting the Myrmidons, and pours out a libation to Zeus. Patroclus enters the en-

gagement, and routs the Trojans with great slaughter. Hector taking to flight, he pursues him, and kills, amongst others, Sarpedon, the son of Zeus. The Trojans and Lycians close with the Myrmidons and Achaians over the body. Zeus looks on, and at last strikes Hector with panic. He takes to flight, followed by the Trojans and Lycians. Zeus then orders Apollo to wash and anoint the body of Sarpedon, and have it conveyed to Lycia. Patroclus, disregarding the orders of Achilles, pursues the Trojans to the city, thrice mounts upon the wall, and is as often repulsed by Apollo. As he is rushing on the fourth time, the latter threatens him, and he retires. He kills Cebriones, Hector's charioteer, over whose body a contest takes place, in which the Greeks are victorious. Patroclus continues to make havoc of the Trojans. He is at last disarmed by Apollo, and wounded by Euphorbos. Retiring into the ranks of his comrades, he is pursued and slain by Hector, 259

BOOK XVII.

Menelaus slays Euphorbos, as he is attempting to obtain possession of the armour of Achilles, which Patroclus had worn; but he is obliged to retreat by Hector, who carries it off. He returns with Aias, whilst Hector is dragging the body, intending to give it to the dogs. Hector retires before them. Glaucos rebukes him, and he returns, clad in the armour of Achilles. A conflict ensues over the body of Patroclus, in which Menelaus distinguishes himself. Zeus at last gives the victory to the Trojans; but Menelaus and Meriones carry away the body, the Aias keeping off the enemy. In the meantime, Antilochos is sent to tell Achilles of the death of his friend, 281

BOOK XVIII.

The grief of Achilles on hearing of the death of Patroclus. Thetis comes to console him, and tries to dissuade him from going to meet Hector; but, finding him determined, promises him a new suit of armour, wrought by Hephaistos. Meanwhile, the Greeks reach the ships without having rescued the body of Patroclus, which Hector is on the point of carrying off, when Achilles, by the command of Hera, shows himself to the Trojans. He is accompanied by Athena, who throws her ægis round him, and crowns his head with a golden cloud. They strike terror into the Trojans. Many of their heroes fall, and the Greeks rescue the body of Patroclus. The conflict ceases at sunset, and the Trojans hold a council. Polydamas urges them to return to the city; but they resolve, by the advice of Hector, to renew the contest at the ships. The Greeks mourn all night over Patroclus, and Achilles vows not to perform his funeral rites till he shall have avenged him. Thetis obtains from Hephaistos the new armour for Achilles, with a description of which the book closes, 300

BOOK XIX.

Thetis, having presented Achilles with his new armour, orders him to call an assembly, and be reconciled to Agamemnon. Meanwhile, she instils nectar and ambrosia into the body of Patroclus, to preserve it during his absence.

At the assembly, Achilles and Agamemnon are reconciled. The former is eager to engage in battle, but Odysseus advises that the army should first be refreshed with food and wine. The latter repairs, with a chosen band of companions, to the tent of Agamemnon, and returns with Briseïs and the presents promised to Achilles. The Greeks are then dismissed to their repast. The Myrmidons take the presents to the tents. The grief of Briseïs over Patroclus. Achilles refuses refreshment, and the elders try to comfort him. Zeus sends Athena to infuse into his breast nectar and ambrosia. He puts on his armour, and mounts his chariot. Before starting, he reproaches his steeds for having left Patroclus dead on the field, and one of them replies, predicting his death. He then leads the Greeks to battle, 316

BOOK XX.

The battle begins, the gods, by the permission of Zeus, ranging themselves on the sides they favour. Æneas, at the instigation of Apollo, advances against Achilles. As he is on the point of being defeated, he is rescued by Poseidon, who spreads a darkness before the eyes of his opponent, removes him to the rear, and counsels him to avoid Achilles. The darkness is then dispelled, and Achilles leaps into the ranks, encouraging each man. Hector rouses the Trojans, and is about to go to meet Achilles, when he is dissuaded by Apollo from fighting him in the van. He then retires into the ranks of his comrades. Achilles leaps among the Trojans, and slays Iphition, Demoleon, Hippodamas, and Polydoros, the youngest son of Priam. Hector, enraged at the slaughter of his brother, again advances against Achilles, and launches his spear, which Athena, with a breath, causes to return to him. Apollo rescues him from the onsets of Achilles, by covering him with a mist. Achilles makes havoc of the Trojans, 327

BOOK XXI.

Achilles drives part of the Trojans towards the city, and the rest into the Xanthus. He leaps in after the latter, and, when he is wearied with slaughter, drags out alive twelve youths, whom he sends to the ships to be slain on account of Patroclus. He slays Lycaon, Asteropæos, and several of the Pæonians. Xanthus tries to engulf him; he prays to the gods, and Poseidon and Athena come to his aid. Xanthus calls to Simois for help, and rolls on in such force that Hera, in alarm, sends Hephaistos, who, with his fires, makes the waters subside. Contention arises among the gods. Meanwhile, the flying Trojans approach the city. Agenor strikes Achilles without wounding him. He is protected from his vengeance by Apollo, who covers him with mist, assumes his likeness, and leads Achilles, in pursuit, towards the river. The Trojans then press into the city, 340

BOOK XXII.

Achilles, enraged at the stratagem of Apollo, rushes towards the city. Hector, in spite of the entreaties of Priam and Hecuba, awaits him outside the Scæan gate; but, as he draws near, takes to flight. He is chased thrice

round the walls, all the gods looking on. At last, Athena, with the permission of Zeus, coming to him, under the likeness of Deiphobos, with a deceitful offer of assistance, leads him against Achilles, by whom he is slain, after a brave defence. Achilles drags the body behind his chariot. The lamentations of Priam, Hecuba, and Andromache, 356

BOOK XXIII.

The Greeks are dismissed to their ships, except the Myrmidons, who lament with Achilles for Patroclus. He entertains them at a funeral feast. The spirit of Patroclus appears to him by night, entreating him to bury him. The funeral rites are performed. Achilles slays the twelve youths brought from Troy, and places their bodies on the pile. He reserves the body of Hector to be devoured by dogs; but Aphrodite and Athena interfere to preserve it. The bones of Patroclus are placed in a golden vessel, and buried. The book closes with a description of the funeral games, 370

BOOK XXIV.

Achilles drags the body of Hector thrice round the tomb of Patroclus, most of the gods being moved with pity. After some dissension among them, Zeus sends Thetis to her son, to persuade him to accept a ransom, and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to offer one. Priam, disregarding the remonstrances of Hecuba, sets forth with one attendant, and is guided by Hermes to the tent of Achilles. Their meeting described. Achilles accepts the ransom, entertains Priam hospitably, and allows him a truce for the performance of the funeral rites. Having passed the night in the tent, Priam returns to the city with his son's body. All the people come out to meet him. The grief of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen. The funeral rites are performed, and a banquet is given in Priam's palace, 393

HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK FIRST.

SING, O heavenly goddess, the wrath of Peleides Achilles,
Ruinous wrath, whence numberless woes came down on Achaia,
Many a valiant soul of her sons untimely dismissing,
Sending to Hades ; their mangl'd bodies a prey to the vultures
5 Left, and the dogs :—but the counsels of Zeus meanwhile were evolving—
E'en from the time, when contention arising 'tween King Agamemnon,
Ruler of heroes, and godlike Achilles, they stood disunited.

Who of the great gods caus'd these heroes to wrangle and combat ?
Offspring of Leto and Zeus : he, wroth with the king, had excited
10 All through the army a baleful disease, and the people by thousands
Perish'd, because of Atreides' dishonour to Chryses the aged,
Priest of the gods ; who had come to the swift-wing'd ships of Achaia,
Carrying rich gifts many, his daughter beloved to ransom,
Bearing the wreath in his hands, of the high, far-darting Apollo,
15 Hung on a sceptre of gold ; where thus he entreated the Argives,
Chiefly the brothers Atreidae, the two great heads of the people :

“Hear me, Atreidae, and all well-greav'd, brave-hearted Achaians !
O may the gods, who inhabit the mansions of lofty Olympus
Grant that the city of Priam ye sack, home safely returning !
20 Further, my daughter beloved release, these ransoms accepting ;
Thus shall ye reverence show Zeus-born, far-darting Apollo.”

Shouting applause, the immense host cheer'd, and consented to honour
Chryses the priest, and accept the magnificent ransoms he proffer'd :
Only the soul of incens'd Agamemnon, the monarch, it pleas'd not ;
25 Him he dismiss'd with disgrace, this harsh speech scornfully adding :

“Thee, old man, take heed by the deep-hull'd ships that I find not,
Either at this time waiting, or yet hereafter returning ;
Sceptre and wreath of Apollo would then prove futile to aid thee.
Her I shall never release until safe in our mansion at Argos
30 Age comes on her apace, far, far from the land of her fathers,

While she is plying the loom, and at couch-time waiting my coming.
Hence ! and enrage not my soul, if to reach home safe thou desirest."

- Ended : The old man fearing obey'd ; thence taking his lone way
On by the shore which the huge wave, hollow-voic'd, boisterous, lashes.*
35 Whereupon, far from the others apart having wander'd, the prophet
Pray'd to Apollo, whom Leto the fair-hair'd bore to Kronion :
" Hear my request, thou god of the silvery bow, who protectest
Chrysa and Killa divine, and with power over Tenedos reignest !
Smintheus ! if ever to thee I have rear'd an appropriate temple,
40 Ever to thee fat thighs on the sacred altar have offer'd,
Either of bulls or of goats, O grant that my pray'r may be answer'd ;
Grant that my tears be aveng'd on the Argives, aveng'd by thine arrows !"

- Ended the old man praying ; and him heard Phoebus Apollo.
Instant in wrath forth darted the god from the top of Olympus,
45 Bearing his bow and the lid-clos'd quiver of shafts on his shoulders.
Rattl'd the arrows the quiver within, as, enrag'd in his bosom,
Onward he mov'd ; and, advancing, he spread dark night all round him.
Then he apart from the ships sat down, and directed an arrow :
Loud twang'd, ringing, the string of the silvery bow in rebounding.
50 Sleek mules foremost he smote, then swift dogs, fiercely attacking ;
Afterwards, full at the host he his keen barb'd arrows directed,
Smiting in rage, until frequent the pyres of the corpses were burning.
Nine long days thro' the ranks sped rapid the shafts of Apollo ;
Then, on the tenth day, summon'd Achilles the people to council ;
55 Hera, the white-arm'd goddess, herself this course having prompted,
Anxious and griev'd for the Danaad host, on beholding the dying.
Soon as the wide ranks met in assembly together, as summon'd,
Rising anon from his seat, thus spoke swift-footed Achilles :

- " Far from our homes having come, now, King Agamemnon Atreides,
60 Back let us turn, if we wish to avoid dire death and destruction,
Seeing at once both battle and pestilence waste the Achaians.
Come let us first take counsel of prophet, or priest, or diviner
Even of dreams—for the dream, too, cometh from Zeus—to resolve us,
Why far-darting Apollo the King so fearfully rages ;
65 Whether because of a prayer or hecatomb wanting he haply
Blame us ; or, whether if fatness of lambs and of goats without blemish
Now we present, he would deign to accept, and defend us from ruin."

Thus having spoken, he now sat down : then, rising among them,
Kalchas, of Thestor the son, stood forth, most famous of augurs ;

* My Grecian readers will see that in this line I have aimed, like my great master, at making the sound echo the sense.

70 Known unto whom was the Present, and Past, and mysterious Future.
He it was likewise who guided the ships of Achaia to Troia,
Bless'd with divine foreknowledge, imparted by Phoebus Apollo.
Kalchas, regarding them kindly, in these words spoke, and address'd them :

“ Godlike Achilles, belov'd of Kronion, thou bidd'st me interpret,
75 Why far-darting Apollo the King so fearfully rages :
Therefore I'll now speak ; only do thou first promise, and swear too,
Willingly both with thy words and thy deeds me ever to stand by ;
Seeing, perchance, I may irritate this great hero, who reigneth
Mightily over the Argives, whose sway all own and submit to.

80 Woe to the subject who dares to contend with his monarch ! for ever
Wrath against such kings nurse, though brooking the wrong for a moment :
Yes, in their breast fierce rancour they cherish, and afterwards wreak it.
Therefore declare now, whether thou'lt covenant succour to lend me.”

Whereupon thus to the augur replied swift-footed Achilles :

85 “ Come, whatsoever the oracle shows, take courage, and boldly
Tell, for I swear by Apollo divine, through prayer to whom, thou,
Kalchas, revealest the oracles dark of the gods to the Argives,
No one shall ever, so long as I gaze on the earth, and my pulse beats,
Lay hands pow'rful and heavy on thee by the ships on the sea-shore ;
90 None of the Danaï ; no, if thou namest divine Agamemnon
Even, who glories in being the foremost man of the Argives.”

Whereon the seer most blameless at length took courage and answer'd :

“ Neither indeed on account of a prayer nor hecatomb wanting,
Phoebus is wroth, but because of his priest, whom Atreides dishonour'd,
95 Spurning his rich gifts many, his daughter refusing to ransom :
Therefore Apollo has sent, and will still send, woes on the Argives
Many, nor slacken his hand, and restrain this pestilence direful,
Even till King Agamemnon restore to her father the maiden,
Ay unbought, unransom'd, a hecatomb sacred to Chrysa
100 Bringing : but him having therewith appeas'd, we perchance might per-
suade him.”

Thus having spoken, he now sat down ; and among them at once rose
Great, wide-ruling Atreides, the hero, renown'd Agamemnon,
Vexed in his soul ; for his strong mind shrouded in darkness with anger
Mightily storm'd, and his eyes seem'd fire-flames blazing in brightness.

105 Kalchas he foremost bespake, him viewing with stern indignation :

“ Prophet of evil, to me no good hast thou ever predicted ;
Sweetest it seems to thy soul's dark mood to prognosticate mischief :
Never to me good deed hast thou done, ne'er good word spoken.
Now to the Danaï, too, thou reveal'st with a prophet's assurance,

- 110 This as the reason alone, why great, far-darting Apollo
 Loads them with evils, because I refus'd the magnificent ransoms
 Brought for the maiden by Chryses her father ; for her in my dwelling
 Long'd I indeed to possess, sith e'en to my wife Clytemnestra
 Her I prefer, and esteem far more, for inferior no wise
- 115 Is she to her, in embroidery-work, mind, stature or figure.
 Nevertheless I am willing to part with her still, if 'tis better,
 Seeing my wish is the weal, not the woe, of the people I govern.
 Therefore a guerdon prepare thou for me, that I be not the only
 One of the Danai left unrewarded ; for this were not fitting.
- 120 All bear witness the prize once mine elsewhere is apportion'd."
- Whereupon him thus answer'd anon swift-footed Achilles :
 "Thou, Agamemnon, of all most famous, and covetous likewise,
 How shall the high-soul'd Argives again unto thee a reward give ?
 We yet ignorant whether possessions in common are still stor'd,
- 125 Instant division of spoil having followed the capture of cities.
 Seemly it were not to gather anew such goods as were portion'd,
 Giv'n to the host : but, Atreides, the damsel return, and be certain
 We the Achaians will threefold recompense give thee, and fourfold
 Even, if Zeus vouchsafe that the well-walled Troia we pillage."
- 130 Whereupon him thus answer'd the King Agamemnon Atreides :
 "Never in sooth, brave-soul'd as thou art, O godlike Achilles,
 Practise deception, for me thou shalt neither persuade nor entangle.
 Dost thou desire to possess a reward for thyself, and to leave me
 Lacking of mine, and commandest thou me to relinquish the maiden ?
- 135 Well, if the high-soul'd sons of Achaia shall give me a guerdon
 Such as myself will content, and be held an equivalent fitting,
 Good—but should this be refus'd, I will then go forth and possess me
 Either of thine own portion, or that of Odysseus or Aias,
 Bearing it home, and the hero whose guerdon I seize will be wrathful.
- 140 All these things, howbeit, we later will duly consider.
 Come, let us quickly a black-hull'd ship draw down to the ocean ;
 Suitable rowers therein let us put, and a hecatomb fitting :
 There let us place, too, safely, Chrysëis the beautiful damsel :
 Next, let us one of our own high council elect as commander,
- 145 Either Idomeneus be it, or Aias, or godlike Odysseus,
 Yea, or thyself, most dreaded of mortals, Peleides ; that, after
 Sacrifice done, we propitiate high, far-working Apollo."

Whereon Achilles divine thus spoke, him gloomily eyeing :

"Wretch ! wrapp'd up in thy arrogant folly, and bent upon plunder !

- 150 How can a son of Achaia with free will ever obey thee,

Either to march in thy train, or encounter the foeman in battle ?
 Hither I came not, a feud with the lance-arm'd Trojans to settle,
 No, no, truly, for me they in no wise ever offended.

Never, I wot, did they carry my oxen away, or my horses ;
 155 Never in Phthia of wealthiest loam-soil, mother of heroes,
 Fruits have they plunder'd of mine, for between us, as ramparts, un-
 number'd

Shadowy mountains arise, and the deep-voiced billows of ocean.
 Thee, most shameless of men, we accompanied, swelling thy glory ;
 Honour for thee, dog-face, as thou art, and the prince Menelaus,
 160 Gaining at Troy ; good service, I wot, yet all disregarded.
 Ay, and thou now dost, forsooth, talk even of seizing my guerdon,
 Earn'd by severe toil, given besides by the sons of Achaia.
 Equal reward with thyself, when we some wall'd city have captur'd,
 Held by the foe, comes never to me from the sons of Achaia :

165 Nevertheless, the impetuous onslaughts made in the battle
 I have to lead on, yes ; but whenever the spoil is divided,
 Thine is the greater reward, while I with a pitiful pittance,
 Reckon'd sufficient, return, worn out with the labour of fighting.
 Now, however, to Phthia I go, sith, sure, it is better
 170 Home with my crook-prow'd ships to return : moreover, I've no mind
 Riches for thee to amass, while here I am foully dishonour'd."

Whereupon him thus answer'd the ruler of men, Agamemnon :
 " Yes, fly hence, if thy wish so be, for I would not, I tell thee,
 Ask thee for *my* sake longer to stay ; there are others enow here
 175 Me who will honour in sooth ; upon all-wise Zeus I repose me.
 Thou, howbeit, of Zeus-bred kings most hateful to me art,
 Seeing thy soul's chief joy is in strife, war, battle, and carnage :
 Courage thou hast, I allow, but for that to the gods thou art debtor.
 Fly then hence with thy black-hull'd galleys and servile companions,
 180 Over thy myrmidons lord it ; but know, for myself, I despise thee !
 Anger of thine I regard not ; but hear this threat which I utter :
 Seeing I'm robb'd of the lovely Chryseis by Phoebus Apollo,
 Her in a ship of my own, by my chosen companions attended,
 Back I will send ; but the fair-cheek'd maiden Brisëis, thy own gift,
 185 Hence I will take ; to thy own tent going in person to teach thee
 How I am foremost in prowess, that none hereafter may ever
 Venture to liken themselves unto me, or presume to compare them "

Thus he address'd him : but anguish severe seiz'd hold of Achilles ;
 Hover'd between two counsels his heart in his shaggy enrag'd breast,
 190 Whether his sharp-edg'd sword he should draw from his thigh on the instant,

- Therewith to rouse to revolt those others, and slay Agamemnon
 Promptly ; or meanwhile calm his disturb'd soul's passion and end it.
 While he was these thoughts inly revolving, and even was drawing
 Forth from its scabbard his powerful sword, came Pallas Athena
 195 Down from above, whence Hera the white-arm'd goddess had sent her,
 Loving them both in her mind, and for both, too, equally caring.
 Standing behind, by his golden profuse locks caught she Peleides,
 Only appearing to him ; her none of the others beholding.
 Marvell'd Achilles, and, turning him round, he Pallas Athena
 200 Straightway knew ; and the eyes of the goddess inspir'd him with terror,
 Mingled with awe ; when in these wing'd accents Peleides address'd her :
 " Why hast thou come hence, daughter of Zeus, of the Aegis the bearer ?
 Is it to witness the King Agamemnon's contemptuous bearing ?
 This I declare notwithstanding, and thou shalt behold its fulfilment ;
 205 Soon shall Atreides his death-doom meet for his haughty demeanour."
 Whereupon him thus answer'd the blue-eyed goddess Athena :
 " Heaven I quitted, by Hera, the white-arm'd goddess, commission'd,
 Hither to hasten, thy raging to curb, if thou'lt only obey, for
 Both she alike loves, both, too, equally cares for, and watches.
 210 Come then, cease from thy strife, nor thy sword draw forth from its scabbard ;
 Only reproach him with words, such words as the rage in thy bosom
 Dictates : for this I declare, and my words shall be fully accomplish'd ;
 Gifts more numerous thrice, more splendid as well, shall be one day
 Thine, in return for his scorn ; but thine anger restrain, and obey us."
 215 Whereon, addressing the goddess, replied swift-footed Achilles :
 " Me it becomes, O goddess, to you twain always to listen,
 Wroth in my heart tho' I be, yea, terribly wroth ; for 'tis better ;
 He who the gods meet reverence shows, him willingly hear they."
 Grasping the silvery hilt of his sword while speaking, he ended :
 220 Back to its sheath then thrusting it down ; the command of Athena
 Honouring. Meanwhile towards Olympus the goddess ascended,
 There, in the mansions of Zeus, with the other Olympians mingling.
 Whereon Achilles divine, with envenom'd reproaches Atreides
 Once more angrily answered, not yet having conquered his passion :
 225 " Heavy with wine ! with the look of a dog, but the heart of a young
 deer !
 Never hast thou arm-girt gone forth with the people to battle,
 Never hast dar'd with the noblest and best of the sons of Achaia
 Forth to proceed to the ambush : in such feats death thou beholdest.
 Better thou deemest it far, from the wide-spread hosts of Achaia
 230 Meanly to seize *his* guerdon who dares gainsay thee with boldness.

- People-devouring, tyrannical king, over cowards thou rulest !
Else, Agamemnon, thou, sure, for the last time here hadst been scornful.
Now give ear to my words, to confirm them I swear with a great oath,
Even by this same sceptre I hold, doom'd never to put forth
235 Branches nor leaves henceforth, torn off from its stock on the mountains,
Never to flourish again, for the steel of the woodman has stripp'd it
Wholly of leaves and of bark,—now, too, by the sons of Achaia
Still it is borne in the hand when they judgment pronounce, and the
statutes
Vindicate given by Zeus—and a great oath, too, thou shalt deem it :
240 Yearning desire for Achilles will each brave son of Achaia
One day feel, of a surety, but thou shalt be able in no wise
Aid to afford them, tho' troubl'd, when, under the slaughtering Hector,
Falling by thousands, they die : and thy heart thou shalt gnaw with
vexation,
Wroth that in nought thou didst honour the bravest of all the Achaians.”
245 Thus spoke Peleus's son ; on the earth thereafter his sceptre,
Studded with gold, down dashing, his seat in displeasure resuming ;
While stood opposite, raging, Atreides. With dignity thereon
Nestor, the sweet-ton'd Pylian orator, rose to address them ;
He from whose tongue flow'd sweeter than honey the words which he
utter'd ;
250 Who had as king outliv'd two whole generations of mortals,
Erst brought up with himself as familiar companions in Pylus,
Pylus divine, and who now to the third generation was sovereign.
Counselling wisely, in these kind accents he spake, and address'd them :
“ O ye gods ! of a truth, great grief comes now on Achaia :
255 Verily, Priam would greatly rejoice, and the children of Priam ;
Heart-felt joy would arise unto every dweller in Troia,
Should they, alas ! hear tidings of you twain keenly contending,
You, of the Danai foremost in counsel, and foremost in battle.
Lend me your ear then, you who are both much younger than Nestor.
260 Many a time, in the days long past, have I mingl'd with heroes
Braver than you, and the counsel I gave them they never rejected :
Never a hero in sooth have I seen, no never shall one see,
Such as Pirithoös famous, and Dryas the guide of his people,
Such as Exadios, Coeneus, and peer of the gods, Polyphemos,
265 Theseus likewise, of Ageus son, the Immortals resembling.
Mightiest, truly, of earth-born heroes were these in their bearing ;
Mightiest, truly, they were, and they fought with the mightiest heroes,
Fought with the Pheres, who dwell on the mountains, and wholly de-
stroy'd them.

- Even with these great heroes I mix'd when I wander'd from Pylus,
 270 Far from the Apian land, for themselves did invite me among them :
 Under their banners I fought as I could, but with these, there is no one
 Now-a-days living of earth-born sons, who would venture to combat.
 Even to counsel of mine these listen'd, and follow'd my wishes ;
 Therefore your ear too lend to my words, and obedience render.
- 275 Great as thou art, oh lay not thy hand on the damsel, Atreides ;
 Leave her, as erst by the Danaï giv'n to himself as his guerdon :
 Neither do thou, most noble Peleides, contend with the monarch
 Openly thus ; for, in past times, Zeus ne'er sovereign supreme so
 Honour'd as him, who the sceptre of pow'r sways over the people.
- 280 Even if greater thou art, and the mother who bore thee a goddess,
 Still, he is greater in this, that he rules men greater in number.
 Therefore, Atreides, restrain this anger of thine, and myself will
 Urge on Achilles, his wrath to forego, who ever a bulwark
 Mighty has prov'd to Achaia, to stem war's deadliest onset."
- 285 Whereupon, Nestor addressing, replied wide-ruling Atreides : .
 " Sage old man, well-weigh'd are the words thou hast spoken, and truth-
 ful ;
 Nevertheless this man is ambitious to dictate to others ;
 Wishes to rule all, ay, and command all likewise, and lord it
 Over his fellows ; but one stands here who will never obey him.
- 290 What though even the gods, the immortal, have given him valour,
 Do they permit him in this rude manner to rail, and reproach me ?"
 Him interrupting, in haste thus answer'd the godlike Achilles :
 " Well might they call me indeed most worthless of men, and as coward
 Brand me, if e'er I should yield such service to thee as thou askest :
- 295 This upon others enjoin, over me never venture to lord it :
 No, for I mean not in sooth henceforth submission to yield thee.
 Further, to thee I declare, and do thou in thy bosom revolve it,
 Never in this cause more will I strive, no longer will combat,
 Either with thee, or with any one else, since the maiden ye gave me
- 300 Back ye have ta'en ; but my other rewards by the ships on the sea-shore,
 Never, I tell thee, without my permission, of one shalt thou rob me.
 Come now, try, if thou choosest—that all who behold us may know it—
 Soon shall thy heart's-blood flow, this spear as a torrent encircling !"
- These having thus each other with harsh words rous'd and insulted,
 305 Straight went forth, upon which the assembl'd Achaians departed.
 Forthwith then to his tents and his well-pois'd galleys, Peleides
 Went with Menoetius' valorous son, and his trusty companions :
 Atreus' son, howbeit, a swift ship towards the ocean

- Dragg'd, into which ten rowers he put, twice told, to conduct her :
 310 Likewise a hecatomb full for the god ; and Chryseis the fair-cheek'd
 Leading on board, he appointed Odysseus to act as commander.
 These, now fairly embark'd, sail'd over the billowy ocean.
 Whereupon Atreus' son commanded the people themselves all,
 Washing, to purify ; which when they finish'd, the water they wash'd
 with
 315 Into the sea all pour'd : whole hecatombs, too, to Apollo
 Offering after, of bulls and of goats, by the harvestless ocean.
 Soon intermingl'd with smoke rich savour ascended to heaven.
 Thus were they occupied all thro' the camp. Meanwhile Agamemnon
 Nurs'd that rage in his soul which he threaten'd to wreak on Achilles.
 320 Soon to Talthybius then, and his fellow Eurybates, spake he :
 (Heralds were they of his will to the people, and active attendants :)
 " Go forthwith to the tent of Peleides Achilles, and, promptly,
 Taking her hand, bring hither the fair-cheek'd maiden Briseis :
 Dare he refuse to bestow her, myself will go thither and seize her,
 325 Others along with me taking, to him a calamitous issue."
 This having said, some harsh words adding, Atreides dismiss'd them.
 Going with cast-down look by the shore of the harvestless ocean,
 Soon they arriv'd at the galleys and tents of the myrmidon heroes,
 Where him sitting they found, close down by his ship and pavilion.
 330 Pleasure Achilles divine none felt, upon seeing them coming.
 They, upon their part, awe-struck stood, at the sight of the hero,
 Never addressing him ought, still less once daring to question.
 He in his own mind knew, howbeit, their wish, and address'd them :
 " Hail ye heralds, of Zeus and of men the ambassadors honour'd !
 335 Come, draw hither, not ye in my eyes are to blame, but Atreides
 Only, who order'd you here on account of the damsel Briseis.
 Come, brave, Zeus-sprung, mighty Patroclus, advance with the damsel,
 Give her away to be led, and let these twain here bear witness :
 Both in the presence of earth-born men, and the blessed Immortals,
 340 Now I proclaim in the ears of your king, hereafter if ever
 Need of my aid shall arise to avert unseemly destruction
 Far from the host.—Ah ! truly, he rages with mischievous spirit.—*
 Neither indeed does he know how forward at once and behind him
 Boldly to look, that the Argives may fight by the galleys in safety."
 345 Ended his speech : and Patroclus obey'd his beloved companion.
 Forth from the tent he conducted the fair-cheek'd maiden, and gave her

* This sentence is left incomplete by Homer in order to show that Achilles is carried away by his passion.

Over to them ; and again they return'd to the ships of Achaia,
 Leading the woman, who follow'd reluctantly. Godlike Achilles
 Sat meanwhile tears shedding apart from his friends ; having wander'd
 350 Towards the shore, where, gazing, he look'd on the wine-dark ocean ;
 Praying with outstretch'd hands full oft to his mother beloved :

“ Mother, alas ! since thy son I was born, tho' ordained but to short life,
 Zeus the Olympian God it behov'd due honour to grant me,
 Zeus who on high loud thunders : but me no wise has he favour'd :
 355 No, for Atreides, the monarch of men, Agamemnon, dishonour
 Grievous has done me, unjustly my own fair prize having taken.”

Weeping he these words spoke, and his mother, the matronly, heard him,
 Sitting afar by her aged sire in the depths of the ocean.
 Quickly anon from the billowy sea like a mist she ascended,
 360 Plac'd herself fairly before him as weeping he sat, and caress'd him
 Gently, and strok'd with her hand, in a clear-voic'd accent addressing :

“ Child, why weepest thou thus ? What sorrow oppresses thy spirit ?
 Speak out ; hide it not deep in thy soul ; it is better we both know.”

Heavily groaning in soul, swift-footed Achilles responded :
 365 “ Well thou dost know ; then why should I tell thee, who ev'rything
 knowest ?

We unto Thebe had gone, to Eètion's hallowed city,
 Ev'rything in it we carried away, and, the city dismantling,
 Plunder'd ; the sons of Achaia dividing the booty among them ;
 Choosing the fair-cheek'd daughter of Chryses for King Agamemnon.
 370 Afterwards Chryses, the priest of the high, far-darting Apollo,
 Came to the swift black ships of the brass-greav'd sons of Achaia,
 Carrying rich gifts many his daughter beloved to ransom,
 Bearing the wreath in his hands of the god, far-darting Apollo,
 Hung on a sceptre of gold, and entreated the hosts of Achaia,
 375 Chiefly the brothers Atreidæ, the two who conducted the people.
 Whereon, with one voice all the Achaians consented to honour
 Chryses the priest, and accept the magnificent ransoms he proffer'd.
 Only the soul of incens'd Agamemnon the monarch it pleas'd not ;
 Him he dismiss'd with disgrace, some harsh words scornfully adding.
 380 Whereon the old priest thence came back, and enrag'd, to Apollo
 Pray'd, who accorded his suit ; for the god him tenderly cherish'd.
 So on the Argives a missile of wrath he despatch'd, and the people
 Died one after the other, for these dread shafts of Apollo
 Ev'rywhere went thro' the ranks of the Danaad camp ; till a prophet
 385 Famed for his augury publish'd the oracles high of the godhead :
 I on the host urg'd first to propitiate Phoebus Apollo :

Whereupon wrath seiz'd hold of Atreides, who, speedily rising,
Threaten'd, severe words speaking, which all have been fully accomplish'd.
Now have the bright-eyed sons of Achaia conducted the maiden
390 Home in a swift black galley to Chrysa, with gifts for Apollo :
Ay, and the maiden Briseis the heralds but lately escorted
Hence, from my own tent leading ; the prize which the Danai gave me.
Mother, do thou thy belov'd son succour, at least if thou'rt able :
Go to Olympus, and there urge Zeus, if in anything ever,
395 Either in word or in deed, to the heart of the god thou wert helpful.
Often I've heard thee, in days gone past, in the halls of my father
Boastingly say, that thyself, from Kronion who dwelleth in black clouds
Shrouded, of all the Immortals alone, unseemly destruction
Warded away, when the other Olympian gods would have gladly
400 Bound him in strong chains, Hera, Poseidon, and Pallas Athena.
Then didst thou draw nigh, goddess divine, him promptly releasing,
First having summon'd the hundred-handed on high to Olympus ;
Him whom the gods the immortal Briāreus name, but Aegeon
All mankind ; for in strength he is mightier far than his father,
405 Great, earth-shaking Poseidon, who reigns high peer of Kronion.
Him, on beholding, the gods e'en fear'd, and abstain'd from their purpose.
Mother, do thou go, sit by his side, and remind him of these things,
Clasping his knees ; if, perchance, he will aid vouchsafe to the Trojans,
Hemming the Danai in by the sterns of their ships, on the sea-shore
410 Cutting them down ; that the rest may forsooth find joy in their monarch ;
So that Atreides may know, Agamemnon, the ruler of wide lands,
All his infatuate rashness in scorning the bravest Achaian."

Whereupon, tears fast shedding, in haste thus Thetis responded :
" O me, my son ! why, why did I bear thee, unfortunate mother
415 Now that I am ? O would thou couldst sit by the ships without weeping,
Injur'd by none ! since brief, and not long, is thy destin'd existence.
Ah ! swift-fated at once, and of all most hapless and wretched,
Thee with a destiny evil I bore in the halls of thy father.
Still I will plead for my son with the great far-thundering ruler,
420 Going myself to the snowy Olympus, if, haply, he listen.
Sit thou here, meanwhile, by the swift-keel'd ships on the sea-shore,
Nursing thy wrath 'gainst the Argives, but cease altogether from battle.
Zeus unto ocean 'mong Ethiope's blameless inhabitants journey'd
Yesterday morn to a feast, and the gods all went in attendance ;
425 Thence on the twelfth day back he will come to the snowy Olympus,
Then will I go on thy suit to the brass-floor'd halls of Kronion,
Where on my knees I'll beseech, and, I think, moreover, persuade him."

- Thus having spoken ; she quickly departed, and left him alone there,
Wroth in his soul for the loss of his fair-zon'd maiden, Briseis,
430 Torn from his bosom without his consent. Meanwhile, unto Chrysa
Safely Odysseus had steer'd, conducting the hecatomb sacred.
Fairly within the secure, deep harbour arrived, they in all haste,
Furling the white sails, stow'd them away in the hull of the galley ;
Then having lower'd the mast with the stays, on its cradle they plac'd it :
435 Afterwards forward they row'd to the anchorage-ground in the harbour ;
Anchors they next flung out, and the ship made fast by the cables.
Forth they themselves now came on the beach of the billowy ocean,
Bringing the hecatomb sacred for great, far-darting Apollo :
Lastly, Chryseis herself from the black-hull'd galley descended.
440 Whereupon her now leading in front of the altar, Odysseus
Gave her in charge to her own lov'd sire, whom thus he saluted :
“ Chryses, Atreides, the ruler of men, Agamemnon, has sent me
Hither, thy child to restore, and to Phoebus a hecatomb sacred
Likewise to offer, that so, peradventure, he turn from his anger ;
445 Phoebus, who dire woes many has sent to the sons of Achaia.”
Spoke he ; and gave to the arms of her father the maiden, whom gladly
Chryses receiv'd : to the god thereafter a hecatomb sacred
Plac'd they, in order adjusted, the well-built altar encircling.
Next they their hands wash'd, laving, and lifted the cake of oblation.
450 Then, uplifting his hands, pray'd Chryses aloud to Apollo :
“ Hear my request, thou god of the silvery bow, who protectest
Chrysa and Killa divine, and with pow'r over Tenedos rulest.
Oh as before thou propitious didst hear me, an answer according,
Favour thy suppliant showing, and greatly afflicting the Argives ;
455 Now once more O answer my prayer, and grant its fulfilment,
Ward off far from the Danaad host this pestilence baleful.”
Ended the old man praying ; and him heard Phoebus Apollo.
All having thus pray'd ; sprinkling the sacred meal on the victims,
First they the necks of the bulls drew back, then slew them, and flay'd
them ;
460 After, the thigh bones both cut out, and with fat overlaid them,
Making a two-fold layer, and raw flesh plac'd they above them.
These upon billets the old man burnt, then pour'd a libation ;
While by his side with their five-prong'd forks stood youths to assist him.
Now, when the thighs they had thus burn'd up, and had tasted the
entrails,
465 Then they divided the rest into parts, and with spits they transfix'd them
Skilfully, roasted the various portions, and afterwards drew them

Off from the spits ; and, their labour completed, and ready the banquet,
Equally all then ate, and the soul lack'd nothing in feasting.

Now when their longing for viands and wine they had satisfied fully,

470 Up to the brim were the bowls by the young men fill'd with the grape-
juice,

Handed about, and distributed equally, goblet on goblet.

All day long did the fair-hair'd youths of Achaia continue

Songs to propitiate Phoebus, and chanted the beautiful paean,

Singing the praise of the god ; who rejoic'd in his soul as he listen'd.

475 Now when the sun went down, and at length dark night overspread
them,

They to the sterns of their galleys withdrew, to repose them till Eos,

Daughter of grey-rob'd dawn, peep'd forth rosy-finger'd in heaven ;

Seaward then all sail'd for the wide-spread hosts of Achaia.

Sent to their galley a favouring wind far-working Apollo,

480 Then they the mast set up, and the white sail spread to the breezes ;

Filling its canvas bosom, the wind stream'd full, and the billows,

Purple in hue, roar'd loud round her timbers, as onward the galley,

Ploughing the watery path, sail'd over the boisterous ocean.

Reaching the shore, and the tents of the wide-spread hosts of Achaia,

485 Speedily up on the beach they the black ship drew, and establish'd

High on the sands, and below, long props to support it, extended ;

Then they dispers'd themselves over the shore 'mong the ships and pavilions.

He meanwhile by the swift-keel'd ships lone sitting was wrathful,

Offspring of Peleus, descended from Zeus, swift-footed Achilles :

490 Neither advice would he give, nor attend the assemblies of heroes,

No, nor the battle ; but held still back, deep inwardly pining,

Keeping aloof, though longing the while for the roar of the battle.

Soon as the twelfth day dawn'd, howbeit, on high to Olympus

Flocking, the gods, the immortal, return'd, Zeus leading them thither.

495 Thetis, the goddess divine, not forgetful indeed of the charges

Giv'n by Achilles her son, now rose from the wave of the ocean

Early at morn, and ascended to heaven and lofty Olympus ;

Where she beheld cloud-urging Kronion supreme, from the others

Sitting apart, on the loftiest summit of craggy Olympus.

500 Whereon before him she now sat down, and embrac'd with her left hand

Gently his knees ; then, stroking him under the chin with the other,

Thus she address'd, in an accent beseeching, Kronion the monarch :

“ Father Kronion, if thee I have ever of all the Immortals
Aided in word or in deed, this pray'r O graciously answer :

505 Honour confer on my son, who is fated, alas ! to a life's span
 Fleeter than others ; yet King Agamemnon, the ruler of wide lands,
 Him has disgrac'd, having taken his guerdon himself, and retains it.
 Nevertheless give honour to him, thou Olympian ruler,
 Strength O grant to the Trojans till e'en such time as the Argives

510 Reverence duly my valiant son, and exalt him to honour."

Ended her speech : cloud-gathering Zeus, no answer returning,
 Sat long silent ; but even as Thetis at first by his knees caught,
 So she remain'd still clinging, and once more spoke, and address'd him :

" Here, on thy true faith promise, and give thy assent, or refuse me
 515 Plainly—for fear dwells not in thy breast—that I know of a surety,
 Know that I'm held in thy sight least honour'd of all the Immortals."

Whereupon thus cloud-gathering Zeus spoke, vex'd and excited :
 " Awful indeed will my case soon prove ; if to quarrel with Hera
 Now I consent, she is sure to provoke me with language reproachful.
 520 Even without good cause she is ever before the Immortals
 Angrily chiding, declaring I favour the Trojans in battle.
 Therefore depart hence quickly, lest Hera perceive thee, and, trust me,
 All these things on my mind I will bear until fully accomplish'd.
 Come, I will nod to thee now with my head, that believe me thou mayest ;
 525 This is the sign which is held most sacred by all the Immortals :
 Nothing of mine lacks ever fulfilment, or hope disappointeth,
 Ever again is recall'd, when I nod with my head acquiescence."

Ended Kronion ; and nodded assent with his dark thick eyebrows,
 While the ambrosial curls of the king, the immortal, around him
 530 Flow'd in luxuriant fulness ; and reel'd far-stretching Olympus.

Thus these twain having spoken ; they parted ; and Thetis at once
 leapt

Down to the wine-dark depths of the ocean from gleaming Olympus,
 Zeus to his mansion returning : and all the Immortals assembl'd
 Rose from their seats as the sire drew near ; nor did one of them venture,
 535 Sitting, to wait his approach, but they all stood up in his presence.
 Whereon he now sat down on his throne : then Hera the white-arm'd
 Fail'd not to know, by her own mind taught, that the silvery-footed,
 Daughter belov'd of the Ancient of ocean, had held with Kronion
 Counsels in secret ; and thus she in accents reproachful address'd him :
 540 " Who of the gods, deep plotter, has counsels with thee been devising ?
 Ever to thee it is pleasing when out of my sight to be forming
 Plans deep laid ; but to me thou couldst never endure of thy free will
 Aught of thy schemes to divulge, in thy own breast secretly purposed."

Answered the goddess in turn Zeus, father of men and Immortals :

545 “Hera, thou must not expect all purposes form’d in my bosom
Fully to learn : no, wife though thou art, thou wouldst find they surpass
thee.

All that is proper and right thou shouldst know, notwithstanding, shall
no one,

Either of gods or of men, be assur’d, ever hear of before thee.

Still when I see fit, questions apart from the gods to consider,

550 Think not to probe such, give not the wish e’en place in thy bosom.”

Whereupon him thus answer’d the ox-eyed, matronly Hera :

“O most cruel Kronion, what accents are these thou hast utter’d ?

Thee I have never before dar’d question, nor labour’d to fathom :

All undisturb’d I have left thee to scheme whatsoever thou pleasest.

555 Now fear seizes my bosom, lest Thetis the silvery-footed,

Child of the Ancient of ocean, succeed in her wiles, and persuade thee ;

Ay, for I know this morning she sat at thy knees, and embrac’d them ;

So that I deem some pledge thou hast given, her offspring Achilles

Greatly to bless, and destroy full many a son of Achaia.”

560 Answer’d the goddess in turn great Zeus, the Olympian ruler :

“Wretch ! thou art ever surmising ; nor can I escape thy attention ;

Nevertheless thou shalt nothing achieve, but estrang’d from my bosom

Only the more thou shalt be ; and a worse thing thus will befall thee.

Grant thy surmise prove just ;—’tis enough when I say ’tis my pleasure.

565 Therefore, do thou sit silent, obey my commands, lest avail not

Even the gods of Olympus themselves, how many soever,

Thee to defend, when I come with invincible hands to chastise thee.”

Thus Zeus spoke ; upon which fair, ox-eyed, matronly Hera,

Trembling with fear sat mute, to the will of Kronion submitting.

570 Loud were the murmurs, and deep, which arose ’mong the gods of Olympus

Now, when with words well chosen Hephaistos, the artist, address’d them,

Pleasing his own dear mother, the white-arm’d, matronly Hera :

“Terrible doings we soon shall behold, nor endurable longer,

Mother, if you two quarrel in this wise, all about mortals,

575 Raising a brawl ’mong the gods ; and enjoyment in vain will be look’d for

More at the plenteous feast, when inferior matters engross us.

So I would counsel my mother, who ne’er lacked wisdom aforetime,

Blandly herself to demean to our much-lov’d father Kronion,

So that he chide no longer, nor utterly ruin our banquet :

580 Seeing if Zeus, the Olympian hurler of lightning, determine

Forth from our seats to eject us,—for strongest by far is Kronion.—

Rather do thou with affectionate accents endeavour to soothe him ;

Then will the mighty Olympian good-will show us and favour.”

Thus he address'd her, and rose : in the hands of his mother beloved
585 Placing a two-fold cup, but continued, the goddess addressing :

“ Mother, be patient, tho' troubled ; thy spirit restrain, lest my own eyes
Destin'd are yet, all dear as thou art to my bosom, to see thee
Beaten with stripes, and myself unable to come to thy rescue,
Griev'd tho' I may be ; for who can supreme Zeus lightly contend with ?
590 Once when before I was eager to aid thee, he speedily hurl'd me
Down, having first caught hold of my foot, from the threshold of heaven.
All day long plumb down I descended, and only at sunset
Fell upon Lemnos ; and little indeed was the life that was left me :
There by the Sintian folks howbeit I kindly was tended.”

595 Thus he address'd her ; and Hera the white-arm'd goddess anon smil'd ;
Graciously taking the cup with her hand from her son, which he proffer'd.
Whereon he now, for the rest of the gods, from the left to the right hand,
Pour'd out, drawing it forth from the goblet, ambrosial nectar.
Then irrepressible laughter arose 'mong the blessed Immortals,
600 Soon as Hephaistos they saw through the wide halls busily bustling.

There did they banquet the whole day long, all feasting till sunset,
Naught did the rapt soul lack of the equally shar'd entertainment,
Naught of the lyre, surpassingly beautiful, held by Apollo,
Naught of the Muses, who chanted with sweet voice one to another.

605 Afterwards, soon as the light of the bright-orb'd sun had departed,
Each of the others apart to his own home turn'd to repose him,
Where the renown'd god, lame upon both feet, cunning Hephaistos,
Toiling, had built a commodious dwelling for each to inhabit.

Zeus the Olympian went to his own couch, where he aforetime
610 Ever was wont to repose, whensoever sweet sleep overtook him.
There he ascended, and slept with the gold-thron'd Hera beside him.

BOOK SECOND.

- SLEPT the Olympian gods and equestrian warrior heroes
All night long, save only Kronion, who closed not his eyelids :
Anxiously he in his bosom revolved how godlike Achilles
Best to advance, and destroy full many a Danaad hero.
- 5 This he approved, of the many devices suggested, as fittest ;
Namely, to send to divine Agamemnon the mischievous Dream-god.
Whereupon thus he bespake him, in swift-wing'd accents addressing :
“ Deadliest Dream-god, go to the swift, black ships of Achaia,
Hasten, and entering in to the tent of the King Agamemnon,
- 10 Set thou distinctly in order before him the mandate I give thee ;
Bid him command that the long-hair'd sons of Achaia begird them ;
Seeing that Troia, the city of wide streets, soon he may capture,
Now that the gods, the immortal, inhabiting lofty Olympus,
Live no longer divided in counsel : with urgent entreaties
- 15 Hera the whole having sway'd, dire woes now threaten the Trojans.”
Thus did he speak ; and the Dream-god went on receiving the mandate,
Speedily reaching the swift, black ships of the sons of Achaia :
Whereupon, going to King Agamemnon Atreides, he found him
Steep'd in ambrosial slumber, reposing within his pavilion.
- 20 Close by his head then stood he, resembling the offspring of Neleus,
Nestor the chief, of revered old men most prized by Atreides.
Feigning himself old Nestor, the Dream-god spoke, and address'd him :
“ Sleepest thou, offspring of Atreus, the far-famed tamer of coursers ?
Sure, it behoves not a counsellor all night long to be sleeping ;
- 25 One who has such vast cares, and to whom this host is intrusted :
Therefore attend to my words, for to thee I am sent by Kronion,
Who, far off though he be, still cares for thee greatly, and pities.
Thee he enjoins then, promptly to order the sons of Achaia
All to equip them in armour, for Troia, the city of wide streets,
- 30 Now thou may'st take, for the gods who inhabit Olympian mansions

Live no longer divided in counsel ; with urgent entreaties
Hera the whole having sway'd, dire woes now threaten the Trojans,
Order'd by Zeus. Henceforward retain these words in thy bosom,
Neither forget my advice, when ambrosial slumber hath left thee."

35 Thus having spoken ; the Dream-god left him alone, in his bosom
Pondering deeply, with false hopes buoy'd, doom'd ne'er to fulfilment.
Foolish ! he deem'd that day he should capture the city of Priam,
Nothing of those things knowing, which great Zeus secretly purposed ;
Sorrows and groans who had firmly resolved in his bosom to send down
40 Both on the Trojans and Argives in many disastrous encounters.

Waking from sleep, in his ears the divine voice clearly was ringing :
Whereon he sat straight up, and his new-wove, beautiful tunic,
Softest of pile, put on, and his war-cloak folded around him ;
Under his glittering feet then fasten'd his beautiful sandals :

45 Over his shoulders his sword, well-studded with silver, he next flung ;
Lastly, his sceptre ancestral he grasp'd, indestructible ever ;
Then went forth to the ships of the brass-greaved sons of Achaia.

Eos, the goddess divine, now rose high, skirting Olympus,
New-born day to announce unto Zeus and the other Immortals :

50 Whereupon King Agamemnon Atreides the shrill-voiced heralds
Order'd to summon to council the long-hair'd sons of Achaia :
Those the assembly convok'd, these forthwith answer'd the summons.
Foremost he caused sit down the magnanimous counsellors aged,
Close to the galley of Nestor ; the prince who at Pylos was nurtured ;

55 Then Agamemnon the king set forth his deliberate counsel :
" Friends, as I slumber'd, the Dream-god came to my couch in a vision,
During ambrosial night ; and of all men Nestor the godlike
Hero, in stature, and form, and exact gait, most he resembled ;
Over my head then standing, in these wing'd words he address'd me :

60 ' Sleepest thou, offspring of Atreus, the far-famed tamer of coursers ?
Sure, it behoves not a counsellor all night long to be sleeping ;
One who has such vast cares, and to whom this host is intrusted :
Therefore attend to my words, for to thee I am sent by Kronion,
Who, far off though he be, still cares for thee greatly, and pities :

65 Thee he enjoins then, promptly to order the sons of Achaia
All to equip them in armour, for Troia, the city of wide streets,
Now thou may'st take, for the gods who inhabit Olympian mansions
Live no longer divided in counsel ; with urgent entreaties
Hera the whole having sway'd, dire woes now threaten the Trojans,
70 Order'd by Zeus : these words in thy mind keep.' Thus having spoken,
Flying away, he departed ; and sweet sleep thereon forsook me.

Come, let us see how best we may marshal the Argives in armour :
Nathless, at first I shall prove them, with feign'd words speaking, to
sound them,

Bidding them fly with their numerous, well-bench'd ships : but do ye all,
75 Moving about, one here, one there, by persuasion restrain them."

Thus having spoken, he now sat down, and among them at once rose
Nestor, of sand-strown Pylos the monarch, for wisdom distinguish'd ;
Giving them well-weigh'd counsel, in these wing'd words he harangued
them :

" Dearly-beloved friends, leaders and counsellors sage of the Argives,
80 Oh ! if another Achaian had this same vision related,
False we had deem'd it, and only estranged us the more ; but its truth
now

None can deny, for the noblest of all the Achaians hath seen it.
Come, let us plan how best we may marshal the Argives for battle."

Thus having spoken ; he now moved off from the council assembled ;
85 Forthwith all these potentates, bearers of sceptres, arising,

Him, great guide of the vast host, follow'd : and, towards them flocking,
Hasten'd the people. As bees move onward, in myriads flying,
Forth from the hollow of some cleft rock, fresh issuing ever ;

Over the spring flowers floating in masses they, ceaselessly buzzing,
90 Swarm, some scattering wide, some clinging together in clusters :
So the Achaians, in numerous tribes, from their ships and pavilions
On through the deep sand march'd by the shore of the billowy ocean,
Going in bands to the council ; and Rumour was busy among them
(Messenger this of Kronion himself), still urging them forward.

95 Soon they assembled 'mid uproar loud, and the earth underneath them
Groan'd as the crowd sat down 'mid the din of their manifold voices :
Then nine heralds began to vociferate, trying by some means
Shoutings to quell, that the Zeus-bred chiefs might be listen'd to calmly.
Now when the people at length were restrain'd by their efforts, and
seated,

100 Tumult and din being wholly subdued, stood up Agamemnon,
Holding the sceptre, the same which Hephaistos had forged with severe
toil,

Giving it first to the thunderer Zeus, old Kronos' offspring :
Zeus upon Hermes conferr'd it, his lieger, the slayer of Argos ;
Hermes divine next gave it to Pelops the tamer of horses ;

105 Pelops again, unto Atreus, the shepherd and guide of the people :
Wealthy in sheep flocks, noble Thyestes received it from Atreus ;
Lastly, Thyestes to great Agamemnon Atreides, the monarch,

- Left it, a symbol of empire for Argos renown'd, and its islands.
 Leaning anon on the sceptre, the king thus spoke, and address'd them :
- 110 " O my beloved friends, Danaad heroes, attendants of Ares,
 Zeus, old Kronos' son, to a lot most fatal has doom'd me :
 Ruthless ! who whilom promised, and nodded assent, that I safely
 Home should return, having plunder'd the well-wall'd city of Troia.
 Now, howbeit, an evil device he has plotted, and bids me,
- 115 After my army has perish'd, return shame-cover'd to Argos :
 Such, it would seem, is the pleasure and sov'reign decree of Kronion,
 Who, of a truth, has destroy'd full many a city's defences,
 Ay, and will more, no doubt, overthrow, for in might he is matchless.
 Oh a disgrace it will prove for remote generations to hear that
- 120 Armies so mighty and brave, led on by the sons of Achaia,
 Waged ineffectual war, beat back by inferior forces ;
 Ay, all vainly we fought, for as yet no fruit has resulted.
 Shame it would prove to our host, for if we the Achaians and Trojans
 Pause now made in the battle, and both sides fairly were number'd,
- 125 Every townsman of Troia, in bands being faithfully counted,
 Every Argive as well, and dividing the whole into decades,
 Then were a Trojan selected for every Danaad decade,
 Wine to divide, full many a band of its share would be lacking :
 So do I say that the sons of Achaia are greater in number
- 130 Far than the Trojans themselves, who the strong-built city inhabit.
 Allies they also possess, it is true, spear-brandishing heroes,
 Bent to oppose me, and thwart ; who, my firmest resolves notwithstanding,
 Suffer me not to demolish the well-wall'd city of Troia.
 Verily nine long years of Kronion the mighty have vanish'd,
- 135 Rotten the planks of our ships have become, all loosen'd their cables ;
 Sitting at home in our dwellings, our wives and their innocent children
 Wait our return, wait vainly alas ! for the work notwithstanding
 Lies uncompleted, the work which alone brought hither the army.
 Nevertheless, now come, as I say, let us all be persuaded,
- 140 Haste, let us fly with our ships to the much-loved land of our fathers,
 Seeing that Troia the city of wide streets ne'er shall be captured."
- Thus he address'd them : and stirr'd to the soul those standing around
 him ;
 All but the few who his true mind knew, as divulged at their meeting.
 Moved was the mighty assembly of men, as the thundering billows
- 145 Shake the Icarian strand, which the south-east wind, and the south-west,
 Raise as they blow straight down from the dark thick clouds of Kronion
 E'en as the west wind, forth when it comes with impetuous fury,

- Shakes the luxuriant corn, and the ears bend, waving before it ;
So was the mighty assembly disturb'd. Then, shouting, they hasten'd
150 Towards the black-hull'd galleys ; and under their feet as they march'd rose
Volumes of dust clouds ; all meanwhile each other exhorted
Hold of the vessels to lay, and to drag them away to the ocean,
Clearing the channels ; and while they the props loosed under the galleys,
All were so eager for home that their loud shouts reach'd unto heaven.
155 Then the Achaians, despite of the Fates, their return had effected,
Had not the white-arm'd Hera address'd these words to Athena :
“ Gods ! of Kronion, the ægis-upholder, thou daughter unwearied,
Say, of a truth, to their homes in the much-loved land of their fathers
Now shall the Argives escape on the wide-spread back of the ocean ;
160 Leaving behind as a glory and boast to the Trojans and Priam
Helen of Argos, for whose sake many a son of Achaia
Here has in Troia been slain, far, far from the land of his fathers ?
Go, howbeit, in haste thro' the brass-greaved bands of the Argives,
There with thy soothing expressions restrain each man, nor permit them
165 Drag once more to the ocean their well-row'd, numerous galleys.”
Spoke : nor did blue-eyed Pallas Athena divine disobey her :
Down she at once from the snow-white heights of Olympus descended
Bounding, and speedily came to the swift, black ships of the Argives ;
Where she Odysseus renown'd saw standing, esteem'd for his wisdom
170 Equal to mightiest Zeus ; but his well-bench'd galley not touching,
Deep heart-grief having enter'd, and wounded his innermost spirit.
Standing beside him the blue-eyed goddess Athena address'd him :
• “ Zeus-sprung son of Laertes, Odysseus of many devices,
Wherefore precipitate fly to the much-loved land of your fathers,
175 Now as proposed, into well-bench'd Danaad ships having thrown you ;
Leaving behind as a glory and boast to the Trojans and Priam
Helen of Argos, for whose sake many a son of Achaia
Here has in Troia been slain, far, far from the land of his fathers ?
Go, howbeit, at once to the host of Achaia, nor linger,
180 Check each man in his course with thy kind and persuasive expressions,
Suffering no one his well-row'd galleys to drag to the ocean.”
Thus did she speak ; and the goddess he knew by her voice when she ended.
Throwing his mantle behind him, he ran, which Eurybates gallant,
Native of Ithaca's isle like himself, took up, as he follow'd.
185 Running, he met Agamemnon renown'd, and the famous paternal
Sceptre received forthwith at his hand, indestructible ever ;
Then sped forth 'mong the ships of the brass-mail'd sons of Achaia.
Whereon, what ruler soever he met, or illustrious hero,

Nearer approaching, he spoke, and with kind words tried to restrain him :
 190 " Honour'd and loved friend, thee like a coward to tremble it fits not ;
 Therefore, thyself sit down, and the rest too cause to be seated.
 Come, for thou knowest not clearly the mind of the King Agamemnon.
 Now he is proving, but soon will chastise, be assured, the Achaians ;
 All have not heard what he said this day at the Council assembled.
 195 Take good heed lest he work in his wrath 'gainst the sons of Achaia
 Some dread deed, for the rage of a Zeus-bred monarch is mighty :
 Honour besides he receives from Kronion, the ruler, who loves him.

Him of plebeian descent whom he found 'mong the fugitives shouting,
 Smiting his back with the sceptre, he such would rebuke in his anger ;
 200 " Fellow, I say, sit still ; be quiet, and listen to others
 Better than thou, who art nought but a poor, weak, cowardly varlet,
 Neither in battle and war held worthy, nor yet in the Council.
 Think not indeed we sons of Achaia are all to be rulers,
 Nowise good is the sway of the many ; let one be the ruler,
 205 One be the monarch alone, upon whom sage Kronos' offspring
 Sceptre and laws has conferr'd, that with these he may rule among
 mortals."

Thus he as leader the vast host sway'd ; and again to a Council
 Hurried they off from the galleys and tents with uproarious tumult,
 E'en as a thundering wave of the great sea, loudly resounding,
 210 Dashes and breaks on the shore, and the far deep echoes responsive.
 Met in assembly, the vast host sat, and remain'd in their places :
 Only Thersites loquacious appear'd, still fighting and wrangling,
 Knowing indeed full well words many and idle to blatter :
 Reckless, and never becoming in manner, who strove with the princes ;
 215 Jestng, he cared not at whom, if it light mirth brought to the Argives.
 Most ill-favour'd was he of the men who had journey'd to Troia :
 Bandy and short-legg'd, lame of the one foot also, and hump-back'd ;
 Hollow his chest, and contracted on both sides ; cone-like his head was,
 Sprinkled with thin hair, flimsy and soft, of a woolly appearance.
 220 Hatred he bore to Achilles of all men most, and Odysseus,
 Full oft railing against them. But now, shrill-speaking Atreides,
 Ruler of armies, he taunted with bitterest gibes ; and the Argives
 All were incensed 'gainst the man, and their breasts heaved, storming
 with passion,
 While, loud shouting, with harsh words thus he upbraided Atreides :
 225 " What dost thou want, what now is amiss, most mighty Atreides ?
 Well fill'd, truly, thy tents are with brass ; and with loveliest maidens
 Amply supplied, all chosen and good, whom we the Achaians

- Ever are wont thee foremost to give when we capture a city.
 Say, dost thou still lack gold, which mayhap some hero will bring thee,
 230 Some of the famed steed-conquering Trojans, to ransom his offspring,
 One whom myself, or another perhaps of the sons of Achaia,
 Binding, has led off ? ay or a damsel to mingle in love with,
 Keeping apart for thyself ? unseemly it is for a ruler
 Thus to be leading the sons of Achaia apace into evil.
 235 Oh, base weaklings, and vile ! mere women, not men of Achaia !
 Home in our ships let us promptly return : come, here let us leave him
 All his rewards to digest in the Troad, that so he discover
 Whether or no we in ought have been helpful his cause in defending ;
 He who Achilles, a better by far than himself, has dishonour'd,
 240 Taking his guerdon away, and retaining ; himself having seized it.
 Still no anger Achilles exhibits, but rather forbearance ;
 Else, Agamemnon, thou sure, for the last time now hadst been scornful."
- Ended Thersites reviling Atreides, the guide of the people.
 Whereupon instantly stood by his side brave godlike Odysseus ;
 245 Gloomily eyeing, in these harsh words him thus he upbraided :
 " Recklessly babbling Thersites, although thou art fluent in speaking,
 Hold, nor thyself push forward alone to contend with the princes ;
 None, I protest and affirm, is in sooth more worthless than thou art,
 Out of the thousands who Ilium sought with the heroes Atreidæ.
 250 Therefore with such great boldness harangue not, aspersing our monarchs,
 Heaping rebukes, on the watch to return home soon with the galleys.
 Neither as yet do we know how all these matters will finish,
 Whether we sons of Achaia return home joyful or joyless.
 Merely forsooth on account of the Danai giving Atreides
 255 Many and rich gifts, him thou insultest, haranguing the people.
 Further, to thee I declare, and fulfill'd thou'lt assuredly find it,
 If thou in future, as now, such madness and folly indulgest,
 Then may the head no longer be found on Odysseus' shoulders ;
 Never again hereafter may mortal Telemachus' father
 260 Call me, if thee I not instantly seize, and thy mantle and tunic
 Strip from these shoulders of thine, and the clothes which thy nakedness
 cover ;
 Sending thee blubbering off from the council of heroes assembled,
 Beaten with blows both heavy and strong, to the ships of Achaia."
- Thus did he speak : and chastised him on shoulders and back with his
 sceptre,
 265 So that he writhed ; and the warm tear roll'd from the eye of the taunter ;
 Rose on his back full many a blood-stain'd welk from the drubbing,

- Paid with the sceptre of gold ; and he sat down trembling with terror ;
Grieving, and wiping the tears from his eyes ; most helpless appearing.
All meanwhile, though somewhat chagrin'd, laugh'd out at Thersites,
270 Each man turning to look at his comrade beside him and saying :
 “ Oh ye Immortals, Odysseus for good deeds many is famous,
 Both as a leader in war, and for wise words spoken in council :
 Well he has done e'en now, transcending his former achievements,
 This contumelious, foul-mouth'd babbler restraining and humbling.
275 Surely the headstrong mind of Thersites will never incite him
 These great princes again to reproach, and dispute their opinion.”
 Thus the incensed crowd spake : but Odysseus, the sacker of cities,
 Stood up holding the sceptre—the blue-eyed goddess beside him
 Like to a herald in figure, commanding the host to be silent,
280 Even that all, both foremost and last, of the sons of Achaia
 Every word which he utter'd might hear, and attend to his counsel—
 Wisely advising, in these wing'd accents he spoke, and address'd them :
 “ King Agamemnon, the sons of Achaia desire above all things
 Thee to reduce to the lowest estate of articulate mortals ;
285 Neither indeed do they mean to fulfil that promise they gave thee
 Freely, when hitherward coming from famed steed-nourishing Argos,
 Home that thou safely shouldst reach, having sack'd well-fortified Troia.
 Yes, it is so, for like weak young striplings, or widow'd women,
 All now sigh for their homes, one wailing aloud to another ;
290 Seeing the heart turns fondly to home when o'erladen with sorrow.
 Restless and weary is he from a loved wife forced to be absent
 Even for one short month, to his well-bench'd galley restricted,
 Toss'd by the Borean blasts, huge hoar waves foaming around him.
 Ay, but with us 'tis the ninth long year since we came, and it finds us
295 Still at the siege ; wroth therefore I feel not in sooth that the Argives
 Weary should be by their crook'd-beak'd ships to remain, for disgraceful
 Seems it to linger so long, and return home foil'd in their efforts.
 Patience, my friends, bear up for a time, till we know of a surety,
 Whether indeed this Kalchas doth prophesy truly or falsely.
300 Yes, for we know full well, and to all I appeal who were present,
 You whomsoever the dark death fates have not carried to Hades ;
 Yesterday, ay, and before, when the ships of the Argives at Aulis
 Gather'd, to Priam himself and the Trojans calamities bearing ;
 While on the altars divine, by a fountain, to all the Immortals
305 Sacrifice duly we offer'd of hecatombs many and perfect,
 Under a beautiful plane, whence streams bright sparkling were flowing ;
 How a portentous appearance alarm'd us : a dragon tremendous

- Speckled with red spots, horrible sight ! sent forth by Kronion,
Out from the altar protruded, and glided along to the plane-tree ;
310 There we beheld moreover the unfledged young of a sparrow
Crouching beneath green leaves on the topmost bough of the branches,
Numbering eight, and the ninth was the mother herself which had rear'd
them :
- Then he the young brood gorged as they crouch'd down piteously chirping,
While, round hover'd the mother, her much-loved offspring lamenting :
315 Coiling himself round the bird, loud-shrieking, he her by the pinion
Seized, and devour'd. Then soon as the sparrow and brood he had eaten,
Kronos' offspring, the wily in counsel, to light who had brought it,
Made a portent of the dragon, for ever to stone having turn'd it ;
While we ourselves stood wondering all such marvels to witness,
Seeing an omen so dread, with the great gods' hecatombs mingled.
- 320 Then thus Kalchas address'd us, explaining the omen portentous :
' Why stand mute and astonish'd, ye long-hair'd sons of Achaia,
Now that the all-wise Zeus has a prodigy shown us, an omen
Glorious, endless of fame, long hence to be brought to fulfilment ?
E'en as the dragon the bird and its younglings devour'd in your presence
325 (Eight were the young, and the ninth was the mother herself which had
hatch'd them),
So with ourselves, we shall here wage war, years weary as many,
Wide-way'd Troia at last, on the tenth year only, destroying.'
Thus he harangued us : and, e'en as foretold, all things are fulfilling.
Therefore, ye well-greaved sons of Achaia, remain at the leaguer
330 Even till wide-spread Troia, the city of Priam, we capture.'
Ended ; on which loud shouted the whole vast host of Achaia,
Praising with words well chosen the speech of Odysseus the monarch :
Echo'd on all sides round the acclaim 'mong the deep-hull'd galleys.
Whereupon thus spoke, bravest of chieftains, Gerenian Nestor :
335 " O most strange ! gods ! even like children ye talk of a surety,
Even as children with war and its dread deeds all unacquainted.
Treaties and oaths and agreements, in what light now shall we view them ?
Verily, counsels of heroes, and plans might be cast in the fire-flames,
Even libations unmix'd, and the right hands too, which we trusted :
340 Vainly with words we contend, and are all unfit to discover
Any device, long, long tho' we here still hopelessly linger.
Still, Agamemnon, do thou, as before, with a counsel unshaken
Lead the Achaians again in the onslaught dread with the foeman :
Leave the dissentients to perish, the few who aloof from the Argives
345 Selfishly meditate (vainly they hope to be favour'd by fortune)

- Home to return unto Argos, before from the ægis-upholder,
Zeus, they have found out, whether the promise will yet be accomplish'd.
Yes, for I tell you Kronion the mighty auspiciously nodded,
That same day when in swift-wing'd ships the Achaians departed,
350 Slaughter and dread fate bearing and death to the people of Troia ;
Zeus on the right hand thundering loud, fair omens displaying.
Therefore let no man seek to depart hence, homewards returning,
Even till each has possess'd him of one of the wives of the Trojans ;
Helen's severe heart-anguish and deep sighs fully avenging.
- 355 Nathless if any with strong heart-longing desire to return home,
Seizing his well-bench'd ship, let him go ; but he dies on the instant.
Think, O ruler, deliberate well, and obey thy adviser :
Wholesome in sooth is my counsel, not lightly should such be rejected.
Separate, king Agamemnon, the men into tribes, into clanships,
360 Even that each may his own tribe succour, and kindred their kindred.
Posting the vast host thus, if the sons of Achaia obey thee,
Soon thou'lt distinguish the brave from the base 'mong the leaders and
soldiers,
Yes, for, be sure, each man will his whole soul bring to the struggle :
Then thou shalt know too, whether it be by decree of Kronion,
365 Troia thou never shalt sack, or from men's inexperience only "
- Whereupon him now answer'd in turn great king Agamemnon :
" Sure, old man, all sons of the Argives in speech thou surpassesest :
Would to Kronion the sire, and Athena, and Phœbus Apollo,
Ten such counsellors sage were but mine of the sons of Achaia !
370 Speedily then would the city of Priam the monarch surrender,
Captured by our own hands, and the treasures within it be pillaged.
Zeus the supreme, howbeit, has great woes laid on Atreides,
Me with the people involving in vain broils oft and contentions.
Strivings I had with Achilles divine on account of a damsel,
375 Harsh words using, and I was myself no doubt the aggressor :
Nevertheless, if again we agree, no longer for Troia
Respite from ills will arise, no, verily, e'en for an instant.
Come, our repast. Then set in array 'gainst the Trojans the battle :
Hasten, his buckler let every one brace, and his spear let him sharpen,
380 Fodder let each for his swift-paced coursers prepare to distribute ;
Well let him look to his chariot too, and prepare for the combat :
So will we fight, and the whole day give to the bloody encounter.
Rest will be none from laborious toil, no pause in the battle,
Even till nightfall quenches the fierce wrath burning within us.
385 Moistened with sweat shall the belts be of every one's radiant buckler,

Every hand will be weary with holding the Pelian war-spear :
Every courser will sweat, to the glittering chariot harness'd.
Then whomsoever I find still loitering far from the battle,
Hiding himself by the crook'd-beak'd galleys, in vain will he hope my
390 Wrath to escape, for his corse shall be food for the dogs and the vultures."

Spake he : and loud shouts rose from the host, as when, borne by the
south wind,

Straight on a lofty precipitous shore come dashing the billows,
Where, far jutting, the rocks stretch out, amid waves ever foaming,
Raised by the various winds, sent devious down by Kronion.
395 Whereupon, rising, they hasten'd away, to their several galleys,
While from the tents smoke rose, as their meal they prepared and partook of.

Then each choosing his tutelar god, all sacrifice offer'd,
Praying the while grim death to escape amid war's dread struggle.
King Agamemnon a well-fed ox as a sacrifice offer'd,
400 Five years old, to Olympian Zeus, old Kronos' offspring,
Summoning forth to his tent those honour'd for age by the Argives.
First Sage Nestor he call'd, and Idomeneus, valorous monarch,
After, the Aias twain, and the son of illustrious Tydeus,
Then sixth, equal in council to Zeus, the immortal Odysseus.
405 Afterwards came of his own free will Menelaus, the bravest
Aye at the war-cry, full well knowing the toils of his brother.
Whereon they all stood circling the ox, and the cake of oblation
Lifting, they pray'd, and in these words spake Agamemnon the ruler :
" Zeus, most glorious ! cloud-girt deity, dwelling in ether,

410 Grant that the sun may not set, low-sinking, and darkness enfold us,
Even till down I have hurl'd into ruins the palace of Priam,
Burning to ashes its lintels and doors in the ravishing fire-flames ;
Ay, and have torn from the shoulders of Hector his radiant breastplate,
Hack'd with the brass ; and his friends, how many soever, around him,
415 Down to the earth I have hurl'd, all biting the dust in their anguish."
Such was his prayer : but Zeus vouchsafed no speedy fulfilment ;
Doubling their wearisome toils, tho' accepting the sacrifice offer'd.
Thus having proffer'd their vows, and before them the cakes of oblation
Thrown, they the necks of the bulls drew back, then slaughter'd and
flay'd them :

420 Next they the full-flesh'd thighs cut out, and with fat overlaid them,
Making a two-fold layer, the raw flesh placing above them,
After, on leaf-stript billets of wood, well-season'd, they roasted ;

Then, having spitted the entrails, they over the red fire held them.

Now when the thighs they had thoroughly roasted, and tasted the entrails,

425 Slashing and scoring the parts that remain'd, upon spits they transfix'd them,

Skilfully roasting the various portions, and afterwards drew them

Off from the spits ; and, their labours completed, and, ready the banquet, Equally all now ate, and the soul lack'd nothing in feasting.

Sated their hearts with the viands and wine spread forth at the banquet,

430 Rising, in these wing'd accents, Gerenian Nestor address'd them :

“Glorious hero Atreides, of men great sovereign ruler,

Here let us waste no longer our time, thus foolishly prating,

Long postponing the work which a deity bids us accomplish.

Come, let the heralds anon of the brass-clad sons of Achaia,

435 Calling the vast host, cause them to meet at their several galleys,

While we ourselves go forth through the wide-spread army of Argives,

Stirring them up, and arousing to war and impetuous battle.”

Thus the Gerenian chief : nor did Atreus' son disobey him :

Instantly orders he gave to the shrill-voiced heralds to summon

440 Forth to the battle the long-hair'd sons of Achaia ; the summons

These gave forth as commanded, and, flocking, the army assembled.

Round Agamemnon the Zeus-sprung chiefs then hasten'd to range them

All in their ranks ; came forth too blue-eyed Pallas among them,

Holding the much-prized ægis, unchangeable aye, and immortal ;

445 Round it a hundred tassels of pure gold gracefully twisted

Pendulous waved, each valued at good fat oxen a hundred.

Holding it, glancing around all wildly, she rush'd through the army,

Urging them forth to advance ; in the bosom of every Argive

Courage inspiring, and strength, to endure war's endless encounters.

450 War thenceforward became more sweet to their souls than returning

Back in their wide-hull'd ships to the much-loved land of their fathers.

Even as ruinous fire an expanse wide-stretching of forest

Burns on the high hill-tops, seen shining afar as it blazes :

So from the terrible brass of the arm'd host marching in order,

455 Shone the resplendent glitter to heaven, thro' ether ascending.

Whereupon, e'en as innumerable tribes of the people of ether,

Wild geese haply, or herons, or long-neck'd swans of the river,

Over the Asian pastures surrounding the streams of Cæster,

Hov'ring on all sides round, upon fleet wing freely disporting,

460 Soon in succession with loud clang, light, and the meadow re-echoes :

So the innumerable tribes from the various ships and pavilions

Pour'd on the goodly Scamandrian plain, and the earth with a hollow
 Dull sound shook, and re-echo'd the trampling of heroes and horses.
 Thus they anon all stood on the flowery plain of Scamander,
 465 Numberless e'en as the leaves on the trees, or as flowers in summer
 Spreading around, or as flies, thick buzzing, and hovering countless
 Over the pen, where stand full-udder'd the murmuring cattle,
 During the spring's sweet season when pails overflow with abundance :
 Numberless thus to contend with the Trojans the sons of Achaia
 470 Stood on the plain, high-crested and eager to rush on the squadrons.

Then as the keepers of large goat-flocks wide spreading around them,
 Separate one from another, when pent in the meadow together :
 So upon this side and that the illustrious leaders arranged them,
 Ready for battle ; and 'mong them the king, wide-ruling Atreides,
 475 Like in his forehead and eyes to Kronion the hurler of thunder,
 Equal to Ares in girth, and the great earth-shaker in bearing.
 E'en as the bull in the herd stands out with his sinewy muscles
 Finely develop'd, surpassing the heifers around him in vigour :
 So did Kronion the king Agamemnon Atreides on that day
 Render conspicuous over the others, and first among heroes.

480 Tell me, ye muses possessing the mansions of lofty Olympus,
 (Goddesses ye, both all things knowing, and everywhere present,
 While we ourselves hear only reports, and indeed know nothing.)
 Who were the leaders and chiefs of the host of embattled Achaians ?
 Though I with twice five tongues, and with twice five mouths, and with
 accents

485 Powerful and strong, and a heart like to bright brass even were gifted,
 Never the multitude vast can I tell, nor the names of its heroes,
 No, not unless the Olympian muses, the nymphs of the mighty
 Ægis-upholder should tell how many assembled at Troia :
 Only the chiefs will I name, and the various galleys that bore them.

490 Foremost warlike Peneleus and Leïtos, Arcesilaos,
 Brave Prothoënor, and Clonios, led the Bœotians sturdy,
 Dwelling in Hyria, Aulis the craggy, and Schoënos, and Scholos ;
 Those who possess'd, with its numerous mountains and woods, Eteonos,
 Græa, Thespeia, as also the wide-spread plain Mycalessos ;
 495 Those who inhabited Harma, Ilesion, also Erythræ ;
 Those who in Eleon dwelt, and Ocalea, prosperous Hyle,
 Peteon, Medeon, likewise the well-built city Eutresis,
 Kopæ, and Thisbe, the last far-famed for its numerous pigeons.
 Those who possess'd Koronæa, and, verdant in meads, Haliartos ;
 500 Those in Plataæa who dwelt, and the people inhabiting Glissas :

Those who the well-built town Hypothebæ possess'd, and Onchestos,
Where was erected a shrine to the great Earth-shaker Poseidon.
Those who Medeia possess'd, and, in rich grape-clusters abounding,
Arne, and Nissa divine, and Anthedon as well, on the border :

505 Two score galleys and ten brought this great army to Troia,
Each ship bearing a hundred and twenty Bœotian heroes.

Those who possess'd Minyea Orchomenos, those who Aspledon,
Warlike Askalaphos led, and Ialmenos, scions of Ares,
Born in the mansions of Actor, the offspring of Azeus, to Ares
510 Brave, by a nymph most modest, Astyoche named ; to an upper
Chamber the nymph having led, there Ares embrac'd her in secret.
Deep-hull'd black ships thirty with these went forward in order.
Schedios, aided by gallant Epistrophos, sons of the high-soul'd
Naubolos' famed son Iphitos brave, the Phocœans conducted ;
515 These Cyparissos possess'd, and the rock-strewn region of Python,
Crissa divine moreover they held, Panopea, and Daulis ;
Those round Anemorea who dwelt, and Hyampolis, fertile,
March'd with the gallant Phocœans and tribes on the river Cephissos,
Join'd by the men of Lilæa, who dwelt far up at its sources.

520 Two score dark-hull'd galleys with all these follow'd in order.
These two heroes renown'd, placed this vast host in divisions,
Leftward drawing them up, where stood the Bœotian heroes.

Swift-limb'd Aias the son of Oïleus, the Locrians marshall'd ;
Smaller in stature and girth than renown'd Telamonian Aias,
525 Much less truly, and only array'd in a corslet of linen,
Still at the spear he surpass'd all other Achæians and Argives.
Under him march'd those dwelling in Cynos, and Opos, and Bessa,
Scarpha, Calliaros, Tarpha, and Thronios, pleasant Augeia,
Close to the streams of Boagrius grassy, meandering sweetly.

530 Following him, came two score black-hull'd Locrian galleys,
Carrying these tribes dwelling beyond Eubœa the sacred.

Those Eubœa possessing the famed, strength-breathing Abantes,
Owning Eretria, Chalcis, and, famed for its grapes, Histiaëa,
Dion the high built city, and, close to the ocean, Cerinthos ;
535 Likewise the tribes in Carystos who dwelt, and the regions of Styra :
All these tribes, Elephenor, descended from Ares, conducted,
Chalcodon's brave son, high-soul'd ruler of all the Abantes.
Him the Abantes, the agile, with long hair flowing behind them,
Follow'd, a race who the Pelian war-spear skilfully wielded,
540 Breaking the bright steel hauberks of such as in battle opposed them.
Carrying all these, two score black ships follow'd in order.

Those who inhabited Athens the well-built beautiful city,
 Ruled by Erechtheus brave, whom the earth, with vitality teeming,
 Erst brought forth, and whom Pallas Athena, the daughter of great Zeus,
 545 Nursed, and assign'd as his dwelling her own rich temple at Athens :
 There, as the years roll'd onward, her youths were accustom'd to offer
 Heifers and lambs to the goddess divine, wherewithal to appease her.
 These were by Peteos' son led forward, the warlike Menestheus ;
 Him who, in sooth, no earth-born man could compare with or equal,
 550 Either in marshalling shield-clad heroes or horses for battle,
 Save Sage Nestor alone, who from age had experience gather'd.
 Forty and ten black galleys with these him follow'd in order.

Aias from Salamis led twelve galleys, and, leading, arranged them
 Close to the place where stood the Athenian phalanxes marshall'd.
 555 Those who possess'd both Argos, and strong, well-fortified Tiryns,
 Hermion too, and, encircling the inlet of Asine, Troezen ;
 Likewise Eione fair, and in grape-vines rich, Epidaurus ;
 Those in Ægina and Mases who dwelt, all sons of Achaia :
 These led Diomede, great at the war-shout, join'd by his henchman
 560 Sthenelos, much-loved offspring of Capaneus, famous in battle :
 Diomede's third in command, was Euryalos godlike in bearing,
 Son of the brave-soul'd monarch Mecisteus, Talaos' offspring ;
 All these Diomede, great at the war-shout, led as commander.
 Four score dark-hull'd galleys with these him follow'd in order.

Those who the well-built city Mycenæ possess'd, and, for riches
 Famed, fair Corinth as well, and the wide-way'd city Cleonæ ;
 Those in Orneia who dwelt, and in far Aræthyrea lovely,
 Likewise in Sicyon where erst reign'd as its monarch Adrastos :
 Those Hyperesia owning and high Gonoessa adjacent ;
 570 Likewise Pellene remote, and the heroes in Ægion dwelling ;
 Those who the sea-shore held, and the land round Helice spacious.
 These Agamemnon Atreides in five score galleys conducted ;
 Many in numbers they were, and the bravest by far of the army.
 He, meanwhile, in his glory exulting, himself in his brazen
 575 Panoply bright having girded, conspicuous shone 'mong the heroes ;
 Leader of such vast hosts, none dared his pre-eminence challenge.

Those who possess'd Lacedæmon the great, with its rugged recesses,
 Pharos and Sparta, and Messa, in stock-doves richly abounding ;
 Those who Bryseia possess'd, and Augeia delightfully lying ;
 580 Those in Amyclæ who dwelt, and the sea-washed city of Helos ;
 Those upon Cetylos' coast, and the people inhabiting Laas :
 Three score galleys with these, Menelaus renown'd in the war shout

- Led, but apart from the ranks of his brother the King Agamemnon.
 All through the army he went, in his own great valor confiding,
 585 Urging them on to the fight, but above all eagerly longing
 Helen's remorse for her wrongs to avenge, and her pitiful wailings.
 Those who inhabited Pylos, and pleasant delightful Arenè,
 Thryon as well, by the fords of Alphæos, and Æpy the well built,
 Pteleon, Amphigenia and Helos, and fair Cyparissa ;
 590 Far-famed Dorion too, wherewithom the heavenly Muses,
 Meeting Threïcian Thamyris proud, when from Eurytos coming,
 Chief of Œchalia, caused him his lyre unstring and relinquish,
 Seeing he boastingly said, that albeit the Muses, the famous
 Daughters of Zeus, should with him dare vie, he would still prove
 victor :
 595 Whereon, they him struck blind ; and with fury incensed the divine art
 Took from the bard, and the sweet gift thence no more he remember'd.
 All this army Gerenian Nestor the chieftain commanded :
 Sailing in four score galleys and ten, they proceeded in order.
 Those who Arcadia own'd, and the lofty Cyllenian Mountain,
 600 Where stood Æpytos' tomb ; at the close fight these were distinguish'd :
 Those who in Pheneos dwelt, and Orchomenos, famous for pastures,
 Teeming with white flocks, Stratie, windy Enispe and Ripe ;
 Those who in Tegea dwelt, and the city of sweet Mantinea ;
 Those who Stymphalos possess'd, and Parrhasia riven with caverns.
 605 Three score galleys with these Agapenor, Ancæos' offspring,
 Led, each ship well freighted with gallant Arcadian heroes,
 Skilful in war ; but Atreides himself, great King Agamemnon,
 Ruler of wide lands, furnish'd the numerous hosts with the well-bench'd
 Galleys to carry them over the wine-dark boisterous Ocean ;
 610 Seeing that these were as yet unaccustom'd to maritime warfare.
 Those who the land of Buprasion held, and the heavenly Elis,
 Those who were dwellers in Myrsinos distant, and pleasant Hyrmine,
 Those who possess'd the Olenian rock, and Alisian mountain :
 Four were the leaders of this vast host, each hero commanding
 615 Ten good ships, all fill'd to o'erflowing with noble Epeans.
 These brave Thalpios led, and Amphimachos, nobly descended,
 Cteatos' stout son this, that Eurytos', offspring of Actor :
 Some, Amarynceus' illustrious offspring Diones, commanded ;
 Godlike Polyxenos, son of Agasthenes, Augeas' brave son,
 620 King of the whole land, marshall'd the fourth great warlike division.
 Those who Dulichion held, and the isles of Echinades sacred,
 Lying afar on the boisterous main, thence looking on Elis :

This host Meges, the offspring of Phyleus, co-equal with Ares,
 Led forth, him whom the loved of Kronion, illustrious Phyleus,
 25 Whilom begot, when he fled from his sire, in Dulichion settling :
 Him with his brave tribes two score dark ships follow'd in order.

Godlike Odysseus the brave high-soul'd Cephallenians marshall'd,
 Heroes who Ithaca own'd, and the region of Neritos woody,
 Some in Crocylea dwelling, and others in Ægilips rugged ;
 630 Those who Zacynthos possess'd, and the people inhabiting Samos,
 Opposite lying, as also the whole mainland of the region :
 These led noble Odysseus, the peer of Kronion in wisdom :
 Him with his brave tribes twelve ships red-streak'd follow'd in order.

Thoas the son of Andræmon the men of Ætolia led forth ;
 635 Those who inhabited Pleuron, Pylene, and Olenos pleasant,
 Chalcis the maritime city, and rock-bound Calydon lofty.
 High-soul'd Æneus' sons were indeed no longer surviving,
 Neither was Æneus himself, nor the fair-hair'd brave Meleager ;
 Therefore was Thoas appointed to lead the Ætolian army :
 640 Him then two score dark-hull'd good ships follow'd in order.

Gallant Idomeneus, famed at the spear, led forward the Cretans ;
 Those who inhabited Gnossos, and strong, wall-circled Gortyna,
 Lyctos, Miletos, and also the bright, white shining Lycastos,
 Phæstos, and Rytion too, both populous cities ; besides these,
 645 Others inhabiting Crete for its hundred cities distinguish'd.
 This vast host spear-famous Idomeneus led as commander,
 Join'd by Meriones, equal to dread, man-slaughtering Ares :
 These then four score dark-hull'd good ships follow'd in order.

Mightiest Herakles' offspring, Tlepolemos dauntless and daring,
 650 Led nine galleys from Rhodes of illustrious Rhodian heroes,
 Haughty in bearing and mien, who in three tribes dwelt in the island,
 Some in Ialyssos, others in Lindos, and shining Camiros :
 Dauntless Tlepolemos famed at the spear these warriors marshall'd ;
 Astyocheia the fair nymph, him unto Herakles mighty
 655 Bore, when he carried her off from the banks of the river Selleis
 Flowing in Ephyre where he had laid waste many a city.
 After Tlepolemos long had been nurtured in Herakles' halls, he
 Aged Licymnios slew, his august sire's favourite uncle,
 Hoary with years tho' he was, and a branch of the war-god Ares.
 660 Straightway building a fleet, and collecting a numerous army
 Under him, over the wine-dark ocean he fled, for the grandsons
 Many, and sons, of invincible Herakles eumity bore him.
 He as a wanderer came unto Rhodes, having suffer'd severe woes ;

There he divided his train into three great tribes, and Kronion
 665 Mighty, who rules as himself deems best among men and Immortals,
 Favour'd their fortunes, and pour'd down riches profuse on the strangers.

Nireus conducted as chief three well-poised galleys from Syme,
 Nireus, the son of Aglæa and Charopos king of the region,
 Nireus, the fairest in figure by far of the sons of Achaia
 670 Onward to Troia who came, save only the blameless Peleides :
 Nathless, not bold in his bearing, but few men follow'd his leading.

Those who in Crapathos dwelt, and Nisyros, and Casos, and Cos, where
 Warlike Eurypylos reign'd, and the beautiful isles of Calydnæ :
 All these Phidippos, aided by Antiphos, led as commander,
 675 Both of Heraklean birth, the Thessalian monarch their father :
 Thirty capacious galleys with these all follow'd in order.

Neither forget I the dwellers renown'd in Pelasgian Argos ;
 Those who inhabited Alos, and Trachis, and Alopè pleasant.
 Those who possess'd rich Phthia, and Hellas, for fair maids famous.
 680 Myrmidons oft-times call'd, and Hellenes, and likewise Achaians :
 Forty and ten black galleys with these sail'd under Achilles.
 These bands, brave howsoe'er, dread war scarce longer remember'd,
 Seeing they no great leader possess'd in their ranks to conduct them,
 Now that divine, swift-footed Achilles, excited with anger,
 685 Lay by his ships, on account of the fair-hair'd maiden Briseïs,
 Her whom he bore from Lyrnessos, himself having suffer'd severe toils
 There, when Lyrnessos he sack'd, and the ramparts of Theba demolish'd,
 Slaying Epistrophos, greatly renown'd at the javelin, and Mynes,
 Sons of Erenos the king, who himself was Selepios' offspring :
 690 Long he Briseïs bewail'd, but was soon to be roused from inaction.

Those who in Phylace dwelt, and the flowery Pyrrhasian region,
 Groves held sacred to Iton the mother of flocks, and Demeter ;
 Antron, a sea-shore city, and Pteleon famed for its pastures :
 All these Protesilaos the warlike led as commander
 695 During his life, but the black earth him now held in her bosom.
 Left was his wife to her sorrows at Phylace fair, and his palace
 Reft of its inmates ; for him a Dardanian chief with his brass spear
 Slew as he leapt on the shore from his galley, the first of the Argives.
 Nathless a leader they found, tho' their own chief deeply lamenting,
 700 Gallant Podarces, of Ares a branch, the command having taken,
 Son of the wealthy in sheep-flocks, Iphiclos, Phylacis' offspring,
 Brother, but younger, of high-soul'd Protesilaos the warlike :
 Older, and braver as well, was the far-famed Protesilaos :
 Him, brave hero, the army lamented tho' led by his brother :

705 Two score dark-hull'd well-built ships him follow'd in order.

Those who the lake of Bœbeïs possess'd, and the city of Pharæ,
Bœbe, and Glaphyræ too, and the well-built town Ialcos :

All these, led as commander in galleys eleven Eumelos,
Son of Admetos the valiant, whom lovely Alcestes, the fairest

710 Far of the daughters of Pelias brave, erst bore to Admetos.

Those who Methonè possess'd, and the fertile Thaumacian region,
Those who inhabited fair Melibœa, and rocky Olizon :

These Philoctetes commanded, a hero in archery skilful,
Leading in black ships seven ; in each sail'd forty and ten brave

715 Mariners, skill'd at the bow, all equally ready for battle.

Now, howbeit, he lay far off in the island of Lemnos,
Tortured with pain, where, left by his comrades the sons of Achaia,
Suffering under the death-charged sting of a venomous viper,
Much he endured, deep grieving ; but soon were the Danai destined

720 Him to remember again at their deep-sea-traversing galleys.

Nor were they left uncommanded tho' longing indeed for their own chief,
Seeing the spurious son of Oïleus the monarch, whom Rena
Bore to the city-destroyer, the brave-soul'd Medon, was leader.

Those who inhabited Tricca, and rock-strewn hilly Ithome,

725 Those who Œchalia held, and Œchalian Eurytos' city :

These Podalirios marshall'd, conjoin'd with his brother Machaon,
Well-known skilful physicians, renown'd Æsculapios' offspring :
Twenty and ten large galleys with these went forward in order.

Those who Ormenion held, and the famous Hyperian fountain,

730 Those who Asterios own'd, and the snow-white tops of Titanos ;
These by Eurypylos, offspring of warlike Evæmon, were marshall'd :
Him then two score dark-hull'd good ships follow'd in order.

Those who Argissa possess'd, and the races who dwelt in Gyrtone,
Orthe, Elone, and also the bright white town Oloösson :

735 These brave-soul'd Polypoetes, the son of Pirithoös warlike,

Him whom supreme Zeus whilom begat, led on as commander.

Hippodameia renown'd, him bore to Pirithoös warlike,

That same day when his wrath he avenged on the centaurs, the shaggy,
Driving from Pelion forth to the distant Æthicean region :

740 Nor did he lead them alone, but Leonteus, descendant of Ares,

Aided him, son of Coronos the high-soul'd, offspring of Cœneus :

These then two score dark-hull'd good ships follow'd in order.

Twenty and two swift ships were conducted from Cyphos by Gouneus :

Him the Peræbian stout tribes join'd, and the brave Enienes,

745 Warrior races whose dwellings were rear'd near wintry Dodona ;

Those who the rich fields till'd by the sweet Titaresian water,
 Gently meandering on, its serene pure tide on the Peneus
 Pouring, but ne'er with the current of silvery Peneus its treasures
 Mingling, but silently flowing along, like oil on the surface ;
 750 Seeing by it men swear, and 'tis one of the Stygian rivers.

Prothoös led the Magnesians forth, stout son of Tenthredon,
 Heroes who wood-girt Pelion held, and the meadows of Peneus :
 All these Prothoös, famed for activity, led as commander :
 Him then two score dark-hull'd good ships follow'd in order.
 755 These now named were the leaders and chiefs of the sons of Achaia.

Tell, O muse, now, who were of all these leaders the greatest,
 Name both chieftains and chargers, who follow'd divine Agamemnon.
 Greatly surpass'd all others the steeds of the offspring of Phares,
 Those which Eumelos conducted ; as birds they were swift, of the
 same age,

760 Both of the same bright colour, and equal in height as if measured.
 These fleet steeds, both mares, far-darting Apollo divine erst
 Rear'd on Pierian plains, and they sped with the fury of Ares.
 First of the Danaad leaders, so long as Achilles was wrathful,
 Huge Telamonian Aias I name, both bravest and stoutest ;

765 Best were the steeds howbeit of blameless Peleides Achilles,
 Nathless enraged he abode by his dark, sea-traversing galleys,
 Breathing destruction 'gainst King Agamemnon the guide of the people.
 Meanwhile skirting the shore of the ocean the hosts of Achilles
 All were amusing themselves with the bow and the disk and the
 javelin :

770 While at the same time horses were seen by their chariots standing
 Cropping the wild herbs, green marsh-parsley, and leaves of the lotus.
 Fasten'd securely, the chariots lay by the tents of their owners ;
 They, for their brave chief anxiously longing throughout the encamp-
 ment,
 Hither and thitherwards wander'd, aloof all keeping from battle.

775 Forward the army advanced and the whole earth felt as if fire-flames
 Roar'd underneath, as in honour of thunder-rejoicing Kronion,
 Storming with passion, and striking the earth in his rage by Typhœos
 Lying in Arimæ, where men say is the tomb of the hero.
 So, as they march'd straight onward the earth seem'd heavily groaning
 780 Under their feet, and they pass'd full speedily over the champain.

Now, from the ægis-upholder Kronion commission'd, the swift-
 limb'd
 Iris a messenger came to the Trojans with sorrowful tidings,

E'en while, thronging together, were met both elders and striplings,
Holding a council of state at the gates of the palace of Priam.

785 Whereupon standing beside them, the swift-limb'd Iris address'd them,
Feigning the voice of Polites, the offspring of Priam, who then sat
High on the top of the tomb of the much-loved, old Æsyetes,
Looking around for the Trojans, confiding alone in his swiftness,
Watching the time when the Argives should first set out from their
galleys.

790 Feigning herself brave-hearted Polites, the lieger address'd them :
" Monarch revered, still pleased as before with advice unbefitting,
Just as if peace still reign'd ; tho' a war unavoidable rages :
Often I've mix'd in the battle of heroes myself, but I never
Saw with my eyes an encampment so vast, or in courage and bearing
795 Equal to this ; for they seem like the leaves or the sands of the ocean,
Marching the wide plain through, to contend for the city in battle.
Hector, do thou act thus, for above all thee I admonish.

Many indeed are the allies that dwell in the city of Priam ;
Various too are their tongues as they various regions inhabit :
800 Then let the several heroes be leaders of those of their own tribe,
Leaving to each man these to conduct and the citizens marshal."
Thus she address'd him ; and Hector, the voice of the goddess
divining,

Quickly the council dissolved ; and to arms all rush'd in an instant.
Wide flew every gate, and the troops rush'd out as they open'd,
805 Horsemen and foot on pressing, and loud was the tumult and uproar.

Now in the front of the city a high mount stands in the distance,
Down in the wide plain rising, and free all round from obstruction :
This mount men Batiea have named, but the gods, the immortal,
Call it the tomb of Myrinna, the swift-limb'd warrior hero.

810 There stood, marshall'd in separate armies, the Trojans and allies.

Priam's renown'd son, crest-plumed Hector, commanded the Trojans :
Bravest by far were the brass-girt heroes and greatest in number
Headed by him ; each waving his spear in his ardour for battle.

Warlike Æneas the son of Anchises commanded the Dardans :
815 Him Aphroditè, the goddess divine, to Anchises, a mortal
Bore, with the warrior once having mingled in love upon Ida :
Nor did he lead them alone, but the two brave sons of Antenor,
Acamas, well-skill'd truly in war, and Archilochos, aided.

Those in Zeleia who dwelt, close under the foot of the mountain
820 Ida, for wealth far famed, who the dark stream drank of Æsepos ;

All these Pandaros led, the courageous son of Lycaon,
He who received from the archer Apollo the gift of his own bow.

Those who possess'd Pityea, and loftily-tow'ring Tereia
Warlike Amphios in corslet of flax, led on, and Adrastos,
825 Sons of Percosian Merops, above all men as an augur
Famed, who forbade both sons, much-loved as they were, to the bloody
Battle to go ; but the wish of their sire both sons disregarding,
Forward they went, by malign fate urged, to the death they were doomed to.

Those who in Practios dwelt, and the heroes possessing Percotè,
830 Those who inhabited Sestos, Abydos, and pleasant Arisbe :
These were by Asios, Hyrtacos' brave son, hero of heroes,
Led on ; Asios, Hyrtacos' offspring, whose spirited coursers
Bore him from pleasant Arisbe afar, and the river Selleïs.

Gallant Hippothoös marshall'd the spear-skill'd hosts of Pelasgia,
835 Namely the races who dwelt on the rich glebe lands of Larissa ;
Join'd by his brother Pylæos the brave-soul'd, branches of Ares,
Sons of Pelasgian Lethos, the offspring of Teutamos warlike.

Acamas, join'd by Piroös, conducted the Thracian races,
Those on the banks of the Hellespont dwelling, the rapidly-flowing.
840 Noble Euphemos commanded the hosts of Ciconian heroes,
Son of the heaven-descended Trœzenos, the offspring of Ceas.

Warlike Pyræchmes the curved-bow-bearing Pæonians led on,
Tribes from the wide-spread Asios river in Amydon distant ;
Asios, stream unsurpass'd on the whole wide earth for its beauty.
845 Warlike Pylæmenes, sturdy of heart, from the Enetis region,
Famed for its wild mules, marshall'd the brave Paphlagonian races,
Those who Cytoros possess'd, and the country of Sesamos woody,
Those on the river Parthenios living in notable dwellings,
Cromna, Ægialos too, and the high Erythinian mountains,

850 All the renown'd Halizonian races in Alybè distant
Dwelling, Epistrophos marshall'd, by Hodios warlike assisted.

Chromis the Mysians marshall'd, and Ennomos, famed as an augur ;
Nevertheless, black death he escaped not indeed ; notwithstanding
All his renown as an augur, he fell by the hand of Achilles,
855 That same day when in Zanthos he slew vast numbers of Trojans.

Phorcys, with godlike Ascanios join'd, from Ascania distant,
Marshall'd the Phrygian tribes, all eager to march to the battle.

Mesthles, with Antiphos join'd, both sons of Palæmenes, whilom
Born of the lake of Gygæa, the tribes of Mæonia marshall'd,
860 Heroes who lived close under the shadow of Tmolos majestic.

Nastes the Carians marshall'd, a people of barbarous language,
Men who Miletos possess'd, and the wood-topp'd mountain of Phthiri,
Likewise the streams of Mæandēr, and Mycalè's loftiest summits.
All these tribes brave Nastes, conjoin'd with Amphimachos marshall'd,
865 Nomion's two sons, Nastes and warlike Amphimachos led them ;
Warlike Amphimachos, foolish ! who went to the battle in golden
Trappings bedeck'd, like a maiden, his fate, vain-glorious, courting ;
Soon at the stream being slain by illustrious Æacos' swift-limb'd
Offspring Achilles, who there of his golden accoutrements spoil'd him.
870 Lastly, Sarpedon, and high-soul'd Glaucos from Lycia distant,
Marshall'd the Lycian heroes, who dwelt on the eddyng Xanthos.

END OF BOOK SECOND.

BOOK THIRD.

Now when the bands were arranged each under its separate leader,
Shouting, the Trojans on their side march'd with tumultuous uproar ;
Even with such loud clangour as cranes when they speed through the
 heavens,

Forth to the wide main, flying from wintry winds and from rain clouds
5 Falling in torrents, their shrill cries echoing loud in ascending ;
Bringing destruction and death, as they come, to the puny Pygmæans,
Early at morn's grey dawn fierce strife and commotion provoking.
March'd not the Danai thus ; they, breathing destruction, in silence
Strode, in his soul each burning to stand by and succour his fellow.

10 E'en as the south wind shedding a mist on the heights of a mountain,
 tain,

Hateful indeed to the shepherd, but better than night to the prowler,
Bounding the sight to the length of a stone-cast : so from the Argives
Dust clouds rose, round whirling, from under the feet of the vast crowd
Marching ; and quickly they traversed the plain far stretching before
 them.

15 Now when the two hosts, moving, had come, each close to the other,
Boldly in front of the Trojan array stood fair Alexander,
Girt with his sword at his side and his curved bow over his shoulders
Hung, and the skin of a pard ; then, two spears steadily raising
Pointed with brass, the renown'd of the warrior Argives he challenged
20 Forward to come to the fight ; each champion singly defying.

Whereupon, soon as the warlike Prince Menelaus descried him
Striding majestic, and marching in front of the host, he exulted.
E'en as a lion which meets with a well-fed carcase when hungry,
Either an antler'd stag, or a wild goat haply, which, greedy,
25 Soon he devours, though follow'd by dogs and hilarious hunters :

So Menelaus rejoiced when he saw Alexander the godlike,
Thinking he now would at length be avenged on his foe, the seducer :
Whereon he forthwith leapt from his war-car fully accoutred.

Him when divine Alexander descried 'mid the warrior heroes,
30 Standing conspicuous forth from the foremost ranks, he was troubled ;
Therefore, to shun dire death, he again shrunk back 'mong his comrades.

Even as one who a viper has seen in the glen of a mountain
Suddenly starts back, fearful, his stout limbs trembling beneath him ;
Slow he retires, and a paleness anon creeps over his visage :
35 So now, back once more 'mong the masses of arrogant Trojans,
Trembling with fear, Alexander before Menelaus retreated.

Him then Hector beholding in these sharp accents upbraided :
“ Paris accursèd ! enamour'd of women to madness, deceiver !
Would that thou ne'er hadst been born, or hadst died ere manhood,
unwedded !
40 Well may I such wish nurse, and for thee it had surely been better
Far than to live here scorn'd and disgraced, in the eyes of thy fellows.
Truly the long-hair'd sons of Achaia may laugh in derision,
Deeming thee some great hero renown'd, as in form and appearance,
Much thou excellest ; but lacking thou art in the warrior's spirit.
45 Wast thou in mood thus timid when guiding thy prosperous galleys
Over the main, by congenial comrades accompanied thither ?
Mingling with foreigners there, say, brought'st thou not then from a
distance

Hither a beautiful woman, espoused to a warrior famous ?
Ruinous scourge to thy reverend sire, to the city, and people ;
50 Causing our foes to exult, and thyself with confusion o'erwhelming.
Why dost thou now shrink back from the Prince Menelaus ? Await him ;
Then wouldst thou know what prowess is his whose wife thou possessest.
Thee would avail not the lyre, nor the gifts of divine Aphrodite,
No, nor thy locks nor thy figure, when low with the dust thou art
mingled !

55 Ah ! pusillanimous, sure, are our ranks, were it otherwise, ere this
Low hadst thou been 'neath a stoneshower laid, for the evil thou workedst.”

Whereupon him in return thus answer'd divine Alexander :
“ Hector, with good cause me thou dost chide, not at all with injustice :
Truly, thy heart seems e'en as an axe well-temper'd, that yields not,
60 Right through the timber which goes, when the shipwright plies it with
vigour,
Cutting with skill, and the axe gives power to the hand of the hewer :
So 'tis with thee, for a spirit without fear dwells in thy bosom.

Taunt me not harshly, that gifts from divine Aphrodite, the golden,
Once I received ; rich gifts which the blessèd Immortals with free will
65 Give, no man may decline, nor, presumptuous, claim at his pleasure.
Hector, if such is thy wish that I now should advance to the combat,
Cause all others to sit down here, both Trojans and Argives ;
Me then place in the midst, and the warrior Prince Menelaus,
Boldly for Helen to fight, and the countless possessions she brought me :
70 Then let the one who is victor, and shows himself greater in battle,
Take these treasures of hers, to his own home Helen conducting.
Afterwards, all may a firm league make, and conclude an alliance,
Leaving the rich-loam'd Troy to the Trojans ; the others to Argos,
Famed for its steeds, may return, and Achaia renown'd for its women."

75 Thus he address'd him ; and Hector rejoiced much, hearing his accents.
Going anon to the centre, the columns of Trojans he press'd back,
Holding his spear by the middle, and all were incontinent seated.
Eager the Argives with bent bows stood meanwhile, at the foeman
Taking a sure aim, ready to hurl stones, missiles, and arrows ;
80 When with a loud voice call'd out thus Agamemnon the monarch :

" Hold, ye Argives, and hurl no more, ye youths of Achaia,
Hector, the horse-hair-plumed, stands forth, and bespeaks your attention."

Thus he exclaim'd ; and the fighting at once ceased, all of them forth-
with

Silent remaining, when Hector in these words spake to the armies :

85 " O ye Trojans, and all ye well-greaved sons of Achaia,
Hear Alexander's address, who himself this war has occasion'd.
Thus he commands, that the Trojans alike, and the sons of Achaia,
Lay down now on the bountiful earth their accoutrements martial,
While he with Prince Menelaus, belovèd of Ares, in single
90 Combat contends for the fair-hair'd Helen, and all she possesses :
Whoso then proves victor, and shows himself greater in combat,
All this wealth let him take, her home to his mansion conducting ;
Then let the others, a firm league making, cement an alliance."

Thus did he speak ; and the whole vast host stood, awed into silence ;

95 Whereupon next in a clear loud voice spoke brave Menelaus :

" Me too hear, and attend, for in sooth far most have I suffer'd ;
Nevertheless, as I judge, things now draw near to adjustment
Argives and Trojans affecting, for evils enow have oppressed you,
Owing to Paris, the cause of the war, and our quarrel which follow'd :
100 He who is destined to fall, death-doom'd in the dangerous combat,
Why, let him die, and the rest may disperse forthwith at their pleasure.
Come, now, two lambs hither convey, one white, and the other

Black, for the Earth and the Sun ; let us bring one too for Kronion :
Priam the king cause come, moreover, to swear to the compact.

105 Yes, for his sons are indeed proud-soul'd, and in covenant faithless :
Thus will the compact of Zeus henceforth none violate basely.
Truly, at all times young men's minds are inconstant and fickle,
Ay, but an old man meeting with such, he thoughtfully ponders
Future and Past, and alike both profit derive from his counsel."

110 Thus he address'd them ; and loudly the Argives and Trojans exulted,
Hoping to cease from laborious war : and their horses they drew back
Towards the wide-spread army, and forthwith thereon dismounted,
Laying their arms down, leaving a small space only between them.

Whereupon Hector despatch'd two heralds anon to the city,
115 Hither to carry the victims, and summon revered old Priam.
Then Agamemnon Talthybios forthwith sent to the galleys,
Bidding him bring straightway to the army a lamb ; and he hasten'd,
Even as order'd, not once disobeying the King Agamemnon.

Afterwards, Iris to Helen the white-arm'd came as a lieger,
120 Lik'ning herself to her sister-in-law, fair spouse of the monarch
Brave Helicaon, the son of Antenor, for him she had wedded,
Even Laodice, fairest in form of the daughters of Priam.
Helen she found in her palace, a twofold web of a texture
Beautiful busily weaving, on which she was deftly depicting
125 Scenes of the toils of the Trojans and brass-greaved sons of Achaia,
Toils for her own sake willingly borne at the bidding of Ares.
Whereupon, standing beside her, at once swift Iris address'd her :

" Hither approach, dear lady, and witness the marvellous doings
Here of the warrior Trojans, and brass-greaved sons of Achaia,
130 Who in implacable war each other so lately encounter'd
Down on the wide plain, eagerly bent upon furious battle ;
Now all sitting at peace, dread war having wholly relinquish'd,
Leaning at ease on their shields, with their long spears planted beside
them,

While Alexander divine, and the Prince Menelaus in single
135 Combat contend for thyself ; and of him, who is victor in battle,
Thou as the much-loved wife shalt be henceforth hail'd by the armies."

Thus having spoken, the heavenly goddess infused in her bosom
Longing desire most tender her city, and parents, and former
Lord to behold : then robing herself in a beautiful white veil,
140 Forth from her chamber she hasten'd, a soft tear stealthily shedding ;
Singly she went not, but follow'd by two of her faithful attendants,
Æthra the daughter of Pittheus, and ox-eyed Clymene lovely.

Going in all haste, towards the Scæan gates they proceeded.
 Yonder they Priam descried, and Thymoetes, and Panthoös, Lampos,
 145 Clytios, brave Hicetaon, descendant of Ares, as leaders ;
 Likewise, Antenor they found, and Ucalegon, heads of the council,
 Prudent and wise, at the Scæan gates now sitting together ;
 All from their age having long since ceased from the labours of war ; but
 Eloquent still, like cicadæ,* which sit on the top of a tall tree
 150 Pouring their sweet sounds ceaselessly forth from a sylvan enclosure.
 Such were the chiefs of the Trojans they there found sitting in council.
 Soon as they Helen beheld draw near to the gate they surrounded,
 Thus they incontinent whisper'd in wing'd words one to another :
 “ Well, 'tis indeed no wonder the brass-arm'd Argives and Trojans
 155 Patiently bear such hardships for one so distinguish'd for beauty ;
 No, for in countenance fair she appears as a goddess immortal.
 Fair as she is, it were best she return'd forthwith in the galleys
 Whence she was brought, lest the ruin she prove of ourselves and our
 children.”

So these whisper'd : but Priam anon now call'd unto Helen :
 160 “ Haste, come hither ; sit down by my side, dear daughter, belovèd,
 Hasten, thy former espoused, and companions, and kindred, again see ;
 Thee I accuse not nor blame, of a truth, but the gods, the immortal,
 They, who have laid upon me this terrible war with the Argives.
 Name first him who in bulk so conspicuous stands 'mong the others ;
 165 Say, what Achaian is that, so perfectly noble in bearing ?
 Doubtless, in height there are some close by who appear to surpass him,
 Still these eyes ne'er look'd upon one so noble in aspect ;
 No, of a truth, nor on one so august, for he looks like a monarch.”

Him then answer'd in these words Helen, the fairest of women :
 170 “ Dear as my own sire, father-in-law, much revered ever,
 Would that indeed dire death had befallen me hitherward coming,
 Brought by thy son, when my bridal apartment I fled, and my kindred,
 Ay, and my late-born child, and the pleasant communion of equals :
 Fate disallow'd this, therefore it is that with weeping I'm wasted.
 175 Now I will tell thee the thing which thou seekest to know, and demandest :
 That is Atreides himself, wide-ruling, divine Agamemnon,
 Famed for his twofold merit, at once great king and commander.
 Likewise my brother-in-law, if to me, ah shameless ! he be such.”

Thus she replied : and the old man answer'd, admiring the hero :
 180 “ Blessèd descendant of Atreus, of gods high favoured and cherished,

* The cicadai is an insect of the grasshopper kind, but much larger.



Helen approaching Priam. Book III. l. 160.

Many indeed are the youths of Achaia who own thy dominion !
 Once on a time I to Phrygia went, far-famed for its vineyards,
 There brave Phrygian charioteers full many encounter'd,
 Under the leading of Otreus, as also of Mygdon the godlike,
 185 Lying encamp'd on the banks of the lovely Sangarios river.
 One of their allies I was, and indeed was along with them even
 That same day when the hero-encountering Amazons met them ;
 Nathless, thy gay-eyed sons of Achaia exceed them in number."

Then, on perceiving Odysseus, the old man question'd her further :
 190 "Tell me, besides, what hero is that, dear daughter, inform me,
 Smaller in stature than Atreus's son, great King Agamemnon,
 Broader in chest, much broader he looketh, and brawnier shoulder'd.
 See, on the liberal earth he has laid down yonder his armour,
 While he himself, like a ram, all ranks of the army surveyeth :
 195 Him, so majestic in mien, to a full-fleeced ram I would liken,
 One who at free will moves 'mong the snow-white flock that surrounds
 him."

Whereupon Zeus-sprung Helen again thus answer'd the monarch :
 "That is the son of Laertes, Odysseus, renown'd for his wisdom,
 Famous for well-laid schemes, and at every stratagem skilful,
 200 Nursed in the palace of Ithaca's rock-girt beautiful island."

Her in reply, thus prudent Antenor immediately answer'd :
 "Verily right, O lady, is every word thou hast spoken.
 Hitherward, once on a time, came noble Odysseus the monarch,
 Joined with the Prince Menelaus, on matters thy interest touching :
 205 Them I did then entertain, in my own halls kindly receiving,
 Marking the true disposition of both, and their wisdom in counsel :
 Well did I mark when they mingled along with the people of Troia,
 Standing together, Atreides his friend overtopp'd by the shoulders,
 Still when they sat, more dignified far of the two was Odysseus.
 210 Ay, for when raising his voice to address his assembled companions,
 Then Menelaus renown'd spoke always concisely and little ;
 Pleasant and clear was his voice, nor expressing irrelevant counsel,
 Wandering ne'er from his subject, although of the two he was younger.
 Different was it indeed when arose the sagacious Odysseus :
 215 Firmly he stood forth, fixing his eyes on the ground as he look'd down,
 Never at all once waving his sceptre, or backwards or forwards
 Moving, but holding it motionless up, like a man that is foolish ;
 So that, beholding him, one would have said he was ireful and stupid :
 Still, when his powerful voice did at length burst forth from his bosom,
 220 Uttering eloquent words, as the snow-flakes countless in winter,

Then no earth-born man could presume to contend with Odysseus :
Then not his figure alone, but his words too struck us with wonder."

Now for the third time, Aias beholding, demanded the old man :
" Pray, what Danaad hero is that, both tall and athletic,
225 Every other Achaian by shoulders and head overtopping ?"

Whereon replied thus long-robed Helen, the fairest of women :
" Aias himself, the gigantic, the bulwark renown'd of Achaia :
Opposite, too, is Idomeneus brave, like a god, with his Cretans
Standing : and round him in circle are gather'd the Cretan commanders.
230 Many a time has the brave Menelaus of old entertain'd him
Under our roof, what time he was journeying forth of the island.
Yonder I see, too, more of the bright-eyed, valorous Argives :
Each I could call by his name, if I chose, and could plainly distinguish :
Still I'm unable to recognise two, both chiefs of the people,
235 Castor, the tamer of steeds, and the boxer renown'd, Polydeukes ;
Both own brothers of mine, brought forth by the same fair mother.
Either they came not from beautiful bright Lacedæmon, or, haply,
Even albeit arrived in the deep-sea-traversing galleys,
Now no longer are willing to enter the battle of heroes,

240 Feeling the taunts and disgrace brought down on myself and my kindred."
Thus did she speak ; but our mother, the earth, held both in her bosom,
Yonder in fair Lacedæmon, the much-loved land of their fathers.

Now were the gifts for the gods being brought meanwhile through the
city,
Two fine lambs, and, the fruit of the soil, rich wine that enliven,
245 Borne in a goat-skin flagon ; and quickly the herald Idæos,
Lifting a beaker resplendent, with two gold goblets, its fellows,
Standing beside old Priam revered, thus summon'd the monarch :

" Son of Laomedon, haste, come forth, for the chiefs of the Trojans
Wait thy approach on the plain, and the brass-greaved sons of Achaia.
250 Hasten, descend, that the league now form'd may be sworn and attested ;
Seeing divine Alexander, and Prince Menelaus the warlike,
Now stand ready to fight with their long war-spears for the lady.
He who is victor receives both her and whate'er she possesses ;
While we ourselves by a firm league join'd, and cemented in friendship,
255 Troia the rich shall inhabit, and they shall return unto Argos,
Famous for steeds, and Achaia, the country of beautiful women."

Thus did he speak ; and the old man, trembling, desired his attendants
Straightway harness his steeds ; and they readily did as commanded.
Whereupon Priam, the old man, mounting, the reins to himself drew :
260 Mounted the chariot likewise Antenor, and sat by the monarch :

Then through the Scæan gates to the plain they directed their horses.

Soon as they came to the place where Trojans and Argives were marshall'd,

Both on the fertile earth, from their horses dismounting, descended,
Going at once to the space left void 'tween the armies assembled.

265 Whereupon forthwith rose wide-ruling, divine Agamemnon,
Likewise Odysseus the wise : upon which the illustrious heralds
Now brought forward the victims, the sacred ; and wine in a goblet
Mingling, they pour'd out water anon on the hands of the monarchs.
Instantly King Agamemnon the knife drew forth, which at all times
270 Hung by the ponderous scabbard containing his sword, and the forelocks
Cut from the heads of the lambs ; and the heralds in portions dividing,
Thereupon gave them away to the chiefs of the Trojans and Argives.

Then, uplifting his hands, thus loud pray'd King Agamemnon :

“ Father Kronion, on Ida who reignest supreme 'mong Immortals,
275 Thou bright sun, all things who beholdest, and all things hearest,
All ye rivers, and thou, fair earth, ye gods who by Lethè
Dead men punish who violate madly the oaths they have taken,
Bear all witness, ye gods, and preserve this covenant sacred.
Should Alexander divine slay brave Menelaus in combat,

280 Then let him Helen retain thenceforth, and her numberless riches ;
While we ourselves shall return in our deep-sea-traversing galleys.
Should howbeit the Prince Alexander be slain by my brother,
Then let the Trojans deliver the lady, with all she possesses ;
Ay, and a suitable tribute besides pay down to the Argives,

285 Such as for ages to come men ever will hold in remembrance.
Further, should Priam the monarch, or one of his many renown'd sons, .
Payment refuse, Alexander the prince meanwhile having fallen,
Then I again will be ready to fight on account of the ransom,
Staying behind here, even 'till this dread war is concluded.”

290 Spoke : and the throats of the two lambs cut with his merciless weapon,
Laying them down on the earth with their flesh still quivering faintly,
Dead, howbeit, for that sharp weapon of life had bereft them.

Whereupon filling the goblets with wine from the flagons, they pour'd out
Freely libations, their prayers to the gods, the immortal, preferring.

295 Loud then each thus spoke as he pray'd, both Argives and Trojans :

“ Zeus, most mighty and glorious, hear, hear all ye Immortals :
O may the men who offend, first breaking our covenant sacred,
All have their brains pour'd forth on the earth like wine from the flagons,
Theirs and their children's, and know that their wives shall be wedded to
others.”

- 300 Thus these pray'd : bnt supreme Zeus them no answer accorded.
 Dardanos' son, King Priam, at length thus spoke, and address'd them :
 " Hear me, I pray, ye Trojans, and well-greaved sons of Achaia :
 Back I will haste forthwith to the wind-swept city of Troia,
 Seeing I could not endure to behold with my eyes my beloved son,
 305 Young Alexander, contending in battle with brave Menelaus.
 Known it is doubtless to Zeus full well, and the other Immortals,
 Which of the twain shall his death-doom meet in the grievous encounter."
- Spoke. The revered old man, on the chariot lifting the victims,
 Soon now mounted himself, and the reins seized, checking the coursers ;
 310 Whereon Antenor the beautiful war-car likewise ascended :
 Then both quickly again went back straight towards the city.
 Priam's renown'd son, Hector, anon, with the godlike Odysseus,
 Measured the ground off first, and the lots then threw, as agreed on,
 Into a helmet of brass, which they thereon shook, to discover
 315 Which of the heroes should first hurl forth 'gainst the other his javelin.
 Afterwards, lifting their hands to the gods, all made supplication,
 Trojans and Argives alike, this earnest petition presenting :
 " Father Kronion, on Ida who reignest, supreme 'mong Immortals,
 Grant that the man who is author of this soul-harrowing contest,
 320 Fall forthwith in the fight, and descend to the dwellings of Hades ;
 While 'mong the others let peace oath-bound be concluded, and friendship."
- Praying they thus spoke : then plume-helmeted Hector the lots shook,
 Looking behind him ; and Paris's lot leapt out on the instant.
 Afterwards all sat down in their ranks, where each had his courser,
 325 Pawing the ground by his side, and his well-wrought radiant armour.
 Now Alexander the god-like, of fair-hair'd Helen the husband,
 Warrior-like put on his equipments of glittering armour.
 Foremost his limbs he with beautiful greaves fresh-polish'd protected,
 Greaves held firmly together with clasps clear shining of silver :
 330 Then on his breast he his bright brass corslet arranged with precision,
 Once by his brother Lycaon possess'd, well fitting his figure :
 After, he over his shoulders his brass sword, silvery-hilted,
 Threw, next, lifted his shield, both massive and large in dimensions :
 Then on his fine-set head he his well-form'd helmet adjusted,
 335 Crested with horse-hair, waving in terrible splendour above it :
 Lastly, his ponderous spear well-fitting his gripe, in his hand grasp'd.
 Meanwhile brave Menelaus himself too girded in armour.
 Soon as on both sides these were accoutred apart from the armies,
 Forth they advanced to the space left void 'tween the Trojans and Argives,
 340 Fiercely the while each other regarding ; the gazers on both sides

Filling with awe, both brass-greaved Argives and valorous Trojans.
Nearer approaching, his place each took in the measured enclosure,
Brandishing boldly their long war-spears, each other defying.

First, Alexander his dread spear hurling against his opponent,
345 Took sure aim at renown'd Menelaus, and smote his immense shield,
Equal on all sides ; nathless the sharp spear pierced not ; its keen point
Only was bent on the disk. With his brass spear, next, Menelaus,
Atreus' son, rush'd forth ; thus Father Kronion imploring :

“ Grant, great Zeus, that I now of my wrongs be avenged upon Paris,
350 Him with my own hands quelling, who first unto me did dishonour :
Grant this, even that all men born hereafter may shudder
Evil to do to his host in requital of friendly reception.”

Ended ; and brandishing high his immense spear hurl'd it against him,
Striking the shield, upon all sides equal, of Priam's beloved son :
355 Instantly right through the bright disk pass'd the impetuous weapon,
Even the corslet itself, all curiously labour'd, dividing,
Tearing the edge of the soft-wove tunic his loins overlapping.
Hastily turning aside, he escaped black death notwithstanding.
Next Menelaus his sword with the silvery hilt from its sheath drew,
360 Swung it aloft, and the cone of his brass casque struck ; but in splinters
Breaking, the blade dropp'd out of his hand all shiver'd in fragments.
Seeing it, loud groan'd Atreus' brave son, looking to heaven :

“ Father Kronion, than thou no god art to me more vengeful !
Fondly I hoped to avenge the misdeeds of the miscreant Paris,
365 Now, howbeit, the sword in my hands has been broken, and vainly
Thrown was my bright spear forth from my grasp, for I him have not
injured.”

Ended : and, rushing, his helmet with horse-hair crested, he grasped at,
Turning about, him towards the well-arm'd Danai dragging.
Press'd on his delicate throat, the embroider'd thong of the helmet,
370 Under his fine form'd chin strapp'd tightly, and threaten'd to choke him.
Him he had certainly now borne off, great glory achieving,
Had not the quick-eyed daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite, perceived it ;
Whereon the ox-hide thong the divine one instantly sever'd,
So that he dragg'd with his firm hand only the tenantless helmet.
375 Then to the well-arm'd Argives the hero immediately toss'd it,
Whirling it round, where ready his warrior comrades received it.
Forthwith backwards he darted again, all eager on slaughter,
Bearing his bright brass spear : but with ease Aphrodite, the goddess,
Paris afar thence bore, in a thick cloud veiling him over ;
380 Placing him safe in a chamber with fragrant perfumes besprinkled.

Stay'd not the goddess, but straight went searching for Helen, and found
her

High in a tower, with the matrons of Troia beside her assembled.
Taking her beautiful robe in her hand she immediately twitch'd it,
Then in the form of a once well-known old woman addressed her,
385 One who was wont while Helen was dwelling in fair Lacedæmon,
Ever her white wool fleeces to dress, and who ardently loved her.
Spake then thus Aphrodite, the woman's similitude taking :

“ Hither ! divine Alexander desires thee at once to return home.
Now he reclines at his ease on a sumptuous bed in his chamber,
390 Brilliant in look and attire ; one never would think he had just gone
Thither from fighting a hero, but rather in sooth would imagine
Forth to a dance he had gone, or perchance having left it, was resting.”

Thus did she speak : and excited in Helen conflicting emotions :
Whereon as soon as she saw the symmetrical neck of the goddess,
395 Beautiful bosom, and eyes bright sparkling, as radiant jewels,
Fill'd with amazement and awe thus Helen bespake Aphrodite :

“ Goddess, in these things why thus eagerly try to deceive me ?
Somewhere further away 'mong the thickly inhabited cities,
Now wilt thou lead me, to Phrygia fair, or Mæonia lovely,
400 If there is there any friend of thine own of articulate mortals ?
Is it because Menelaus renown'd, having quell'd Alexander,
Gladly would me wish, hated and scorn'd, to remove to his dwelling ?
Is it for this thou hast hitherward come, these snares for me laying ?
Go, sit by him thyself, and abandon the ways of Immortals ;
405 Never thy steps bend more to the seat of the gods on Olympus ;
Rather be thou the unhappy attendant to solace and guard him,
Even till that time come when he makes thee his consort or handmaid.
There I will not go truly, for shameful indeed I should hold it
His bed ever to share ; and the matrons of Troia behind me,
410 Mocking, would taunt ; and already I've sorrows enow in my bosom.”

Whereupon her Aphrodite the goddess indignantly answer'd :
“ Wretch, me fret not, provoking, lest haply, enraged, I desert thee,
Hating thee even as much as I hitherto fondly have loved thee ;
Speedily rousing against thee besides animosities fatal,

415 Trojans and Argives among ; and a death most wretched befall thee.”

Thus she address'd her ; and terror at once seized Zeus-born Helen :
Wrapped in her beautiful pure white veil she departed in silence,
Passing unseen by the matrons of Troy ; and the goddess the way led.

Now when arrived at the well-built palace of fair Alexander,
420 Hasten'd the maiden attendants again to their tasks and employments ;

While to the upper apartment ascended the fairest of women :
Taking a seat in her hand Aphrodite delighting in laughter,
Placed it in front of the hero, herself, too, bearing it thither.
There sat Helen the daughter of great, loud-thundering Zeus, and
425 Turning her eyes from her husband, in these sharp accents reproach'd him :
 “ Back thou hast come from the fight ! O would that thou there hadst
 but fallen !

Slain by the brave-soul'd man, whom I erewhile call'd dear husband !
Whilom thou boastedst thyself as surpassing renown'd Menelaus,
Ares-beloved, in address at the spear, in puissance and prowess.
430 Come then, hasten thou, challenge the warlike Prince Menelaus
Once more forth to the battle : but, nay, far safer and better
Were it for thee to relinquish the combat with brave Menelaus,
Now and for ever, lest haply he thee may subdue with his javelin.”

Whereupon speedily Paris in these words answer'd, exclaiming :
435 “ Woman, with heavy and shameful reproaches incense not my spirit ;
Now, it is true, Menelaus has vanquish'd with help of Athena ;
Him I shall quell hereafter, for we too gods have to aid us.
Come let us off to our couch, and enjoy love's rites and endearments ;
Never before was my soul so entirely absorb'd with my passion :
440 No, not indeed, when I first from the beautiful, sweet Lacedæmon,
Snatching thee off, in my fleet barks bore thee to Cranaë's island,
Where we ourselves gave up to the pleasures of love and enjoyment :
Never I loved thee as now, when delicious desire overpowers me.”

Ended, ascending the bed, by his wife soon afterwards follow'd,
Where both slept in the beautiful couch ornamented with carving.
445 Prince Menelaus was roving about meanwhile like a lion,
Searching the crowd, if perchance he could anywhere find Alexander ;
None of the Trojans themselves, howbeit, nor allies, could point out
Fair Alexander the prince to the warlike son of Atreides ;
Even although him no one would wish to conceal, if they saw him,
450 Seeing by none he was loved, but like black death even was hated.

Then Agamemnon, the ruler of wide lands, spoke, and addressed them :
“ Hear me, ye Trojans, and all ye Dardanian heroes, and allies ;
Victory clearly is now with the warlike Prince Menelaus,
Therefore restore fair Helen of Argos, and all her possessions,
455 Paying besides such fine as is fitting and meet to the victor ;
Such as indeed hereafter by men shall be held in remembrance.”
Thus spoke King Agamemnon, the other Achaians approving.

BOOK FOURTH.

- HIGH on the gold-floor'd halls of Kronion supreme, the Immortals
Now sat, thoughts interchanging with Zeus, while beauteous Hebe
Pour'd out nectar divine, and in turn, one pledging another,
Quaff'd from the pure gold cups, as they gazed on the city of Troia.
- 5 Forthwith Kronos' son now sought to exasperate Hera,
Speaking in accents sarcastic, addressing the goddess obliquely :
" Ah ! 'mong the goddesses high two friends Menelaus possesses,
Hera of Argos the one, aid-giving Athena the other ;
Nathless the two sit yonder apart, and amuse themselves looking,
- 10 All unconcern'd it would seem ; Aphrodite, delighting in laughter,
Paris attends meanwhile, interposing from fate to preserve him.
Now she has rescued her warrior prince, while death he was fearing.
Victory, nevertheless, is decreed to renown'd Menelaus :
Therefore awhile let us weigh these things and consider the future ;
- 15 Whether again dread war we arouse, and the terrible battle
Once more witness ; or bring both hosts into friendly relations.
If peradventure to all this last-named course should be welcome ;
Then might the city of Priam the king be inhabited safely
Still, and again Menelaus might lead home Helen of Argos."
- 20 Spoke : with compress'd lips low groaned Hera and Pallas Athena,
Sitting beside each other, 'gainst Ilium evils devising ;
Silent was Pallas Athena, not one word deigning to utter,
Greatly incensed with her father Kronion, for rage had possess'd her :
Hera her wrath, howbeit, restrain'd not within her, but answer'd :
- 25 " Zeus, most baleful of gods, what accents are these thou hast utter'd !
Why art thou plotting to render abortive my labour, and likewise
Fruitless the sweat I have pour'd ? Why even the coursers were worn out
While I the host roused, evils on Priam to bring, and his children.
Do it ; but know the Immortals above disapprove, and condemn thee."
- 30 Storming with rage, cloud-gathering Zeus thus speedily answer'd :
" Ah ! what now ! O goddess, has Priam himself, or his children,

- Such dire evils to thee then done, that thou need'st must, revengeful,
 Yearn in thy spirit to rifle the well-walled city of Troia ?
 Go, if thou wilt then, enter its ramparts and portals and eat up,
 35 Even alive, King Priam himself, and his children, and people ;
 So peradventure, the rage thou indulgest, at last will be glutted.
 Go then, follow thy own heart's bent, that our baleful contention
 Prove not again fresh cause of disquiet and trouble between us.
 Further, I tell thee, and weigh this well in thy mind and imprint it ;
 40 Chance it that I may desire some well-wall'd city to ruin,
 Casting it down, where men have been born most dear to thy bosom,
 Never endeavour my rage to arrest, but obedience yield me
 Promptly, for though not compell'd, I thy suit now grant with reluctance.
 Yes, for of cities inhabited under the sun and the starry
 45 Heavens above by terrestrial people, was Troia the sacred
 Ever by me most honour'd, and dearest was held, as was Priam
 Wielding his stout ash-spear, and the people who own his dominion.
 Never did altar of mine lack off'rings rich and abundant,
 Neither of fatness, nor wine ; such rites being due to Immortals."
- 50 Whereupon him thus answer'd the ox-eyed, matronly Hera :
 " Well, three cities there are, I confess, most dear to my bosom,
 Argos, and wide-way'd pleasant Mycenæ, and fair Lacedæmon :
 Them, when by strong hate urged, go forth and destroy as thou pleasest ;
 Never will I interpose with my power, no, never, nor grudge them :
 55 Even although I should grudge them, and hinder their utter destruction,
 Little indeed I should gain notwithstanding, for thou art the stronger.
 Meet, howbeit, it is not to render my labour abortive,
 Seeing our birth is the same, I too being born an Immortal :
 Ever august I am held ; by a twofold claim 'tis allow'd me ;
 60 First, as the daughter of wise old Kronos, and next, as thy consort.
 True, I acknowledge thou reignest supreme over all the Immortals ;
 Still, we should both yield, each to the other, in this, as becomes us,
 I unto thee, thou too, unto me ; and the other Immortals
 Doubtless will follow : but hasten, instruct thou Pallas Athena
 65 Forth to the Trojans and Argives to go, where fiercely the battle
 Rages, and plan that the Trojans be first, however to compact
 Contrary, mischief to do to the far-famed sons of Achaia."
- Thus she address'd him : the father of gods and of men, her request not
 Once disobeying, in these wing'd words then spoke to Athena :
 70 " Go, and in all haste speed to the armies of Trojans and Argives,
 There do thy best to contrive that the Trojans be first, notwithstanding
 Oaths to the contrary pass'd, to attack the exulting Achaians."

Spoke : and the breast of Athena was kindled with livelier ardour ;
Forth from the top of Olympus she hasten'd, impetuous rushing.

75 E'en as a meteor bright sent forth by the son of the wily
Kronos, an omen to wide-spread armies and mariners lonely,
Beaming, which moves on its track, bright sparks through the heavens
emitting :

Like unto that star, towards the earth rush'd Pallas Athena,
Leaping at once in the midst ; and astonishment seized the beholders,
80 Seized the illustrious Trojans, and well-arm'd sons of Achaia.

Whereupon now each man thus spoke as he look'd to his fellow :
" Either we now shall behold dread war and its terrible contests
Here once more, or Kronion, the arbiter mighty of battles
Ever 'mong men, will establish between both peace as aforetime."

85 Thus spoke some of the brave-soul'd sons of Achaia and Trojans.
Enter'd Athena the while in the form of a man, a distinguish'd
Chieftain, Laodocos son of Antenor, the host of the Trojans,
Looking for Pandoros brave, if she haply might anywhere find him.
Soon she the son of the daring and blameless Lycaon discover'd

90 Standing among them, surrounded by valorous armies of shield-girt
Heroes, who hither had follow'd his train from the river Æsepos.
Whereupon, standing beside him, in these wing'd words she address'd him :
" Lend me thine ear now, brave-soul'd offspring of mighty Lycaon,
Venture a swift-wing'd arrow to point at the Prince Menelaus :

95 So wilt thou honour and glory receive from the ranks of the Trojans,
Chiefly, and foremost of all, from the brave fair Prince Alexander ;
Presents surpassing in splendour, besides, he would certainly give thee,
If he beheld Menelaus the warlike, the offspring of Atreus,
Laid on the sorrowful funeral pile, cut down by thy weapon.

100 Come now strike Menelaus, the prince, far-famed for his prowess ;
Vowing the while to the Lycian-born, great archer, Apollo,
Firstlings of lambs of the flock as a hecatomb fitting to offer,
Soon as thy home thou hast reach'd in Zeleia, the city of temples."

Thus spoke Pallas Athena ; and him, the unthinking, persuaded.

105 Whereon his well-smooth'd bow he at once unslung from his shoulders,
Made of a wild goat's horn, which he whilom shot on the breast-bone,
Just as it sprung from a cave, near which he was lying in ambush ;
Struck right under the breast, it at once fell close to the cavern.
Sixteen palms had the goat's stout horns grown up from its forehead,
110 These had the polishing workman adjusted, and jointed together,
Neatly the two points tipping with gold, as an ornament fitting.
Holding the bow in his hand, well skill'd in its use, he inclined it

Earthward, his gallant companions their shields all bearing before him,
Fearing the warlike Achaians might rise and defeat his intention,
115 Ere he had wounded the chief of the Danai, brave Menelaus.
Lifting the lid of his quiver, he drew forth quickly an arrow,
Never before used, wing'd upon both sides, laden with sorrows ;
Next on the tense string aptly the woe-fraught shaft he adjusted,
Vowing the while to the Lycian-born, famed archer, Apollo,
120 Firstlings of lambs of the flock as a hecatomb costly to offer,
Soon as his home he had reach'd in Zeleia the city of temples.
Holding them, fitly the notch of the arrow he press'd to the bowstring,
Brought then nimbly the barb to the bow, and the string to his corslet :
Then when the strong horn-bow he had bent full out to a circle,
125 Loud twang'd, ringing, the horn and the string, and the arrow with
sharp point

Bounded away, impatient to finish its flight to the army.

Neither indeed did the blessèd Immortals, renown'd Menelaus,
Thee disregard, least, truly, of all did Athena the huntress,
Daughter of Zeus, who averted the death-wing'd shaft, interposing.
130 Safe from thy body the goddess repell'd the calamitous arrow,
E'en as a mother a fly wards off from her infant when sleeping ;
Guiding it towards the part which the pure gold clasps of the girdle
Cover'd entirely, as also the twofold plates of the corslet.
Down on his leathern belt well fitting, the terrible arrow
135 Fell, straight piercing the fold of ingenious workmanship fashion'd,
Piercing as well the magnificent rich wrought corslet, that girt him
Under the bright brass layers, the armour which ever aforetime
Served to defend him ; but through it the shaft now sped unresisted,
Grazing his skin, whence burst forth black blood, copious flowing.
140 Even as some fair Lydian woman, or Carian, tinges
Ivory purple, to form cheek-trappings withal for a charger :
Stored in a chamber it lies, full many a warrior longing
Much to possess it, but there it is kept as a gift for the monarch,
Both as an ornament fair for the steed, and a boast for the rider :
145 So, Menelaus, were stain'd all over with blood as it trickled
Both of thy well-form'd thighs, and thy limbs, and the feet underneath
them.

Whereupon shudder'd the ruler of wide lands, King Agamemnon,
Soon as he saw from the shaft-wound black blood flowing profusely :
Shudder'd as well Menelaus himself, the belovèd of Ares.
150 Nevertheless, when he saw that the barb of the shaft had not enter'd,
Courage of soul once more in his innermost breast he collected.

Then thus spoke Agamemnon, a deep sigh heaving, and holding
Brave Menelaus' hand, his associates sighing beside him :

- “ O dear brother, thy death I have caused by the league I concluded,
155 Thee thus leaving alone as our champion brave 'gainst the Trojans ;
Wounded thou art, and the league all swore to preserve has been broken.
Still, not in vain was the league, nor the blood of the lambs, nor libations
All undefiled, nor our good right hands, in the which we confided.
No, for albeit Kronion has fail'd to accomplish our wishes,
160 Still, he will one day grant them, be sure, for a terrible ransom
Yet will they pay, with their own cursed heads, and their wives and
their children.

- O right well do I know in my innermost soul in my bosom,
Soon that a day will arrive upon which Troy sacred shall perish,
Priam himself of the huge ash-spear, and the people of Priam.
165 Kronos' great son, lofty-enthroned Zeus, dwelling in ether,
Sure will resent this outrage and shake his calamitous ægis,
Storming with anger ; for all will assuredly meet its fulfilment.
Still, Menelaus, for thee great sorrow my soul will o'ershadow
If thou shalt die, and accomplish the destiny thus of thy being ;
170 Then all branded with shame unto Argos the long'd-for I'll turn me ;
Yes, for the sons of Achaia will then of their country bethink them,
While we shall leave as a glory and boast to the Trojans, and Priam,
Helen of Argos : thy bones, too, left in the city of Troia,
There will decay in their ashes, our great work still uncompleted.
175 Some proud son of the insolent Trojans mayhap will exclaim then,
Leaping the while on the tomb of the far-famed brave Menelaus :
' Would that at all time King Agamemnon his vengeance may so wreak,
Even as now he has vainly conducted an army of Argives
Hither, and back to the much-loved land of his fathers with empty
180 Ships has return'd ; here leaving behind him renown'd Menelaus.'
Thus will they speak : O then may the earth yawn wide for Atreides.”

- Whereupon, cheering him, answer'd the fair-hair'd Prince Menelaus :
“ Come, take courage, alarm not the brave-soul'd sons of Achaia :
No, for the dart has not struck in a dangerous part, for in good time
185 Truly the fine-wrought belt and the girdle beneath, and the breastplate,
Forged by the workers in metal, have warded it off, and preserved me.”

- Him in reply thus King Agamemnon incontinent answer'd :
“ Would that it even may prove as thou sayest, beloved Menelaus !
Now the physician the wound in thy side will examine, applying
190 Remedies such as will ease the acute pain caused by the arrow.”

Ended the prince ; and the herald Talthybios godlike accosted :

“Hasten, Talthybios, summon with all speed hither Machaon,
 Son of the blameless physician, the famed Æsculapios, so that
 Now he may see Menelaus renown'd, great chief of the Argives,
 195 Whom some one of the Trojan or Lycian archers has wounded
 Sore with an arrow ; a glory to him, but to us a misfortune.”

Ended he ; nor did the herald divine disobey when he heard him :
 Forward he went through the hosts of the brass-greaved sons of Achaia,
 Looking around for the hero Machaon ; and him he discover'd
 200 Standing, surrounded with ranks of the strong, shield-carrying heroes,
 Men who had follow'd him forth from the rich steed-nourishing Tricca,
 Standing beside them, in these wing'd words forthwith he address'd him :

“Come, O son of the famed Æsculapios, King Agamemnon
 Calls thee to see here Atreus' great son, brave Menelaus,
 205 Whom some one of the Trojan or Lycian archers has wounded
 Sore with an arrow ; a glory to him, but to us a misfortune.”

Thus he address'd him ; and stirr'd up greatly the soul in his bosom :
 Whereon they went through the crowd of the wide-spread army of Argives ;
 Now when arrived at the place where brave, fair-hair'd Menelaus
 210 Wounded had fallen, around whom all the redoubted were gather'd,
 Forming a circle complete, himself like a god in the centre ;
 Speedily forth from the leathern belt he extracted the weapon ;
 Still, while drawing it forth, both barbs of the arrow were broken.
 Then he unfasten'd the fine-wrought belt, and the girdle beneath it,
 215 Likewise the brass-plates, made by the well-skill'd workers in metal.
 Next he examined the wound by the sharp shaft made, and proceeded,
 Sucking the dark blood out, to apply soft remedies, gently
 Sprinkling them, herbs erst giv'n to his sire by benevolent Chiron.

While they were occupied thus with the fair-hair'd Prince Menelaus,
 220 Forward the ranks of the Trojans advanced, all bearing their shields ; and
 Girded themselves the Achaians anew, aye mindful of battle.
 Then, of a truth, thou hadst not seen there the divine Agamemnon
 Slumbering idly, nor trembling, and wishing to shun the encounter ;
 No, but with all speed hastening on to the glorious battle.
 225 True, he his brass-wrought chariot left, and his steeds at a distance ;
 These his attendant Eurymedon held, Ptolemæos' offspring,
 Son of Piræos, and kept them apart, loud snorting and panting.
 Him he enjoin'd to remain close by with the horses, in case he
 Haply should feel overpower'd with his arduous task as commander :
 230 Then he on foot strode forth and inspected the various squadrons,
 Where whomsoever he saw at his duty alert, and advancing,
 Standing beside him, his courage he roused up, speaking in these words :

“ O ye Argives ! in nothing abate your impetuous ardour,
 Courage ! for father Kronion abets no treacherous falsehood :
 235 Those who have been most ready the treaty to violate basely,
 Even of such shall the vultures abhorr'd make prey, and devour them :
 We, meanwhile, so soon as the city is taken, will lead off
 Captive their much-loved wives in our ships, and their innocent children.”
 Thus he the brave-soul'd strengthen'd ; but such as the grievous en-
 counter

240 Shunn'd or neglected, indignant he taunted, and sternly upbraided :
 “ Argives ! despised ! fit only to fight with the bow, are ye shameless ?
 Whence doth it come that ye stand here stupified, gazing around you,
 Even as fawns, which, aweary with running apace through the champaign,
 Suddenly stand still, cow'd with their fears, no spirit within them ?
 245 Thus ye remain here fix'd in astonishment, shunning the battle.
 Mean ye to wait then calmly the coming anon of the Trojans,
 Where lie moor'd by the shore of the foam-fringed ocean, your galleys,
 Fondly expecting that Zeus will his hands stretch forth to protect you ? ’
 Thus as the leader he went through the wide-spread army of heroes,
 250 Reaching the Cretans at length, where thronging they gather'd around
 him,

These meanwhile round warlike Idomeneus deftly were arming,
 While he himself in the van like a wild-boar look'd in his prowess ;
 Gallant Meriones rousing the rearward ranks to the combat.
 These when he now saw, King Agamemnon exulted in spirit ;
 255 Whereon Idomeneus promptly in these bland words he accosted :
 “ Thee I above all others, indeed, of the Danai honour,
 Dauntless Idomeneus, whether in war or in other concernments ;
 Ay, and at banquets as well, when the warrior-chiefs of Achaia
 Mingle the dark grape-juice, fit meed for the bravest in battle,
 260 Quaffing ; the rest of the long-hair'd sons of Achaia by measure
 Empty their goblets, but thine, as my own cup, ever is brimful,
 Ready to drink whensoever thy mind is disposed. But away now,
 Rush to the glorious fray, and be such as thou whilom didst boast thee.”

Whereupon him thus answer'd Idomeneus, chief of the Cretans :
 265 “ Trust me, Atreides, I'll be unto thee a reliable comrade,
 Even the same as I promised what time we concluded our paction :
 Now, howbeit, the rest of the long-hair'd sons of Achaia
 Urge, that with all speed combat we may, since the Trojans themselves
 have

Broken the covenant : death will be theirs henceforward and anguish,
 270 Seeing, the oath-bound league notwithstanding, they first have attack'd us.”

Thus did he speak ; and, rejoicing in soul, moved on Agamemnon.
Threading the ranks of the heroes, he came to the Aiases valiant,
Standing in arms, dark masses of foot-ranks crowding around them.
E'en as a goatherd sees from a hill-top far underneath him
275 Skimming the sea, by the south-west wind borne onward, a dense cloud ;
Darker than black pitch seems it to him while over the ocean
Speeding along, and it brings with it, loaded with water, a whirlwind :
Seeing it, greatly he fears, and his flock drives into a cavern :
So, by the Aiases led, moved on to the terrible battle
280 Promptly the dense, dark masses of warrior heroes in close-press'd
Phalanxes, all, as they march'd, thick bristling with bucklers and war-
spears.

Whereupon greatly exulted in spirit the King Agamemnon,
Seeing them there, and in these wing'd words thus spoke and address'd
them :

“ O ye Aiases twain, of the brass-mail'd Argives the leaders,
285 You I pretend not to rouse ; no, that were in sooth unbecoming,
Seeing yourselves have persuaded the people to combat with valour.
Would to Kronion the father, Athena, and Phœbus Apollo,
Others possess'd in their breast such courage as this ! for beyond doubt
Then would the well-wall'd city of Priam the monarch to ruins
290 Soon be reduced, by our own power captured, and utterly perish.”

Thus having spoken ; he left them, and straight went on to the others ;
Where he the sweet-toned orator found, famed Nestor of Pylos,
Marshalling all his assembled bands and exhorting to battle,
Pelagon sturdy, Alastor, and Chromios, likewise the ruler
295 Far-famed Hæmon, and Bias the shepherd and guide of his people.
Skilful, the horsemen he placed, with the horses and chariots, vanward,
Rearward the foot, both many and gallant, intending on these two
Mainly to trust in the battle ; but such as were cowards between both
Planted, in order to force them to fight, however unwilling.
300 Orders he gave to the horse in the first place : these he commanded
Firmly their coursers to rein, and to stand clear off from the masses.
None unsupported must venture the brass-arm'd Trojans to combat,
Trusting mayhap to his well-known prowess, or horsemanship skilful ;
Neither let any the onslaught quit, thus weakening others.
305 Likewise, whoever can reach from his chariot that of the foeman,
Nimbly let such stretch forward his war-spear ; this is the true way :
Thus did the ancients in war overturn both cities and ramparts,
Keeping at all times fix'd in their breast such rules to direct them.”

Thus did the old man urge them, himself long famous in warfare :

- 310 Whereupon King Agamemnon rejoiced in his soul when he saw him,
Speedily Nestor addressing, in these wing'd words now speaking :
 “ Dear old man, oh, would that thy knees could but second thy wishes
Even as once, and thy strength were unscathed as the soul in thy bosom !
Old age wearies thee, common to all. Oh, would it were not so !
315 Would that another were old in thy stead, and thyself 'mong the youth-
ful ! ”

- Whereon Gerenian Nestor, the chief, him speedily answer'd :
 “ Atreus' son, I myself would desire once more to be youthful
Such as I was when I slew Eruthalion brave ; but the great gods
Never confer upon mortals at once all gifts and endowments.
320 Then I was young, now sad old age comes pressing upon me ;
Nevertheless, with the horse I will still take part, and exhort them,
Giving them wholesome advice, for of old men this is the glory :
Yes, let the brave who are younger than I put faith in their prowess,
Boldly let such go forth to the battle and brandish their war-spears.”
325 Thus he address'd him ; and Atreus' son pass'd onwards rejoicing.
Then he descried brave Peteos' offspring, Menestheus the chieftain,
Standing, and round him a crowd of Athenians, famed for the war-shout,
Wily Odysseus as well, close by, much praised for his wisdom :
Gather'd around him were numbers of bold Cephalenians, heroes
330 Hardy and stout, who as yet heard nought of the din of the battle,
Seeing the roused up squares of the Trojans, the tamers of horses,
Just had begun to advance, and the Argives as well, and were waiting,
Eager, till other divisions and bands of the sons of Achaia
Forward advancing, should lead the assault, first charging the Trojans.
335 Them when he saw, thus King Agamemnon the ruler upbraided,
Speaking in words that were wing'd, while forthwith thus he address'd
them :

- “ O thou king, by Kronion himself rear'd, Peteos' offspring,
Thou too, skilful in evil devices, to craftiness given,
Why do you stand here, wherefore aloof now keep from the battle,
340 Looking appall'd ? You, surely, above all, well it behoveth
First to advance, and prepare to engage in the ardent encounter,
Seeing my custom it is to invite you twain to the banquet
Foremost, what time we prepared rich feasts for the Danaäd nobles :
Then you could find your delight in the savoury viands ; and brimful
345 Goblets of sweet wine gaily could quaff, till your souls were contented.
Now you prefer, howbeit, to look on, even tho' squadrons
Ten of the Danai war in your sight with the merciless brass-spear.”

Whereon, regarding him sternly, replied thus wily Odysseus :

- “Atreus’ son, what accents are these which thy lips have indulged in ?
 350 Wherefore accuse us of shrinking from battle ? When once the Achaians
 Rouse up fierce war, fighting the Trojans, the tamers of horses,
 Then, thou wilt see, no doubt, if thou wishest, and carest for such things,
 Mix’d with the van of the horsemen of Troia, Telemachus’ father
 Combating boldly : but surely in light mood only thou speakest.”
- 355 Seeing him thus moved, answer’d the King Agamemnon Atreides,
 Affably smiling, and speaking in words more mild and persuasive :
 “Zeus-born son of Laertes, sagacious contriver, Odysseus ;
 Chide thee I do not beyond due measure indeed, nor exhort thee :
 No, for I know full well that the soul in thy bosom is ever
 360 Kindly of nature ; and one mind guides us when meeting in council.
 Come, we shall leave such things to be elsewhere later adjusted,
 Heaven vouchsafe meanwhile that our words may not lead to misfortunes.”
- Thus having spoken ; he left them anon still further advancing.
 Whereupon Tydeus’ son, brave, high-soul’d Diomede, standing
 365 Close by his horses, he found, and his chariots brass-ornamented ;
 Near him, besides, stood far-famed Sthenelos, Capaneus’ offspring :
 Him having reach’d, next, King Agamemnon the ruler upbraided,
 Raising his voice, and in these wing’d words thus spoke, and address’d him :
 “Son of the brave chief Tydeus, alas ! why standest thou trembling ?
 370 Why dost thou gaze here thus on the intervals left in the columns ?
 So was not war-famed Tydeus indeed wont ever to tremble ;
 Far in advance of his much-loved comrades he fought with the foeman.
 So those tell who beheld him laborious toiling ; myself ne’er
 Met him, nor saw, but they say, he surpass’d most heroes in prowess.
- 375 All unattended by warlike array, with the brave Polynices,
 Whilom, he entered Mycenæ, a guest, on a peaceable mission,
 While they were busy preparing an army to march against sacred
 Thebes, and they urged him to give them auxiliar forces to join them ;
 These we were willing to give ; of their suit, moreover, approving :
 380 Zeus the completion forbade, howbeit, by signs inauspicious.
 Soon their departure they took, and proceeded along on their journey ;
 Coming at length to the banks of the flag-fringed grassy Asopos
 There the Achaians incontinent sent on an embassy Tydeus.
 Soon he departed, as order’d, and found full many Cadmeans
 385 Met in the palace of dauntless Eteocles, sitting carousing :
 Stranger albeit among them, and also alone in the city,
 Tydeus the brave chief no fear felt ’mong the crowds of Cadmeans.
 Challenging all to contend in the games, he victorious proved him,
 Easily, such was the aid he received from the goddess Athena.

390 Nevertheless, the Cadmeans, the spur-arm'd, wroth were against him,
Whereon an ambush they laid, his return home privily waiting,
Numbering young men fifty ; which two famed leaders commanded,
Mæon, the offspring of Hæmon, like one of the gods the immortal,
Likewise Autophonos' son, Lycophontes, undaunted in battle.

395 Tydeus the brave, howbeit, severe fate brought on the ambush,
Killing them all, save one, whom he spared ; for he valorous Mæon
Suffer'd to go, the portents of the gods, the immortal obeying.
Such was Ætolian Tydeus : a son, howbeit, was borne him,
Less as a warrior famed, but superior greatly in counsel."

400 Thus did he speak ; but the warrior Diomede answer'd him nothing,
Awed in his innermost soul by the great king's sharp objurgations.

Him howbeit, the offspring of glorious Capaneus answer'd :

"King Agamemnon, the truth full well thou dost know, and shouldst
therefore

Speak truth ; doubtless we boast ourselves better by far than our fathers,
405 Seeing we captured the pow'rful defences of Thebes with its seven
Gates, held sacred to Ares divine, with inferior forces,
Trusting in signs vouchsafed by the gods, and the aid of Kronion.
Foolish, indeed, were our fathers, and perish'd alone from imprudence :
Therefore my ancestors name not at all as my equals in prowess."

410 Him then sternly regarding the warrior Diomede answer'd :

"Good friend, cease, keep silence, and do whatsoever I order.

King Agamemnon I blame not, the shepherd and guide of the people,
Even albeit he thus should exhort the Achaians to combat :

Glory to him no doubt will accrue if the Danaäd heroes

415 Conquer the Trojans, and capture the sacred city of Troia ;
Deep grief nevertheless will be his should the Argives be worsted.
Therefore, I say, be it ours to remember impetuous valour."

Ended, and leapt on the ground from his chariot girded in armour :

Dreadfully sounded the brass on the breast of the chief as he moved on,

420 So that the bravest on seeing him stride forth well might have trembled.

Even as a wave on the shore of the loud-voiced ocean is hurried

On by the south-west wind, which had erewhile put it in motion ;

Far on the waters it raises its head high, then with tremendous

Roaring it dashes amain on the land, and around the projecting

425 Headlands, curling and swelling, it climbs up, scattering sea-spray :

So one after the other the Danaäd squadrons in close ranks

Now moved on each leader his own band loudly exhorting.

Those in the ranks strode silently forward, and none would have once
thought,

- Such a tremendous array of articulate mortals were marching,
430 Calmly obeying their leaders. Around them their various armour,
Curiously fashion'd, in which they were clad, shone, glittering brightly.
Otherwise 'twas with the Trojans indeed : as the sheep of a yeoman
Wealthy in flocks, stand yielding the rich white milk from their udders,
Ceaselessly bleating the while, by their lambs' weak voices attracted :
435 So through the wide-spread army of Troy rose uproar incessant.
Differing widely in language the clamour and noise of the Trojans
Various sounded, for various tribes had been summon'd to aid them.
Ares himself roused these ; those blue-eyed Pallas Athena,
Followed by Terror, and Rout, and Contention insatiate ever,
440 Sister attendant of gore-stain'd Ares, the fierce man-slayer :
Little at first in appearance, but gradual waxing to heaven,
Soon she her head there lifts, all over the earth dread stalking.
Striding along through the crowd, she augmented the groaning of
mortals,
Casting alike in the midst, upon all, fierce strife and destruction.
445 Both hosts join'd ; and the ox-hide shield of the warriors dauntless
Met, and the spears, and the strength of the brass-greaved youths in the
onslaught.
Boss'd shields boss'd shields struck, and the clamour and din of the battle
Stronger and stronger arose, upon which both groanings and shoutings
Loud through the army were heard all round, of the slain and the slayers
450 Mingling together in fight ; and the earth stream'd reeking with slaughter.
Even as wintry floods sweep down from the side of a mountain,
Mingling in some huge basin their waters, impetuous flowing
Forth from the deep well-springs of a hollow ravine, and the shepherd
Hears in the distance afar on the mountains the noise and the tumult :
455 So was the roar of the fight, some shouting, and others lamenting.
Foremost Antilochos slew Echepolos undaunted (the brave son
He of Thalysios), fighting the foe in the van of the army :
Him first striking a blow on the horse-hair cone of his helmet,
Fixing itself in his forehead lofty, the point of the brass spear
460 Pierced to the bone ; and his eyes were at once closed, shrouded in dark-
ness :
E'en as a tower he fell, in the fierce fray valiantly fighting.
Seeing him fallen, the son of Chalcodon, the King Elephenor,
Chief of the high-soul'd race of Abantes, his feet in an instant
Seized, and was dragging him out of the reach of the shafts, of his armour
465 Him at his ease to despoil : short effort, not long and abortive ;
Seeing Agenor illustrious marked him, as nimbly the body

- Backward he dragg'd, and inflicted a wound in his side with his spear,
which
Darted from under his shield as he stoop'd, and, his muscles relaxing,
Onward his soul pass'd. Fierce was the contest which speedily sprung up
470 Over his body 'twixt Trojans and Argives ; like wolves on each other
Rushing they came on, man man grappling, and slaying on all sides.
Then Telamonian Aias the fair Simoïsios cut down,
Son of Anthemion greatly renown'd, whom his mother, from Ida
Downward descending of yore, brought forth by the Simoïs river,
475 While she her parents accompanied thither, their flocks to examine :
Therefore it was he was named Simoïsios. Never were these loved
Parents repaid for their fostering care, for magnanimous Aias
Him with a brass-spear slew, and at once cut short his existence.
Him in the front rank Aias a blow on the pap of the right breast
480 Struck, and the brass spear passed straight through, at the shoulder
protruding.
Down on the earth's lap prostrate he fell, like a poplar which erewhile
Grew on the moist grass-land of a spreading morass, with its branches
Waving atop, whose tall smooth stem some chariot-maker
Cuts with the glittering axe at his leisure to bend for a fellow ;
485 Drying, it lies long there on the green low bank of the river.
So did the fair Simoïsios perish, Anthemion's famed son,
Smitten by Aias ; but he of the corslet of workmanship varied,
Antiphos, offspring of Priam, at him took aim with his javelin :
Nathless it missed him, but struck the companion of wily Odysseus,
490 Leucos, a blow on the groin, while dragging the body beside him :
Bleeding he fell, and the corse of his dear friend dropp'd from his dead
hand.
Seeing him die, rage seized on the soul of Odysseus the monarch ;
Whereupon right through the van in his bright brass armour he darted,
Standing at length, when sufficiently near ; then, casting his eyes round,
495 Hurl'd he his weapon : the foe, howbeit, retired in confusion,
Just as the spear he had hurl'd ; but he threw not in vain notwithstanding,
Striking Democoön gallant, the spurious offspring of Priam ;
Leaving Abydos and tending of fleet mares, hither who hasten'd.
Him thus godlike Odysseus, enraged for his friend, with his bright spear
500 Struck on the brow, and the point from the one side pierced to the other,
Showing itself outside ; and in darkness his eyes were c'ershadow'd.
Whereon he fell with a crash, and his armour resounded around him.
Back fell, reeling, the van, by illustrious Hector commanded ;

Forward the Argives advanced loud shouting, and bearing the corpses,
 505 Pressing incessantly on, and Apollo the archer was wrathful :
 Whereupon looking from Pergamos down, he exhorted the Trojans :
 “ Quick, and arouse ye, ye tamers of horses, ye Trojans, nor ever
 Yield to the Argives the battle ; their flesh is not granite, nor iron,
 Such as can sharp thew-severing weapons resist, and Achilles,
 510 Son of the fair-hair'd Thetis divine, still shuns the encounter
 Yonder, and waits by the ships, there nursing his wrath and vexation.”

Thus from the citadel high spoke Phoebus : but Pallas Athena,
 Glorious daughter of thundering Zeus, went forth thro' the army,
 Urging the Danai on, wherever she saw them relaxing.
 515 Fate now forward Diores allured, Amarynceus' brave son,
 Seeing a jagged hand-stone now struck him a blow on the right leg,
 Down on the ankle ; for warlike Peiros, the Thracian chieftain,
 Offspring of Imbrasos gallant, inhabiting Ænos, attacked him,
 Crushing at once both tendons and bones with his adamant weapon.
 520 Dying, he fell in the dust : to his dear friends stretching his two hands
 Out, he his soul breathed forth. Then warlike Peiros advancing,
 Struck him again with his spear on the navel, and thereon his entrails
 All came issuing forth ; and in darkness his eyes were o'ershadow'd.

Instant Ætolian Thoas advancing at warlike Peiros
 525 Aim'd with his spear, and a blow on the pap struck, piercing his body :
 Whereupon Thoas in haste drew near, from his breast the severe spear
 Pluckt, and, unsheathing his sword, now struck him a blow on the belly,
 Right in the middle, and instantly thereon his spirit departed.
 Nevertheless, he took not his arms, for his comrades around him
 530 Standing, the hair-tied Thracian youths, each holding his war-spear,
 Him drove back, his renown, and his valour, and might notwithstanding ;
 Then he, with effort at length being beat off, quickly retreated.
 Thus these twain, each other embracing, in dust were extended ;
 This of the Thracian heroes the leader, and that of the brass-greaved
 535 Youths of Epeios ; and others beside, full many were laid low.

No man then could with justice impugn the remorseless encounter,
 Thither conveyed by Athena herself, by the hand, and protected
 Safe from the violent weapons promiscuous falling around them,
 Whether engaged with the sword, or surveying the field from a distance ;
 540 Seeing on that day many a son of Achaia and Trojan
 There each other embraced in the dust, laid low in the battle.

END OF BOOK FOURTH.

BOOK FIFTH.

Now, brave Diomedes, offspring of Tydeus, received from Athena
Daring and strength to become among all the renown'd of the Argives
Chiefly conspicuous ; thus for himself great honour achieving :
Therefore she caused bright flames to ascend from his helmet and buckler
5 Ceaselessly forth, as the clear dog-star in autumnal effulgence
Shines with renew'd light, fresh from the wine-dark ocean emerging :
Such was the fire which she kindled above, on his head and his shoulders.
Him then forth she impell'd in the midst, where greatest the tumult.

Now 'mong the Trojans was one called Dares, the priest of Heph-
aistos,

10 Blameless, and wealthy withal ; this man was the father of two sons,
Namely, Idæos and Phegeus in war both equally skilful.
These two, issuing forth from the ranks, now rushed on the hero,
They with their horses, but he upon foot on the ground to repel them.
Near each other the three having come, all eager for battle,
15 Phegeus his strong, long-shadowed spear launched suddenly forward,
Full against Tydeus' son ; to the left pass'd onward the weapon,
Over his shoulder, but struck not the hero ; when Diomedes rush'd now
On with his bright brass spear, nor in vain from his hand did he hurl it
Forth, for it enter'd his breast, 'tween the paps, and he fell from his
war-car.

20 Whereon Idæos the beautiful chariot left, and at once leapt
Down on the ground, slain Phegeus, his brother, not daring to succour.
Even Idæos had never escaped dire fate at the moment,
Had not Hephaistos the god him snatch'd, and envelop'd in darkness,
Saving ; not wishing the good old man to have sorrow on sorrow.
25 Forth from the field, then Diomedes brave having driven the coursers,
Gave them in charge to his comrades, to lead safe off to the galleys.
Now when the valorous Trojans beheld both sons of the old man
Worsted, the one by his chariot-wheels laid lifeless, the other
Flying, their hearts were perplex'd ; but the blue-eyed goddess Athena,
30 Taking his hand, thus spoke, the impetuous Ares addressing :

“Ares, thou blood-stain'd slayer of mortals, and wall-overthrower,
Ought we not now to allow both Trojans and Argives to combat,
Heedless to which side Father Kronion accordeth the glory?
Only retire we hence, and avoid great Zeus' resentment.”

- 35 Pallas divine thus spake ; from the field fierce Ares conducting,
Afterwards causing the god sit down by the grassy Scamander.
Then the Achaians the Trojans to flight put, every leader
Killing his man. First, King Agamemnon, the ruler of wide lands,
Hurl'd from his seat the renown'd Halizonian, Hodios huge-limb'd.
40 Turning to flee, midway 'tween his shoulders he suddenly struck him,
Fixing the spear in his back, thro' his breast-bone urging it forward :
Whereon he fell with a crash, and his armour resounded around him.
Second, Idomeneus brave, slew Phæstos, the offspring of Boros,
Even Mæonian Boros, who came from luxuriant Tarne.
45 Him spear-famous Idomeneus struck while mounting his war-car,
Wounding his shoulder, the right, with his long brass javelin, and
falling

Down from his chariot-seat, in the darkness of death he was shadow'd.
Then of his arms the attendants of warlike Idomeneus spoiled him.

- Atreus' son, Menelaus renown'd, next slew with his sharp spear
50 Gallant Scamandrios, Strophios' son, far-famed as a hunter,
Given to blood ; for the goddess herself, chaste Artemis, taught him
All wild beasts to destroy rear'd up in the mountainous woodlands.
Him, howbeit, the goddess rejoicing in arrows avail'd not,
No, nor his skill as a hunter, in which he of yore was instructed ;
55 Seeing the spear-skill'd offspring of Atreus, renown'd Menelaus,
Him overtook as he fled, and a wound on his shoulder inflicted,
Right on the back, to his breast-bone even impelling the weapon :
Whereupon prostrate he fell, and his armour resounded around him.

- Slain by Meriones next was Phereclos, Harmonides' offspring,
60 Artist Harmonides, skilful in fashioning curiously-wrought works,
Aided by Pallas Athena, who tenderly cherish'd and loved him :
Paris' well-poised galleys who built, moreover, aforetime,
Cause of calamities dire ; woes both on himself and the Trojans
Bringing enow ; for he knew not the oracles high of the godheads.
65 Warlike Meriones him overtook as he fled, and despatch'd him :
Hurling his javelin, he struck him a blow on the top of the right hip ;
Piercing the bone and the muscle, the spear pass'd right thro' the
bladder ;

Whereon he fell on his knees loud wailing, by death overshadow'd.

Afterwards Meges Pedæos despatch'd, brave son of Antenor,

- 70 Spurious son : notwithstanding his birth high-minded Theano
Him brought up with her own dear children, to humour her husband.
Phyleus' spear-famed son, him then overtaking, at once smote
Right on the back of the head with his sharp war-spear, and the iron
Under his tongue pass'd, breaking the jaw, such force had impell'd it ;
75 Whereon he fell in the dust, with his teeth still clenching the weapon.

Warlike Eurypylos, son of Evæmon, Hypsenor despatch'd next,
Son of the high-soul'd hero, Dolopion, priest of Scamander,
Honour'd alike and revered as a god by the people and army.
Him, while flying in haste from the battle, Evæmon's renown'd son,
80 Warlike Eurypylos, struck a severe blow right on his shoulders ;
Rushing upon him thereon with his sword, he his hand in a moment
Sever'd ; the hand all clotted with gore on the field now falling,
Soon he his eyes closed, vanquish'd by blood-stain'd death and malign
fate.

Thus upon both sides strenuous all fought toiling in battle.

- 85 Where, or on whose side, Tydeus' son fought, none could distinguish,
Whether in sooth he belong'd to the mail-girt Trojans or Argives,
Seeing he rush'd through the plain like a broad stream swell'n to a
torrent,
Rolling with vast might, bridges and turf-banks bearing before it,
Neither withheld in its fury by strong-built dams nor embankments,
90 No, nor by well-form'd fences of fields in luxuriance blooming :
Once with the rain-clouds charged of Kronion, it suddenly rises,
Bootless the hind's hard toil ; all yields to the force of the torrent.
So brave Diomedes threw in confusion the squares of the Trojans,
All being powerless his strength to withstand, how many soever.
95 Therefore when Pandaros, far-famed son of Lycaon, beheld him
Rushing amain thro' the field, and the phalanxes breaking before him,
Lifting his bow, he at once smote Tydeus' son when approaching,
Striking him full on the shoulder, the right, at the curve of his corslet ;
Through the severe shaft pass'd, on the opposite side, at the breast-bone
100 Even protruding, his corslet with dark blood instantly staining.
Whereupon thus loud cried the illustrious son of Lycaon :
“ Rush now on, spur forward your coursers, magnanimous Trojans,
Seeing the bravest by far of the Argives is wounded ; nor deem I,
Truly, he long will be able to stand that shaft, if Apollo,
105 Offspring of Zeus, me erst urged forth from the Lycian region.”
Boasting he thus spoke : him, howbeit, the arrow subdued not :
Backwards retreating, he stood in the front of his chariot horses ;
Whereupon thus he address'd brave Sthenelos, Capaneus' offspring :

“ Sthenelos valiant, descend from thy chariot, hasten, delay not,
110 Forth from my shoulder extract this bitter and violent arrow.”

Spoke he ; and Sthenelos leapt from his war-car down on the instant :
Standing beside him, he then drew forth from his shoulder the weapon
Deeply infix'd, upon which blood gush'd through the flexible tunic.

Whereupon Diomedes, brave in the war-shout, pray'd to Athena :

115 “ Hear me, thou daughter of ægis-upholding Kronion, unwearied :

Oh, if aforetime ever my sire or myself thou, propitious,

Aidedst in furious fight, once more, O Pallas, befriend me ;

Give me to slay this man ; him bring within reach of my javelin.

Ah ! my career he has nigh cut short, and exultingly boasteth,

120 Saying, not long shall I gaze on the sun clear shining in heaven.”

Praying, he spoke : and his suit high Pallas Athena accorded :

Bracing him, light she his tired limbs made, and his hands, as he raised
them ;

Whereupon, standing beside him, in these wing'd words she address'd
him :

“ Diomedes, come, take courage, and fight 'gainst the Trojans in battle ;

125 Seeing I've put in thy breast such strength and ancestral puissance

Even as famed shield-brandishing Tydeus, the chief, was endow'd with ;

Likewise the dimness removed from thine eyes which before over-veil'd
them,

So that thou lightly an earth-born man from a god may'st distinguish.

Therefore if any divinity hither should come to attack thee,

130 Never be thou foolhardy enough such foe to encounter,

Saving divine Aphrodite, the daughter of mighty Kronion ;

Her thou with safety may'st wound, with the sharp brass javelin attack-
ing.”

Thus having spoken, the blue-eyed goddess Athena departed.

Whereupon Tydeus' son once more in the front of the battle

135 Mingled, and eager albeit before to contend with the Trojans,

Now, of a truth, he was thrice more eager and strong. As a lion,

Leaping within some wattled enclosure for sheep, which a shepherd,

Tending his white-wool'd flock, has but wounded, not kill'd, with his
weapon,

Only becomes more fierce, and the shepherd retires to the hamlet,

140 Powerless to aid ; and the sheep thus left fly hither and thither

Trembling with fear, all huddled together, the one on the other ;

While, full-sated and joyous, the lion re-leaps the enclosure ;

So brave Diomedes mingled with joy once more with the Trojans.

Then he Hypenor despatched, and Astynoös, guides of the people,

- 145 Striking the one with his brass war-spear at the pap, to the other
Dealing a blow with his huge sword-blade at the top of the shoulder,
Just at the collar, dividing the shoulder itself from the body.
These now leaving, he rush'd upon Abas, and brave Polyidos,
Sons of Eurydamas, aged interpreter famous of omens.
- 150 Visions and dreams notwithstanding, the two went forth to the battle,
Only to fall by the hand of Tydides renown'd who despoil'd them.
Next, against Xanthos and Thoön he now rush'd, Phænops' two sons,
Both in his old age born ; moreover, infirm from his great age
No more sons he begat, unto whom to bequeath his possessions.
- 155 These then Diomedes slew, thus taking the lives of the brothers,
Leaving their father revered great sorrow, and cares overwhelming ;
Seeing he never received them alive, from the battle returning :
So to the nearest of kin the inheritance went subdivided.

- Priam's beloved sons next he attack'd, the Dardanian monarch,
160 Sitting in one car, Chromios brave and Echemon his brother.
E'en as a lion that leaps in the midst of a herd in the woodlands
Feeding, and breaks, loud roaring, the neck of an ox or a heifer :
So brave Tydeus' son from their war-car hurling the heroes,
Sorely reluctant, despoil'd them at once of their radiant armour ;
- 165 Giving the coursers in charge to his friends to conduct to the galleys.

- Seeing the havoc he made upon all sides round him, Æneas
Hasten'd away, 'mid the clashing of bright war-spears, thro' the battle,
Pandaros seeking, if haply he somewhere him might discover.
Soon he descried the unblameable high-soul'd son of Lycaon :
- 170 Whereupon, standing before him, in these wing'd words he address'd him :
“ O brave Pandaros, where are thy bow and thy swift-wing'd arrows ?
Where thy renown, undisputed by none in the army around us,
No, nor in Lycian lands, where no one excels thee in prowess ?
Come, having lifted thy hands to Kronion, an arrow at this man
- 175 Aim, whosoever he be, who is routing the Trojans, and havoc
Dreadful is working, relaxing the muscles of many a hero :
Aim thou, unless some god he shall prove, who beholding his altar
Slighted, is wroth with the Trojans, and comes down here to avenge him.”

- Him then answer'd again the illustrious son of Lycaon :
- 180 “ Counsellor sage of the brass-greaved sons of the Trojans, Æneas,
Him I in sooth find strongly resembling the offspring of Tydeus,
Knowing him well by his shield and the oblong helmet he carries,
Ay, and his coursers I recognise likewise ; but whether immortal,
Truly, I know not : but even if proving the offspring of Tydeus,
- 185 Rest thou assured these furious deeds he performed not unaided ;

- Some of the gods in a cloud, no doubt, are encircling his shoulders,
 Turning the swift-wing'd arrow aside just ready to pierce him.
 Only a moment ago I directed an arrow against him,
 Striking his shoulder, the right, transpiercing the curve of his corslet ;
 190 Whereon I thought to have seen him dismiss'd to the dwellings of Hades ;
 Nathless he fell not ; and therefore methinks some god is revengeful.
 Horses and chariots none have I here to ascend, to assist me ;
 None have I here, though chariots shining, eleven in number,
 All new-built, well-cover'd, I left in the halls of Lycaon :
 195 There, moreover, beside each chariot horses are standing,
 Yoked all ready in pairs, wheat eating and nourishing barley.
 Many a kindly and fitting command did the aged Lycaon
 Give me indeed in his well-built palace, before I departed,
 Counselling thus : my equipp'd war-chariot once having mounted,
 200 Boldly the Trojans to lead in the dreadful encounters of battle.
 Him, howbeit, I nowise heeded, though better it had been ;
 Care for my horses induced me to leave them, for, used to their fodder,
 Fear'd I lest dearth they should feel, with the host long-pent in the city.
 So they remain'd ; and on foot I have come to the city of Troia
 205 Trusting my good bow only, albeit not destined to aid me ;
 Seeing I lately 'gainst two brave leaders directed an arrow,
 Namely 'gainst Tydeus' and Atreus' offspring, and visibly red blood
 Drew from the twain ; but the only effect was the more to excite them.
 Therefore I see that with destiny evil I lifted my curved bow
 210 Down from its rest, that day when I marshall'd the Trojans and led
 them
 Hither to Ilium pleasant, to aid brave Hector the hero.
 Oh, could I only return, and with these eyes see my beloved wife,
 Country, and high-roof'd palace, may some fierce, hostile invader
 Sever my head from my shoulders, if breaking my bow into pieces,
 215 Into the fire I not cast it, for now no longer it serves me."
 Whereupon answer'd Æneas renown'd, great chief of the Trojans :
 " Nay, nay, speak not in this dull mood, for believe me, before long
 We twain friends with our horses and chariot going against him,
 Clad in our armour, will put to the proof this champion's prowess.
 220 Hasten, my chariot mount, with thine own eyes witness what high-bred
 Coursers the Trojans possess, how ardent and fleet in pursuing
 Hither and thither the foe in the plain, how steady retreating :
 Ay, they will carry us both back safe to the town, should Kronion
 Glory again vouchsafe unto Diomede, offspring of Tydeus.
 225 Come, howbeit, the whip now take, and the glittering reins hold,

While I descend from my bright war-car for the battle ; or rather
This great hero await thou here, and the steeds I'll attend to."

Him then answer'd again the illustrious son of Lycaon :

- " Hold thou, Æneas, thy own good coursers thyself by the bridle ;
230 Better they'll carry the bow-shaped chariot under the leader
Wont to conduct them, if forced to retreat from the offspring of Tydeus.
Restive from fright, peradventure they'll turn, and unwillingly bear us
Forth from the dire fight, hearing the voice no more they are used to :
Then would the son of magnanimous Tydeus attack us with fury,
235 Slaying us both, and the firm-hoof'd steeds too lead from the battle.
Drive thou thine own war-car by thy fleet-paced coursers conducted,
While with my sharp brass spear I descend, him coming, to combat."
Spoke : and the beautiful chariot both thereafter ascended,
Driving with fury the swift-limb'd steeds against Diomede warlike :
240 Them soon Sthenelos saw, brave Capaneus' valorous offspring :
Whereon in these wing'd words thus Tydeus' son he accosted :
" Diomede, offspring of Tydeus, endeared to the soul in my bosom,
Two most valiant heroes I see, great prowess possessing,
Coming against thee, the one well skill'd at the bow and the arrow,
245 Pandaros, boasting himself, moreover, the son of Lycaon ;
Warlike Æneas the other, who boasts to be son of Anchises,
Noble Anchises, and claims Aphrodite divine as his mother.
Come, then, mount, let us back with our horses, nor thus in the front
ranks
Fight in the battle, lest even thy own dear life it may cost thee."
250 Him then sternly regarding, in these words Diomede answer'd :
" Talk not to me of retreat, for be sure thou wilt never persuade me :
No poor craven am I, as a fugitive shirking the combat,
Nothing of fear do I know, and my strength, still vigorous, serves me.
Trust me, I scorn to ascend this chariot ; him I'll encounter
255 E'en as I am ; me Pallas Athena allows not to tremble.
Never again shall the swift-paced steeds bear back to the army
These two heroes, tho' one, peradventure, may chance to escape us.
Further, a thing I will tell thee, and treasure it up in thy bosom,
Namely, if prudent Athena divine vouchsafe me the glory
260 These two heroes to slay, then drive not my spirited coursers
Thence, but detain them, suspending the reins from the rim of the war-
car,
Then rush, mindful, at once on the steeds of the warlike Æneas ;
Driving them forth from the well-greaved Danaäd host to the Trojans.
These are of that famed breed which the great far-seeing Kronion

265 Gave unto Tros for his own loved son, fair Ganymede's ransom :
Such steeds sees not the sun, nor at dawn nor at noon in his circuit.
Well, these horses of pedigree famed by Anchises were stolen,
Mares he supplied, from Laomedon keeping the matter a secret ;
Duly, in course of the season, were six foals dropt at his palace ;
270 Four he retain'd for himself, well fed at the manger with barley ;
Two, most noted inspirers of fear, he bestow'd on Æneas :
Now, should we these two take, great praise will to us be awarded."

These twain mutual thoughts interchanged, thus freely conversing,
While drew nearer the others, their swift steeds hurrying forward.

275 Diomedes then by Lycaon's renown'd son thus was accosted :

" Oh, brave son of a sire most valiant, Diomedes warlike,
Thee has my bitter and swift-wing'd arrow not slain I indeed see :
Now with my sharp war-spear I will try what success may await me."
Ended ; and, brandishing, hurl'd his immense long-shadow'd war-spear,
280 Striking the shield of Tydides ; the brass spear, speeding its way on,
Pierced right through till it pass'd straight towards the verge of the
corslet,

Whereon Lycaon's illustrious son stood, loudly exclaiming :

" Ah ! thou art pierced right through on the flank, and I deem not,
in good sooth,

Long thou shalt live ; thus glory and honour to me is accorded."

285 Him brave Tydeus' offspring in these words answer'd undaunted :

" Erring, thy aim thou hast miss'd ; but desist I believe thou wilt never,
E'en till of us twain one shall have fallen, and sate with his life's blood
That great god of the bull's-hide shield, fierce Ares immortal."

Ended ; his war-spear hurling, which Pallas Athena directed

290 Towards his nose, close under the eye, and it pass'd through his white
teeth,

Cutting the root of his tongue sheer through, and the point of the weapon
Piercing the chin, to the outside pass'd, just under the jaw-bone.

Whereon he fell from his car, and his armour resounded around him,
Various colour'd and bright ; and his swift-limb'd horses aside sprung,

295 Startled, and forth from his body his spirit and prowess departed.

This then seeing, Æneas in haste leap'd down with his huge spear,
Screen'd by his bright shield, fearing the Argives might rescue the body.
Therefore around it he walk'd like a lion serene in his courage,
Holding his spear and his buckler on all sides equal before him,

300 Him, whomsoever he might be, determined to slay, if assaulted,
Dreadfully shouting : but Tydeus' brave son, seizing a round stone,
Heavy and huge, such, truly, as no two mortals could carry,

- Weak as they now-a-days are, though Diomedes raised it unaided ;
Hurling, Æneas he struck on the thigh, just where it is rounded
305 Into the hip, in familiar discourse well known as the socket ;
Striking the socket a blow, two tendons he broke at the same time,
Tearing the skin of his thigh with the merciless stone ; but the hero,
Falling at once on his knees, there kept himself up with his strong hand,
Pressing the ground ; but his eyes were incontinent shadow'd in darkness.
- 310 Then had Æneas the monarch of men died, falling in battle,
Had not his mother, the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite, her loved son
Seen, whom whilom she bore to Anchises, when feeding his oxen.
There in her white arms gently her own dear son she encircled,
Him all round in the folds of her glittering garment enwrapping,
315 Safe from the arrows to shield him, lest some of the swift-horsed Argives,
Piercing his breast with the sharp steel point, should dismiss him to
Hades.
- Thus Aphrodite withdrew her beloved son safe from the battle.
Neither did Capaneus' son disregard brave Diomedes' order :
Leaving his own strong firm-hoof'd coursers apart from the battle,
320 Stretching the reins well out from the ring on the front of the war-car,
Instantly forward he rush'd with the full-maned steeds of Æneas,
Driving them forth to the well-greaved Danaad host from the Trojans ;
Giving them over in charge to Deipylus, one of his comrades
Greatly esteem'd, and regarded above all others around him,
325 (Seeing the thoughts in his mind with his own were congenial) to lead
them
- Off to the deep-hull'd ships : upon which the illustrious hero
Mounted his chariot seat, and the glittering reins in his hand took,
Hastily driving the firm-hoof'd steeds straight after Tydides.
He, meanwhile, with the merciless weapon pursued Aphrodite,
330 Full well knowing that she was indeed no warrior-goddess,
None of the deities mighty who rule war's course among mortals,
Neither Athena divine, nor the city-destroying Enyo.
Her he at length overtook, having follow'd her far thro' the army ;
Straight then Tydeus' son stretch'd forward, projecting his javelin,
335 Wounding her hand unopposed with the sharp steel point of the weapon.
Whereupon right through the skin the severe steel, instantly passing,
Pierced her ambrosial robe, which the Graces themselves had embroidered,
Close to the palm of her hand, upon which blood flow'd from the goddess ;
Ichor divine, such blood as the blessèd Immortals alone shed,
340 Seeing they eat not of bread, nor of dark wine drink, as the earth-born :
So they without blood live, and are thence called blessèd Immortals.

Shrieking, the goddess divine her beloved son left in her terror ;
 Phoebus Apollo himself meanwhile to the rescue advancing,
 Him in a dark cloud cover'd, lest some of the Argives on swift steeds,
 345 Darting the steel in his breast, peradventure, might send him to Hades.
 Then brave Diomedes, great in the war-cry, after her shouted :

“ Daughter of Zeus, oh, hasten, retire forthwith from the combat !
 Is it indeed not enough to beguile weak wavering women ?
 War if thou wishest to try, too late shalt thou find that the battle
 350 Terror will bring to thy soul, ay, even its name will alarm thee.”

Thus did he speak ; but the goddess departed distracted with anguish.
 Iris divine, meanwhile, Aphrodite aside from the concourse
 Leading, removed, with her beautiful white wrist changed into livid.
 Soon fierce Ares the god, on the left of the battle perceiving
 355 Seated, his spear and his swift-paced horses enveloped in darkness,
 Down on her knees low falling, her brother beloved she entreated,
 Urging him fondly to give her his golden-caparison'd coursers :

“ Grant me a boon, dear brother, accord me thy spirited horses,
 Me to Olympus to take, to the seat of the blessed Immortals,
 360 Much I am grieved and oppress'd with a wound which a mortal has
 given me,
 Tydeus' son, who would even do battle with Father Kronion.”

Spoke : and the god vouchsafed her his golden-caparison'd horses.
 Whereon, with heart sore burden'd, she mounted the carriage, and Iris,
 Seating herself by the side of divine Aphrodite, the reins took,
 365 Lashing the steeds, and they flew not unwillingly on at her bidding ;
 Speedily reaching the seat of the gods upon lofty Olympus.
 Iris, the swift, light-footed, the steeds from the chariot taking,
 Rested them ; amply supplying with freshest ambrosial fodder.
 Low at the knees of her mother Dione divine Aphrodite

370 Bent in her sorrow, and she with maternal affection embraced her,
 Soothing, and stroking her cheek ; then thus she her daughter accosted :

“ Which of the gods, dear daughter, has thee thus cruelly wounded,
 Treating thee even like some most flagrant, open offender ?”

Whereon replied Aphrodite, the goddess delighting in laughter :
 375 “ Proud-soul'd Diomedes, Tydeus' son, me sorely has wounded,
 Merely, forsooth, for conveying my much-loved son from the battle,
 Even Æneas, the child most dear to my bosom of any.
 Now 'tis indeed no more dread war between Argives and Trojans ;
 No, for the Danaad hosts now fight with the blessed Immortals.”

380 Whereon Dione, divinest of goddesses, speedily answer'd :
 “ Daughter beloved, how painful soever, endure thy affliction ;

Even the great gods, dwellers above upon lofty Olympus,
 Wrongs oft suffer from mortals, as earth-born men from Immortals.
 Ares endured sharp pangs when the brave Ephialtes and Otos,
 385 Sons of renown'd Aloëos, in strong chains cruelly bound him.
 Him until thirteen moons had revolved fast keeping in durance :
 There, peradventure, had Ares in battle insatiate perish'd,
 Had not his stepdame Eëribœa divulged it to Hermes ;
 Whereon the god, much bruised with his fetters, he stole from his prison.
 390 Hera endured much too, when the son of Amphitryon smote her
 Full on the right breast, using a three-prong'd fork as his weapon,
 Causing the goddess divine insupportable torture and anguish.
 Ay, and the great god Pluto himself was of old time wounded,
 Struck with an arrow by this same hero, the son of Kronion ;
 395 Him at the portals of Hades he smote, there wounding severely.
 Nevertheless to the halls of Kronion he fled, and Olympus,
 Tortured with pain, and the heart in his breast sore vex'd, for the arrow
 Even his huge broad shoulder had pierced, great torment inflicting.
 Afterwards Pæon, by sprinkling an anguish-assuaging appliance,
 400 Soon the severe wound heal'd, for the god was to death unobnoxious.
 Fierce and audacious ! who shrunk not from deeds how lawless soever,
 Injuring even the gods with his bow who inhabit Olympus !
 Him by whose hand thou art smote has Athena excited against thee.
 Silly, infatuate ! Tydeus' son knows not that the man who
 405 Dares to contend with the gods, the immortal, is ever but short-lived.
 Never to him when returning from battle will child, as his knees he
 Eagerly climbs, lisp out, 'dear father,' and playfully prattle.
 Therefore let Tydeus' son, how bravely soever he bears him,
 Take good heed lest a braver than thou come forth to oppose him :
 410 Even lest Ægialea, the daughter discreet of Adrastos,
 Grieved and alarm'd, should arouse from their slumber her female
 attendants,
 Longing in vain for the husband she wedded in youth, and the bravest
 Far of the Argives, illustrious Diomedes, tamer of horses."

Ended she ; wiping the ichor away with her palm from her daughter :
 415 Whereon the hand was restored, and the sharp pain soothed which she
 suffer'd.

Straightway Pallas Athena and Hera began, as they looked on,
 Kronos' son to provoke ; harsh, heart-cutting accents applying.
 Thus in the midst then blue-eyed Pallas Athena address'd him :

" Wilt thou be wrathful with me, O Zeus, for the thing I will tell
 thee ?

420 Judge I aright, Aphrodite divine, when a Danaäd fair one
Coaxing to follow the Trojans, whom now she is wishful to favour,
While in the act of caressing, has injured her hand on a buckle."

Spoke : but the father of men and of gods smiled only on hearing.
Then having call'd her, he thus Aphrodite the goddess accosted :

425 " Daughter of mine, dread war is in sooth no part of thy duty :
Meddle with things more pleasant and sweet, appertaining to wedlock ;
All these other shall Ares the swift, and Athena attend to."

Talking in this way, thus they discourse held, one with the other.
Meanwhile Diomede, brave in the war-shout, rush'd on Æneas,

430 Even tho' knowing that Phœbus Apollo preserved him and shielded ;
Seeing he reverence none for the high god felt, but was only
Eager Æneas to slay, and despoil of his glorious armour.
Thrice then him he attack'd, full tilt at him rushing with ardour,
Thrice, howbeit, Apollo with radiant buckler repell'd him,
435 Rolling him back ; but at length when he rush'd as a god for the fourth
time,

Him far-darting Apollo in these words dreadfully threatened :

" Tydeus' brave son, ponder, withdraw, and affect not the bearing
Only befitting a god ; for the race of Immortals, the blessed,
Truly, and earth-born men are in no wise equal consider'd."

440 Thus did he speak ; and Tydides a small space backward retreated,
Thereby escaping the wrath of the great far-darting Apollo.

Whereon the god placed warlike Æneas apart from the army,
High upon Pergamos sacred, on which was erected his temple.

Him soon Artemis, shaft-arm'd goddess of hunting, and Leto,

445 Heal'd in the beautiful shrine, all over suffusing with glory.

Further, the god of the silvery bow now fashion'd a figure

Like to Æneas, and girded in like arms too as the hero.

Round this phantom the fight still raged, both Trojans and Argives

Smiting the targets and ox-hide bucklers presented before them.

450 Whereupon Phœbus Apollo addressed thus furious Ares :

" Blood-stain'd, fierce, wall-battering Ares, thou hero-destroyer,

Haste, oh, meet yon champion, offspring of Tydeus, withdraw him

Far from the fight, for he even would combat 'gainst Father Kronion.

First on her soft hand, close to the wrist, Aphrodite he wounded,

455 Then on myself in a moment he rush'd like a very Immortal."

Thus having spoken ; he now sat down upon Pergamos lofty ;

Ares destructive the firm ranks meanwhile traversed, the Trojans

Rousing, and looking like Acamas agile, the Thracian leader ;

Then the illustrious sons of the King, old Priam, accosted :

- 460 “ Sons of the Zeus-bred Priam, revered old monarch of Troia,
O how long will you suffer the ranks to be slain by the Argives ?
Even till forward they push to the well-built gates of the city ?
Prostrate a champion lies, whom even as Hector we honoured,
Valiant Æneas, the offspring of high-soul'd warlike Anchises.
- 465 Come, let us rescue our much-prized comrade at once from the tumult.”
Thus having spoken, the listeners' hearts glow'd keen for the battle,
Whereon Sarpedon upbraided illustrious Hector, exclaiming :
“ Where, O Hector, is that great courage which once thou possessedst ?
Well do I know thou didst say, that alone with thy brothers and kinsfolk
- 470 Lightly the town thou wert able to hold, independent of allies :
Nevertheless, gaze long as I may, not a soul can I now see,
No, but they all slink trembling away, like dogs from a lion :
While we ourselves bear boldly as allies the brunt of the battle.
Yes, I myself, thine ally, have come from afar to the leaguer,
- 475 E'en from the Lycian region remote by the eddying Xanthos ;
Where I my dearly beloved wife left, and my stammering infant,
Likewise, my many possessions, which those who have little may envy.
Here still urge I my Lycian forces, and ready myself am
Even to fight this hero, though nothing of value possessing,
- 480 Such as the sons of Achaia might bear off lightly as plunder.
Still here doubting thou standest, not once e'en thinking of urging
Forth to the fight all others, their wives to defend to the utmost :
Take good heed, lest thyself art ensnared in the net that surrounds
thee,
Ample in size, and becomest a spoil to thy numerous foemen,
- 485 Bringing besides sad ruin and woe on the populous city.
Early and late it behoves thee indeed these matters to ponder,
Bidding the leaders and chiefs of the allies, convoked from a distance,
Endless contention and feuds to forego, and persist in their efforts.”
- Ended Sarpedon ; and stung to the heart's core valorous Hector,
490 Instant he leapt from his chariot down on the ground in his armour,
Brandishing high his immense sharp spear, and advanced thro' the army,
Ev'rywhere urging them on ; and he roused up horrible battle.
Rallied the Trojans on this, and opposed themselves, facing the Argives,
Firmly the close-set ranks of the Danai met them, nor trembled.
- 495 Then, as the strong wind scatters the chaff in the sacred enclosure,
Under the winnowing hand of a man, while yellow Demeter
Separates, help'd by the breezes, the grain from the chaff in the threshing,
White heaps rising on all sides round : so, white were the Argives,
Cover'd with dust from above, which the numerous squadrons of horses

- 500 Now raised up thro' the ranks to the brass-arch'd heav'n, as the battle
 Once more closed, for the charioteers now rush'd to the combat,
 Band against band there fought, hard struggling ; and furious Ares,
 Spread dark night all over the battle, assisting the Trojans,
 Ev'rywhere busy, obeying the orders of Phoebus Apollo,
- 505 Him of the gold-wrought sword, who commanded the god in the Trojans
 Courage to breathe, so soon as he saw high Pallas Athena
 Quitting the field ; for the goddess allied herself now with the Argives.
 Meantime Phoebus Æneas anon sent forth from his temple,
 Courage and strength in the breast of the guide of the people infusing.
- 510 Placed himself then in the midst of his comrades Æneas ; and these all
 Greatly exulted, on seeing their chief still living, and coming
 Towards them still in his strength : howbeit they questioned him nowise,
 Hinder'd by different-labours, which Ares the hero-destroyer
 Caused, and the god of the silvery bow, and insatiate Discord.
- 515 Now urged forth once more to the combat Odysseus, and either
 Aias, and Diomedes, offspring of Tydeus, who each in his own strength
 Trusting, regarded not either the shafts or the shouts of the Trojans :
 Standing immovably firm, like clouds which the mighty Kronion,
 During a calm, piles high on the peaks of the loftiest mountains,
- 520 Lying at rest while Boreas sleeps, and the boisterous breeze, but
 Soon as their shrill-toned voices are heard, pass off, disappearing ;
 Thus the Achæians awaited the Trojans with firmness, nor trembled.
 Hurrying then through the host, thus King Agamemnon exhorted :
 " Friends, now prove yourselves heroes, and show you have hearts in
 your bosoms ;
- 525 O let a feeling of shame rouse each while manfully fighting :
 Heroes who dread shame safe are in battle compared with the dastard ;
 Never to fugitives glory arises, be sure, nor assistance."
- Ended : and darted his war-spear speedily, striking a hero,
 Pergasis' offspring, Deicoön named, of Æneas the high-soul'd
- 530 Comrade in arms ; whom the Trojans themselves all equally honour'd
 Even as Priam's illustrious sons, for the van he commanded.
 Him Agamemnon the King with his war-spear struck on the buckler ;
 Stayed not the spear in its course, transpiercing its numerous layers ;
 Right through the girdle it pass'd, to the lowermost part of the belly :
- 535 Whereon he fell with a crash, and his arms clank'd sounding around
 him.
- Two brave youths of the Argives were now laid low by Æneas,
 Diocles' two sons, gallant Orsilochos famous and Crethon.
 Phera, the well-built city their father inhabited later,

Wealthy in cattle, who boasted himself of a river descended,
540 Sacred Alpheos, whose broad stream severs the Pylian region.
Foremost was born of Alpheos Orsilochos, ruler of people
Many and great, to Orsilochos, Diocles famous in story :
Lastly, were born the illustrious, high-soul'd Diocles' twin sons,
Heroes for bravery famous, Orsilochos warlike, and Crethon.
545 These two now in their black-hull'd ships, in the freshness of manhood,
Followed the sons of Achaia to steed-famed Ilium's city,
Seeking for King Agamemnon, the ruler, and brave Menelaus,
Honour to gain ; but arrived, dire death both soon overshadow'd.

Even as two bold lions rear'd up by their dam when but sucklings,
550 Deep in the thicket of some vast wood on the slope of a mountain ;
Prowling about, they at length seize hold upon oxen and fat sheep,
Laying the stations for cattle around all waste, till in due time
Slain with the sharp brass spear by the hands of the hinds they
tormented :

So these like unto pine-trees fall by the hands of Æneas.

555 Them Menelaus, the great at the war-shout, pitied when fallen.
Arm'd in his glittering brass he advanced through the van of the army,
Brandishing proudly his spear, for his great strength Ares had kindled,
Bent upon slaying the hero himself by the hands of Æneas.

Him, howbeit, Antilochos saw, brave offspring of Nestor,
560 Whereon he strode thro' the van with his thoughts deep fix'd on
Atreides,

Fearing lest aught should befall him, and render their labours abortive.
Now when their hands they had raised, and were stretching their spears
for the onset,

Each his antagonist eyeing, and eager to mingle in battle,
Warlike Antilochos aiding renown'd Menelaus the monarch,
565 Stood not Æneas, albeit a warrior gallant, on seeing
These two champions famous beside each other advancing.
Afterwards, dragging the corpses of these two youths to the rearward,
There they consign'd the unfortunate pair to the hands of their comrades,
Going themselves straight forward again to the van of the army.

570 Then they Pylæmenes, peer of the fierce, man-slaughtering Ares,
Slew, stout chief of the shield-screen'd, bold Paphlagonian races :
Him brave Atreus' son, far-famed at the spear, Menelaus,
Struck, as he stood, with the brass, on the neck at the collar, and
wounded.

Afterwards warlike Antilochos rush'd on his henchman attendant,
575 Mydon, the brave-soul'd son of Antymnios, while he was turning

- Backwards his firm-hoof'd steeds, with a round stone striking his elbow ;
 Down from his hands fell quickly the bright reins ivory-mounted,
 Whereon Antilochos, drawing his sharp sword, wounded his temple.
 Speedily, panting, he fell from his well-built chariot headlong
 580 Down in the dust, and alighted at once on his head and his shoulders ;
 Long he remain'd there fix'd, for in sand he was deeply imbedded,
 Even till roll'd in the dust, struck down by his coursers ; but, lashing,
 Warlike Antilochos now to the ranks of the Danai drove them.
 Him soon Hector descried in the ranks of the army, and, shouting,
 585 Rush'd on, follow'd by phalanxes many and brave of the Trojans.
 Ares himself led forward the host, and the goddess Enyo ;
 She, on the one hand, bearing tumultuous Din as her herald,
 Ares again, on the other, a huge war-spear which he brandish'd ;
 Now with immense strides stalking before, now following Hector.
 590 Him brave Diomedes mark'd in the front, and, beholding, was troubled.
 E'en as a man in a wide plain wandering, knowing not whither,
 Coming at length to a stream white-foaming along to the ocean,
 Suddenly stops, looks round, and his footsteps quickly retraces :
 So fell back brave Tydeus' son to the army, exclaiming :
 595 " Oh, dear friends, how oft have we gazed on illustrious Hector,
 Marvelling much at his daring demeanour and skill as a spearman !
 Ever, to ward off death, some deity hovers around him ;
 E'en now Ares himself stands near him, disguised as a mortal.
 Back, howbeit, retreat, with your front still towards the Trojans ;
 600 Never presume to contend with the gods, the immortal, in battle."
 Thus did he speak : but the Trojans advanced meanwhile, and
 approach'd them.
 Then brave Hector despatch'd two heroes distinguish'd in battle,
 Both upon one car sitting, Anchialos stout, and Menestheus.
 Them, as they fell, Telamonian Aias beheld, and lamented :
 605 Standing beside them, he now launch'd forth with his glittering war-
 spear,
 Foremost smiting Amphios, the brave-soul'd, Selagos' offspring,
 Owner of cattle and rich corn lands, who inhabited Pæsos.
 Him dire fate had allured to the war as an ally of Priam.
 Huge Telamonian Aias a blow him struck on the girdle,
 610 Fixing the sharp long-shadow'd spear in his lowermost belly :
 Sounding he fell with a crash ; upon which Telamonian Aias
 Hasten'd to seize and despoil of his arms ; but the Trojans their javelins,
 Glittering bright, hurl'd forth, till his shield with the weapons was
 cover'd ;

Whereupon, pressing him down with his heel, now Aias his sharp spear
615 Drew from the corse : howbeit, he none of the beautiful armour
Then from his shoulders could strip, sore gall'd as he was with the
weapons.

Likewise he fear'd lest the high-soul'd Trojans, renown'd for their valour,
Circling him round, might defeat, for they stood near, stretching their
war-spears

Out ; and at length, how doughty soe'er, from the corse they repell'd
him.

620 Thus they indeed toil'd hard, in the furious conflict contending ;
Fate, howbeit, Tlepolemos, offspring of Heracles mighty,
First urged on in the dreadful encounter 'gainst godlike Sarpedon.
Now when they both were about to advance full tilt at each other,
Namely, the grandson and son of the great cloud-driving Kronion,
625 Haughty Tlepolemos, harsh words using, accosted Sarpedon :

“ Chief of the Lycian people, Sarpedon, what need is there truly,
Seeing that thou art unskilful in war, here trembling to show thee ?
Falsely they style thee the son of the ægis-upholding Kronion,
Yes, for in prowess thou comest, in sooth, far short of the heroes
630 Born to omnipotent Zeus in the days long past of our fathers.
What do they say of my own great sire ? Come, quickly declare it ;
Heracles, mightiest hero renown'd, with the heart of a lion ;
Him who of yore, on account of the steeds of Laomedon valiant,
Came on hither with six ships only, and fewer attendants ;
635 Where he the town laid waste, and its wide streets utterly widow'd.
Thou, howbeit, in mind art debased, and thy forces diminish ;
So that I deem, though coming from Lycia here, to the Trojans
Little thy aid will avail, how brave soever thy bearing :
Here, to my good blade falling, thou'lt enter the portals of Hades.”

640 Him in return thus answer'd the Lycian leader Sarpedon :
“ Warlike Tlepolemos, know, that thy ancestor Ilium sacred
Sack'd, from the folly alone of Laomedon famous, who harshly
Chided the hero who served him, with evil requiting his favours,
Keeping the steeds which he came from afar to demand and recover.
645 This I declare, moreover, that death and destruction await thee
Now at my hands ; and, subdued by my javelin, glory and honour
Great will be mine, and a soul be dismiss'd forthwith unto Hades.”

Ended Sarpedon ; Tlepolemos brandishing proudly his ash-spear.
Then from their hands flew flashing the long, sharp, glittering javelins
650 Forth at the same time : whereon Sarpedon his foe on the neck struck,
Right on the centre, in front, and the death-wing'd weapon advancing,

Pierced to the opposite side ; and his eyes were in death overshadow'd.

Warlike Tlepolemos struck meanwhile with his javelin Sarpedon

Full on the left thigh ; pass'd with impetuous fury the weapon,

655 Grazing the bone ; dire death, notwithstanding, his father averted.

Thereon his dear friends carried Sarpedon aside from the battle,

Trailing the sharp ash-javelin behind, much galling the hero :

This, as they pass'd on, none once noticed or thought of extracting,

Wholly absorb'd by the eager desire of assisting the hero

660 Into his chariot ; such great care show'd all his attendants.

Meanwhile also the well-greaved Argives Tlepolemos carried

Forth from the battle ; and noble Odysseus, for constancy noted,

Them soon saw, and the heart in his breast beat quick with emotion.

Careful he ponder'd awhile, deep thoughts in his spirit revolving ;

665 Whether to follow the son of the great loud-thundering godhead

Further, or, tarrying, still deal death 'mong the Lycian heroes.

Destined it was not by Fate, howbeit, that noble Odysseus

Now should despatch with his sharp brass javelin the son of Kronion :

Therefore Athena his thoughts turn'd towards the Lycian army.

670 Whereon he Cceranos straightway slew, and Alastor, as also

Chromios, Halios, Prytanis warlike, Noëmon, Alcander.

More of the Lycian army had doubtless been slain by Odysseus,

Had not illustrious, crest-plumed Hector incontinent spied him.

Whereon he now rush'd straight to the van in his glittering armour,

675 Fear in the Argives exciting : on which, in his spirit rejoicing,

Him, as he drew near, piteous, gallant Sarpedon accosted :

“ Hector Priamides, suffer me not, I beseech thee, to lie here,

Prey to the merciless Argives, but aid me : and oh, let my life ebb

Forth in the city, since destined it was not for me to return home

680 Safe to my country, and gladden my much-loved wife and my infant.”

Thus did he speak : but to him great crest-plumed Hector replied not,

Eagerly hurrying forward to stem by his prowess the Argives

Boldly advancing, and slay full many a hero among them.

Meanwhile too his illustrious friends placed godlike Sarpedon

685 Under a wide-spread beech of the ægis-upholding Kronion :

Whereupon Pelagon brave and of stout heart, one of his comrades

Chiefly beloved, from his thigh the severe spear promptly extracted.

Life seem'd ebbing, and darkness his fix'd eyes soon overshadow'd.

Nevertheless he revived once more, for the Borean breezes

690 Blowing around him, his faint soul roused as he lay there panting.

Meanwhile, press'd as they were by the brave plumed Hector and Ares,

Still the Achæians were neither repulsed to their ships on the ocean,

- Neither indeed did they forward advance, but retiring in order,
 Slowly retreated, on hearing that Ares was aiding the Trojans.
- 695 Say, whom first, O Muse, whom last, slew Hector the godlike,
 Offspring of Priam the king ; whom first, whom last, brass Ares ?
 Teuthras the godlike first, and Orestes, the warrior chieftain,
 Gallant CEnomaos, Trechos the famous Ætolian spearman,
 Helenos, offspring of CEnops, and belted Oresbios nimble,
- 700 Ever intent upon riches, who dwelt in the city of Hyla,
 Close to the banks of the wide-spread Lake of Cephissos, beside whom
 Other Bœotians lived, all owning extensive possessions.
 Now when the goddess, the white-arm'd Hera, beheld 'mong the
 Argives
- All these great ones perishing thus in the dreadful encounter,
- 705 Speedily Pallas Athena in these wing'd words she accosted :
 " O ye gods ! brave daughter of ægis-upholding Kronion,
 Certainly vain is the promise we made to renown'd Menelaus,
 Namely, that after destroying the well-wall'd city of Troia,
 Home he should reach, if we thus leave Ares to rage in the battle.
- 710 Time fast presses, and urges on us twain now to bestir us."
 Spoke : nor did Pallas Athena, the blue-eyed goddess, refuse her.
 Hera divine, great daughter of Kronos, departed in all haste,
 Hearing her accents, to harness her golden-caparison'd coursers.
 Hebe the wheels now roll'd to the chariot bright, upon both sides
- 715 Slipping them on to the smooth-form'd axle-tree fashion'd of iron ;
 Eight spokes sprung from the nave, each form'd, with the felloes, of pure
 gold :
- Circling the wheels were the tires, all brazen, of workmanship wondrous ;
 Both of the round-shaped naves, from the axle projecting, were silver :
 Hung was the body and seat of the carriage on silver and gold cords
- 720 Twined into one ; and in front was a twofold, circular crescent.
 Forth from the body projected the pole form'd wholly of silver ;
 Golden the yoke was, and beautiful poitreles, which Hebe adroitly
 Fixed to the pole. But the goddess herself upon conquest and battle
 Eager, the swift-paced steeds led forward and yoked to the carriage.
- 725 Meanwhile Pallas Athena, the daughter of mighty Kronion,
 Dropp'd on the floor of his adamant hall her magnificent garment,
 Wrought by her own fair hands, interwoven with various colours,
 Taking her tunic instead, and the glittering arms of Kronion,
 Great, cloud-gathering god ; and prepared for the tearful encounter.
- 730 Over her beautiful shoulders the fringe-hung ægis she next threw,
 Dreadful to view, where dark-plumed Terror around was depicted :

There stood Valour and Discord, and Rout the destroyer of armies ;
There stood also the head of the terrible monster the Gorgon,
Horror-inspirer, portentous device oft borne by Kronion.

735 Next, on her temples her four-coned thick-knobbed helmet she planted,
Golden, whose concave vast might have armed e'en cities a hundred.
Whereupon, taking her spear, she ascended her glittering carriage,
Grasping the shaft, huge, heavy, and sturdy, which she, the divine one,
Wields at her will, the heroic to quell, when with such she is wrathful.

740 Hera herself, now raising the whip, urged forward the coursers.
Clanging, the portals of heaven anon spontaneous open'd,
Kept by the Horæ, who guard wide Heav'n and lofty Olympus ;
Opening wide, at their pleasure, or closing, the clouds that enwrap
them.

Rapidly driving, thro' these high gates they directed the coursers,
745 Where they descried great Kronos' son from the other Immortals
Sitting apart, on the top of the crag-peak'd snowy Olympus.
Staying their horses awhile, fair Hera the white-arm'd goddess,
Question'd the deity high, great Zeus, him promptly addressing :

“ Father, for these bold deeds, oh, art thou not wrathful 'gainst Ares ?

750 Oh ! unbefitting a god, how many a Danaäd hero
Has he not ruthlessly slain, me grief insupportable bringing ?
Fair Aphrodite and Phoebus Apollo contemplate delighted,
This mad demon's misdeeds, having urged him themselves to the
slaughter.

Father, declare, oh wilt thou be wroth with thy daughter, if Ares,
755 Smitten and wounded, I now drive forth from the battle he wages ?”

Answer'd the goddess in turn great Zeus, cloud-urging Immortal :

“ Come, rouse up fair Pallas Athena, the spoiler, against him,
Prompt she is ever in sooth to inflict deep woes upon Ares.”

Spoke : nor did white-arm'd Hera divine disobey the Immortal :

760 Forthwith lashing her horses, spontaneously onward they darted,
Flying anon between earth mid-way and the glittering heavens.
Even as far as a man, while seated aloft on a watch-tower,
Scans with his eyes, when the wine-dark ocean intently surveying :
So far leapt at a bound, clear-sounding, the heavenly coursers.

765 Now when at Troia arrived, and the two soft murmuring rivers,
Where the Scamander and Simois' waters unite in a full stream,
Hera, the goddess divine, there stayed her celestial coursers,
Then in a dense cloud veiled, having first from the chariot loosed them ;
Ample ambrosial fodder the banks of the Simois yielding.

770 Even like swift-wing'd doves, so these twain wended their way on,

Hastening forward to aid with their efforts the Danaäd heroes.

Now, when arrived where round brave Diomedes, tamer of horses,
Flocking in dense crowds, met were the bravest and best of the army,
Even as terrible wild-boars looking, or ravening lions ;

- 775 There firm standing, the white-arm'd Hera exclaim'd with a loud voice,
First having likened herself unto great-soul'd Stentor the brass-voiced,
Him, whose shout, when with full force given, was equal to fifty :

“ Oh, shame, Danai ! daring in aspect, but dastards in action !
Slaves ! so long as Achilles divine took part in the battle,

- 780 Ne'er did the proud-soul'd Trojans beyond the Dardanian portals
Venture to fight, for they dreaded the spear hurl'd forth by Achilles :
Now, howbeit, they fight by the swift ships, far from the city.”

Thus having spoken ; in all she aroused great courage and prowess.
Whereon the blue-eyed goddess Athena advanced 'gainst Tydides.

- 785 This great leader she found by his horses and chariot standing,
Cooling the deep wound caused by the arrow of Pandaros warlike :
Sweat pour'd freely from under the belt of his circular buckler,
Causing exhaustion, and rendering pow'rless the hand of the hero ;
Therefore the belt he unloosed, and the dark blood wiped from beneath it.

- 790 Laying her hand on the yoke, now Pallas exclaim'd to Tydides :

“ Little resemblance has Tydeus' son, of a truth, to his father,
Tydeus in stature was small, no doubt, but he still was a hero.
Ay, for what time I debarr'd him from fighting, or rushing with fury
On to the fray, when as lieger afar sent forth by the Argives,

- 795 Even to Thebes, and the numerous tribes of the race of Cadmeans,
Where I had charged him to tarry, and feast with the rest in the
palace ;

He notwithstanding, retaining his great strength still as aforetime,
Challenged the youths of Cadmea, and came off victor in all things
Easily : such was the aid I to him as auxiliary rendered.

- 800 Even as him then, thee I will now aid, saving from danger ;
Freely I bid thee advance to the battle, and fight 'gainst the Trojans :
Either relax'd, howbeit, thy limbs are from wearisome labour,
Fighting, or, cow'd by thy fears, weigh'd down is the spirit within
thee :

Therefore, let no man rank thee with Tydeus, descended from Æneus.”

Whereon in turn her Tydeus' brave son, Diomedes answer'd :

- 805 “ Thee, O goddess, of ægis-upholding Kronion the daughter,
Know I, indeed, full well, so my thoughts I'll divulge, nor conceal them.
Sloth has not kept me aloof from the fight, nor disheartening terror,
No, for I bear on my mind the commands erewhile thou didst give me,

- 810 Never to stand forth facing in battle a god, an immortal ;
Only if fair Aphrodite, the daughter of mighty Kronion,
Ventured to fight with the sharp steel her forthwith to encounter.
Therefore it is I have thence drawn off, and commanded the others
Here to assemble ; for Ares divine fights, ruling the battle.”
- 815 Whereupon him thus answer'd the blue-eyed goddess Athena :
“ Diomedes, offspring of Tydeus, of all most dear to my bosom,
Fear not the great, man-slaughtering Ares, nor other Immortal,
Such sure aid I myself will to thee as auxiliary render.
Come, now foremost thy firm-hoof'd coursers direct against Ares,
820 Strike him in close-hand combat, regard not the furious madman,
Fool, now one side taking, and now, without reason, another :
Only a short time since to myself and to Hera who promised
Aid to the Danaäd forces to render, and fight 'gainst the Trojans :
Now, with the Trojans he joins, and the Danaäd host has forgotten.”
- 820 Thus having spoken ; she now dragg'd Sthenelos back from his
horses,
Forcing him off with her hand ; upon which he incontinent leapt down.
Whereon the goddess ascended the carriage herself in a fury,
Sitting beside brave Tydeus' son ; and the axle of beechwood
Groan'd, for it carried a goddess at once, and a champion famous.
- 830 Pallas Athena the reins and the lash now seized, and advancing,
Drove straight forward the firm-hoof'd steeds full tilt against Ares.
Ares, indeed, had himself just slain huge Periphas, bravest
Far of Ætolian heroes, and son of Ochesios warlike.
Him had the blood-stain'd god first slain, but the goddess Athena
835 Placed on her temples the helmet of Pluto to screen her from Ares.
- Whereon the war-god, Tydeus' brave son, Diomedes, seeing,
Left huge Periphas lying supine, where first he had fell'd him,
Taking his life, and attack'd next Diomedes, tamer of horses.
Then when they drew near, one to the other, advancing to battle,
840 Over the yoke and the reins of the steeds brave Ares himself stretch'd
Foremost of all, with his sharp brass war-spear eager to slay him :
Straightway blue-eyed Pallas Athena the spear in her hand caught,
Turning it off from the chariot so that in vain it was darted.
Next rushed Diomedes, great in the war-shout, forward, his brass spear
845 Wielding, and Pallas its point in the lowermost belly of Ares
Instantly fixed, at the spot where round him his girdle was belted.
There fast sticking, it wounded his flank, and his beautiful skin tore.
Drawing the sharp spear forth, then loud roar'd Ares the brazen,
Even as full nine thousand, or ten, roar mingling in battle.

- 850 Terror on this seized hold of the Argives alike and the Trojans,
 Such was the roar which from Ares insatiate burst in his anguish.
 E'en as a thick haze rising appears 'mong the clouds in the heavens,
 Sultriness spreading around, and a hot wind sending before it :
 Such unto Diomede, Tydeus' son, seem'd Ares the brazen,
- 855 Mounting aloft in the clouds in the wide-spread heaven around him.
 Soon he arrived at the seat of the gods upon lofty Olympus ;
 Close by Kronion he now sat down, much grieved in his spirit,
 Showing the blood, the immortal, which still flow'd forth from his deep
 wound,
 Uttering sad complaints ; when he in wing'd words spoke and addressed him :
- 860 " Witnessing such deeds, art thou not wroth, O Father Kronion ?
 Ever, in sooth, woes grievous and sad we deities suffer,
 Caused by ourselves, while rendering succour to men who are mortal.
 All are incensed with thyself, for a daughter pernicious and frenzied,
 One who in mischief alone finds joy, thou, indeed, hast begotten ;
- 865 Yes, for the other Immortals, as many as dwell in Olympus,
 Thee still ever obey, nor presume to refuse thee allegiance :
 Her, howbeit, thou neither restrainest in word nor in action,
 Ever indulging, pernicious ! because she forsooth is thy daughter.
 She it is truly, whom proud-soul'd Diomede, Tydeus' offspring,
- 870 Lately has thus urged on to rebel 'gainst the blessèd Immortals.
 First on the hand, at the wrist, Aphrodite he wounded in close fight ;
 Then at myself next, peer of the gods, he incontinent darted,
 Where, had my own swift feet not assisted, assuredly great woes
 Long had I suffer'd 'mid heaps of the out-spread slain, or if living
- 875 Powerless had been, worn-out by the strokes of the merciless weapons."
- Frowning with wrath, cloud-gathering Zeus him answer'd indignant :
 " Changeful and base ! cease, vent not thy grief here sitting beside
 me ;
 No, for above all gods of Olympus, I hate and detest thee ;
 Seeing to thee strifes ever are grateful, and battles and warfare :
- 880 Hera thy mother's unbending, unbearable nature, and spirit,
 Plainly thou showest, which I e'en hardly can keep in subjection :
 Therefore I judge that thy sufferings spring from her crafty devices.
 Nevertheless, no more can I witness the pain thou endurest,
 Calling to mind that thy mother did bear thee, and thou art mine own son.
- 885 Hadst thou, destructive in war as thou art, of another Immortal
 Only been born, thy abode had been lower than Uranos' offspring's."
- Thus he address'd him : consigning him over to Pæon to cure him.
 Whereupon Pæon with torture-assuaging appliances heal'd him,

Spreading them o'er, for, in sooth, no frame that was mortal possess'd
he.

- 890 Even as fig-tree rennet the white milk curdles when mingled,
Causing the liquid at once to coagulate, while it is mixing :
So did he heal the impetuous blood-stain'd deity Ares.
Hebe anon him bathed, and adorned in a beautiful vesture :
Whereon, exulting in glory, he now sat down by Kronion.
- 895 Straightway after return'd to the palace of mighty Kronion,
Hera of Argos, and Pallas Athena her high coadjutor,
Great man-slaughtering Ares from carnage and death having hinder'd.

END OF BOOK FIFTH.

BOOK SIXTH.

THUS from the fight 'tween Trojans and Argives withdrew the Immortals.
Surged now here, now there, the impetuous wave of the battle,
Where, with the brass-tipp'd spear, man combated man on the wide plain
Lying around famed Simois' stream and the eddyng Xanthos.

- 5 First Telamonian Aias, the bulwark renown'd of the Argives,
Broke thro' the squares of the Trojans, and thus brought light to his
comrades ;

Striking a man who in deeds was the best of the Thracian heroes,
Acamas, valiant and stately, the offspring of famous Eusoros.

Him he a blow first struck on the horse-hair cone of his helmet,

- 10 Piercing his brow with the bright brass spear, and the merciless weapon
Right thro' the bone having enter'd, his eyes were in darkness o'ershow'd.

Diomede, great at the war-shout, next slew Axylos valiant,
Offspring of Teuthras, who dwelt in the well-built city Arisba,
Wealthy in substance, and dear to his fellows ; for close to the highway

- 15 Dwelling, he wont to dispense entertainment to travellers passing :
This notwithstanding, to ward off death, none came to his rescue,
Standing before him ; but Diomede slew both him and his henchman,
Charioteer of his horses, Calesios, sending to Hades.

Next did Euryalos Dresos despatch, and Opheltios gallant,

- 20 Then rush'd forth on Æsepos, and Pedasos bold, whom the Naiad,
Fair Abarbarea, bore erewhile to Bucolion, blameless,
Blameless Bucolion, son of Laomedon famous in story,
Eldest by birth ; whom his mother clandestinely bore to his father.

While he was tending his sheep, he commingled in love with the Naiad ;

- 25 Whereupon, pregnant becoming, she bore twin sons to her lover.

Gallant Euryalos, son of Mecisteus, relaxing their stout limbs,

Slew them, and tore from their shoulders the armour with which they
were girded.

- Then was Astyalos slain by the hand of renown'd Polypoetes.
Fell by Odysseus' hand the Percosian chieftain Pidytes ;
- 30 Teukros despatch'd the divine Aretaon, and sent him to Hades.
Further, Antilochos slew with his glittering weapon Ableros,
Offspring of Nestor ; and great, wide-ruling Atreides himself slew
Elatos brave, who by Pedasos high dwelt, close to the river
Satnoëis limpid ; and stalwart Leitos despatch'd with his war-spear
- 35 Phylacos flying ; Eurypylos thereon Melanthios plunder'd.
Then Menelaus, renown'd at the war-shout, captured Adrastos
Living, for, flying bewilder'd across wide meadows, his horses
Dash'd on a tamarisk branch, and his bow-shaped chariot shatter'd,
Breaking the end of the pole ; and the scared steeds rushed to the city ;
- 40 Whither before some others had fled urged on by their terror.
Down from his chariot-seat he was roll'd to the wheel, and, extended,
Lay with his mouth in the dust ; but beside him the brave Menelaus,
Atreus' son, soon stood with his bright, long-shadowèd war-spear :
Whereon Adrastos, embracing his knees, as a suppliant prayed him :
- 45 " Take me alive, Menelaus, and costly rewards will be paid thee ;
Many a pile lies hid in the house of my opulent father,
Gold in abundance and brass, and besides, much curiously-wrought steel :
Out of the same will my father bestow on you infinite ransoms,
Soon as he hears I am safely arrived at the ships of the Argives."
- 50 Thus did he speak, and persuaded the soul in his breast ; and already
Atreus' son was about to consign him to some of his henchmen,
Him to convey to the ships of the Argives, but King Agamemnon
Towards him now ran shouting, and meeting, upbraided his brother:
" O soft-hearted ! of these why heedful, beloved Menelaus ?
- 55 Kindly attentions were no doubt shown to thy house by the Trojans
Once on a time ! Now, therefore, consign them to utter destruction ;
Suffer not one to escape from our hands ; no, even the infant,
Borne in the womb by the mother, permit not to live ; let the people
Utterly perish, unknown, and without ev'n burial honours."
- 60 Thus having spoken, the king soon alter'd the mind of his brother,
Counselling wisely ; and he with his hand thrust backward Adrastos :
Whereon the King Agamemnon Atreides incontinent slew him,
Smiting him under the navel, and backward he fell ; and Atreides,
Planting his heel on the corse, drew forth from the fallen his javelin.
- 65 Nestor, on this, high raising his voice, call'd out to the Argives :
" O my beloved friends, Danaad heroes, attendants of Ares,
Hear me, let no one desirous of spoil now linger behind us,
Merely to bring good stores, and again fall back on the galleys :

Foremost of all let the foeman be slain ; thereafter at leisure,
70 All through the wide plain, spoil ye the corpses of such as have fallen."

Thus having spoken, the firmness and courage of each he excited.
Then had the Trojans at length, 'neath the power of the warlike Achaians
Soon into Troia been driven again, by their cowardice conquer'd,
Had not the far-famed soothsayer, Helenos, offspring of Priam,
75 Standing beside them, address'd these words to Æneas and Hector :

" Seeing, Æneas and Hector, on your two heads, as the bravest,
Chiefly depends the conducting the Trojan and Lycian armies,
Both as regards good counsel bestowing, and manfully fighting,
Stand in the front of the gates, and restrain by your presence the army
80 Running in utter confusion, lest haply the fugitive Trojans
Fall in the arms of their wives, and a triumph become to the foeman.
Once ye twain have exhorted the phalanxes, we who remain here,
Tired tho' we be, will contend with the foe ; for necessity urges.
Hector, do thou meanwhile to the city depart, to our mother :
85 Bid her to summon together the matrons of note in the temple
Rear'd in the citadel high to the blue-eyed goddess Athena ;
There, with the key having open'd the door of the edifice sacred,
Charge her to take that robe she herself deems richest of texture,
Amplest of fold, and the one most valued of all in her wardrobe,
90 Placing the same on the knees of the blue-eyed goddess Athena ;
Then let her vow twelve heifers to offer to her on the altar,
Heifers of one year old, to the goad unaccustom'd ; if haply
Pity she'll show to the city, the children and wives of the Trojans,
Turning from Ilium sacred, the warrior offspring of Tydeus,
95 Diomedes fierce, the inspirer of dread fear ever in mortals ;
Him whom I hold as the bravest by far of the sons of Achaia.
Even Achilles himself, that man 'mong a thousand, we never
Dreaded like him, though descended, they say, from a goddess ; but this

man

Fearfully storms, and in vain one braver we look for around us."
100 Spoke ; nor did Hector the counsel resist, disobeying his brother.
Down from his chariot leaping at once on the ground in his armour,
Wielding his sharp brass spear, thro' the army he ev'rywhere hasten'd,
Urging them all to the fight, and he each man roused to the onslaught.
Roused thus, round him they rallied, and there stood facing the Argives.
105 Whereon the sons of Achaia withdrew, dread carnage foregoing,
Thinking that one of the gods, the immortal, had down from the starry
Heaven descended to fight for the Trojans ; so boldly they rallied.
Shouting aloud then, thus brave Hector exhorted the Trojans :

“Trojans renown’d, and confederate powers, brought here from a distance,

110 Show yourselves heroes, my friends, and recall your invincible valour ;
I meanwhile will to Ilium go, and our wives and the elders
Charge to prefer to the gods meet prayers, and hecatombs offer.”

This having said ; great, crest-plumed Hector incontinent left them,
Round him the black ox-hide which his shield all bossy, encircled,
115 Flapping from shoulder to heel, while onward he strode to the city.

Glaucos, Hippolochos’ son, now right in the midst of the armies
Diomede, Tydeus’ brave son, marked, both eager to combat.
Whereon, prepared each other to meet in the dreadful encounter,
Diomede, brave at the war-shout, him first boldly accosted :

120 “ Who then, tell me, of mortals art thou, most valiant of heroes ?
Never before have I seen thee appear in the glorious battle :
Others, thy peers, thou hast far outrivall’d in hardihood’s daring,
Seeing my dread, long-shadowèd spear thou here hast awaited.
They are the sons of the hapless who me meet girded for battle.

125 If thou art one of the gods, the immortal, from heaven descended,
Hitherward come, know this, no god will I ever encounter :
No, for puissant Lycurgos, the offspring of Dryas, who whilome
Fought with the heavenly powers had his years cut short in his vigour.
Once, when pursuing the nurses of mad Dionysos, he chased them
130 Down the divine hill Nyssa, and forced them relinquish their vine-
wreath’d

Wands, which they threw on the ground, by the great man-slayer
Lycurgos

Struck with an ox-goad : then Dionysos, frantic with terror,
Under the wave sunk ; Thetis divine, howbeit, received him
Pale to her bosom, for terrible dread of Lycurgos had seized him.
135 Afterwards anger against him the peacefully living Immortals
Showed, and Olympian Zeus him soon struck blind ; and he lived not
Long thereafter, and hated became of the blessèd Immortals.
Wherefore it is with a god I have no wish ever to combat.
Nathless, if thou of the earth’s fruit eatest, and only art mortal,

140 Come, draw nigh, for the end of thy days thou hast surely accomplish’d.”

Answer’d in turn the illustrious son of Hippolochos, Glaucos :

“ Why dost thou ask of my birth, thou high-soul’d offspring of Tydeus ?
E’en as the leaves of the trees, so also is man’s generation :
Some leaves fall to the ground, by the wind shed, others the juices

145 Bring in succession, which Spring to maturity nurses in season.
So with the races of men, one cometh, another departeth.

- Still, of myself if thou something wouldst learn, and my lineage noble,
 Known tho' it is full well unto many already, I'll tell thee :
 Ephyre stands in a nook of renown'd steed-pasturing Argos ;
 150 Here dwelt Sisypheos, ever esteemed most subtle of mortals,
 Sisypheos, Æolos' son, who again was the father of Glaucos.
 Glaucos begat next blameless Bellerophon brave, by the great gods
 Bless'd with divinest of forms and agreeable manliness blended.
 Proetos the king, howbeit, devised great evil against him,
 155 Banishing forth from the country the man most cherished among them,
 Zeus meanwhile having brought this rich land under his sceptre.
 Proetos' wife, the divinest Antea, impell'd by her passion,
 Long'd to commingle with him in a secret embrace, but she never
 Once could persuade right-thinking Bellerophon, noble in spirit ;
 160 Therefore a falsehood framing, she thus King Proetos accosted :
 ' Die, O Proetos, thyself, or Bellerophon slay on the instant ;
 Him who with me, unwilling, desired love's rites to indulge in.'
 Thus she address'd him ; and rage seized hold of the king when he
 heard it.
 Yearning to slay him, his heart still shrank from the deed and misgave
 him ;
 165 Therefore to Lycia forward he sent him, with characters fatal,
 Things full many of deadliest import writing on tablets,
 Bidding him show them his father-in-law, that the monarch might slay
 him :
 ¹⁷So, by the blameless Immortals conducted, to Lycia went he.
 Now, when he there had arrived, and had come to the streams of the
 Xanthos,
 170 Him did the monarch of wide-spread Lycia honour, and treated
 Nine days kindly, of nine fat oxen a sacrifice making ;
 Soon as the tenth fresh morn, howbeit, appear'd rosy-finger'd,
 Him he began forthwith to interrogate, asking the token,
 Brought from his son-in-law Proetos, the better to judge of his errand.
 175 Now when the characters fatal were given at length to the monarch,
 Foremost of all, he commanded him slay the tremendous Chimæra,
 Who was, in sooth, of divine birth sprung, not begotten of mortals ;
 Lion in front, fierce dragon behind, and a goat in the middle,
 Breathing her great strength forth in the terrible blazing of fire-flames.
 180 Her he at once slew, bold in the signs the Immortals had giv'n him.
 Second, he fought the illustrious Solymi, saying, he never
 Yet had encounter'd a foe more fierce 'mong the races of mortals.
 Thirdly, he slew in the battle the Amazons, famous for courage.

- Further, the monarch a deep plot framed for his guest on returning.
 185 Choosing the bravest of men in the wide-spread Lycian region,
 Placed he an ambush, but home not a man of them ever again saw ;
 Blameless Bellerophon every soul there speedily slaying.
 Now when the old king found that his guest was indeed of divine birth,
 Him he detained there, giving him even his daughter in marriage ;
 190 One half too, of his dignity royal the monarch assigned him.
 Likewise the Lycians gave him a pleasant enclosure for culture,
 Rich in its soil, for the plough and the grape-vine equally fitted.
 She three children in due time bore to Bellerophon warlike,
 Namely, Hippolochos, Laodamia, and gallant Isandros.
 195 Laodamia herself gave up to Kronion's embraces,
 Whereon she bore the renown'd, brass-helmeted, godlike Sarpedon.
 Now when Bellerophon hated became of the gods of Olympus,
 Lonely he wander'd afar through the wide-spread plain of Aleia,
 Shunning the paths, as he wander'd, of mortals, and pining in spirit.
 200 Ares, insatiate ever in war, slew valiant Isandros,
 Son of Bellerophon, fighting the Solymi, fiercest of mortals.
 Laodamia was slain by the gold-rein'd Artemis wrathful.
 Lastly, Hippolochos me did beget, for I boast me his offspring.
 Me unto Troia he sent, well charged with parental instructions,
 205 Ever with courage to fight, and surpass all others around me, ✓
 Never the line of my fathers to shame, who were known as the bravest
 Far of Ephyrian men, and the wide-spread Lycian region.
 Such is the blood which I boast, such likewise my lineage noble."]
 Ended : and Diomedes, brave in the war-shout, greatly rejoiced him.
 210 Whereon his spear on the rich loam soil he incontinent planted,
 Thus to the guide of the people in kind words courteously speaking :—
 " Certainly thou art the offspring of him whom my ancestor whilom
 Shelter'd, for Ceneus Bellerophon brave entertain'd in his mansion
 Kindly of yore, as I've heard, him days full twenty detaining ;
 215 Beautiful gifts interchanged they as well, hospitality's tokens.
 Ceneus a girdle on his part gave, bright shining with purple ;
 Blameless Bellerophon's gift was a two-fold cup of refined gold :
 This in my palace behind me I left upon hitherward coming.
 Tydeus my sire, I can hardly remember, for while I was yet young
 220 Went he away, when the hosts of the Danai perish'd at Thebæ :
 Therefore thy host I shall be in the middle of Argos, and thou mine,
 Doubtless, in turn, should I ever in wide-spread Lycia sojourn.
 Come, let us therefore avoid each other when mingling in battle :
 Truly for my sharp spear there are Trojans enow, or their allies

225 Brave, whomsoever the gods shall appoint, by my feet overtaken ;
 Argives for thine too, many to slay, whomsoever thou reachest.
 Come, let us each change armour, the one with the other, that even
 These may perceive that we boast ourselves friends from paternal connexion."

Thus having spoken ; they both from their chariots quickly alighted,
 230 Took each other at once by the hand, and their faith and adherence
 Plighted ; on which Zeus wholly deprived brave Glaucos of reason.
 Foolish ! exchanging with Tydeus' son, brave Diomedes, armour,
 Golden for brazen ! for nine beeves only a hecatomb giving !

Hector had come meanwhile to the Scæan gates, and the beech tree,
 235 Whereupon Ilium's matrons and maids came flocking around him,
 Anxiously each, for her husband or son, or a brother, or kindred
 Asking : but Hector commanded them all forthwith to the high gods
 Due supplications to offer, for woes over many impending.

Reaching at length the magnificent palace of Priam the monarch,
 240 Finish'd with porticoes, all well-polish'd, in which there were inside
 Fifty capacious chambers, of smooth-wrought marble constructed,
 Lying apart, where rested the sons of the king with their consorts :
 Inside, too, right opposite these, were the rooms for his daughters,
 Twelve roof'd chambers, the whole lined round with the costliest marble ;
 245 All, moreover, contiguous lying, the same as the others ;
 Where with their chaste wives likewise his sons-in-law went to repose
 them :

There, as she wended her way to Laodice's chamber, the fairest
 Truly in form of the beautiful daughters of Priam, his mother
 Met him, and clinging with warmth to his hand, thus spoke, and address'd him :

250 " Wherefore, my son, hast thou come up hither, the battle forsaking ?
 Doubtless the sons of Achaia accursèd, torment thee, and harass,
 Fighting around fair Troia ; the soul in thy breast hath impell'd thee
 Hither, thy hands to uplift from the citadel high to Kronion.
 Wait, howbeit, a goblet of genial wine I shall bring thee,
 255 First a libation to pour unto Zeus and the other Immortals ;
 Then if thou wilt, thou canst drink, and the wine, no doubt, will refresh
 thee :

Wine to a toil-worn man like thee gives power of endurance.
 Weary, indeed, thou dost seem with thy efforts in aiding thy kindred."

Her then answer'd in turn brave crest-plumed, helmeted Hector :
 260 Bring me not genial wine, O mother, revered and belovèd,
 Lest it enervate, and cause me forget my puissance and valour :

- Greatly I dread dark wine to Kronion to pour with unwash'd hands,
 Neither, indeed, is it fitting that I, still reeking with carnage,
 Venture my vows to prefer to the great, cloud-urging Immortal.
- 265 Go, howbeit, thyself to the temple of robbing Athena,
 Taking the victims as well, and the matrons of note having gather'd,
 There, that robe in the palace the amplest and loveliest reckon'd,
 Most by thy own heart prized, place thou on the knees of the goddess ;
 Vowing to sacrifice twelve fair heifers to her in the temple,
- 270 Yearlings, ungoaded as yet at the plough ; if the goddess will haply
 Pity the town, and the wives, and the innocent babes of the Trojans ;
 So she may deign to avert from the city of Ilium sacred
 Tydeus' son, that warrior fierce, fear's horrid inspirer.
 Haste then, mother, away to the temple of robbing Athena ;
- 275 While I myself go Paris to summon to battle, if only
 Listen he will to my call. O would that the earth might indeed yawn
 Even for him, for Olympian Zeus, of a surety has raised him
 Up as a bane to the high-soul'd Priam, his sons, and the Trojans.
 O that I could this moment behold him descending to Hades !
- 280 Then might I say that my soul had forgotten its measureless sorrow."
- Thus spoke Hector : and straight to her palace his mother departed,
 Orders to give to her maids, who assembled the dames of distinction.
 Meanwhile she to her chamber with sweet scents fragrant descended,
 Where were preserved in her wardrobes, the work of Sidonian women,
- 285 Fine robes richly embroider'd, which fair Alexander himself brought
 Hither from Sidon, what time he the broad sea traversed, and carried
 Helen away with him, sprung of a sire high-minded and noble.
 Hecuba lifting the one most beauteous and varied in colour,
 Longest and broadest as well, and the undermost lying of any,
- 290 Shining as bright as a star, now brought it, a gift to Athena ;
 Whereon she hasten'd away by her numerous matrons attended.
- Now when arrived at the fane in the citadel lofty, Theano,
 Fair-cheek'd daughter of Cisseus, and wife of the noble Antenor,
 Famed as the tamer of horses, immediately opened the portals,
- 295 (Seeing the Trojans had made her the priestess of robbing Athena),
 Then with a loud long wail they uplifted their hands to the goddess ;
 Whereon the fair-cheek'd priestess attendant, the robe having taken,
 Placed it, as told, on the knees of the fair-hair'd goddess Athena,
 Prayers presenting and vows to the daughter of mighty Kronion :
- 300 " Goddess divine and revered, sole guardian ever of Troia,
 Diomedes' spear, O break ; vouchsafe that the hero himself fall
 Lifeless, and lie at the front of the Scæan gates of the city :

So will we sacrifice twelve fair heifers, as due to thy altar,
Yearlings, ungoaded as yet at the plough ; if the goddess will haply
305 Pity the town, and the wives, and the innocent babes of the Trojans."

Such was the prayer they preferred to the blue-eyed Pallas Athena :
All thus pray'd, but the goddess divine no answer accorded.

Hector had gone meanwhile to the beautiful chamber of Paris,
Built by himself with the help of artificers, men who were reckon'd
310 Much most skilful of all in the city of Troia the fruitful :
These had erected for Paris a guest-room, chamber, and large hall,
Built in the citadel, close to the dwellings of Priam and Hector.
Enter'd within now Zeus-loved Hector, a spear of eleven
Cubits in length in his right hand holding ; the point of the brass spear
315 Glittering shone, and the shaft had a pure gold ferrule around it.
Him in his chamber he found, ornamenting his beautiful armour,
Corslet, and radiant buckler ; his curved bow also preparing.
Helen of Argos was seated the while with her female attendants,
Superintending the tasks of her maids, for embroidery famous.

320 Him then Hector, on seeing, upbraided, addressing in these words :
" Foolish ! befitting it is not to nurse this rage in thy bosom ;
People are perishing fighting around both city and ramparts ;
Yes, and thyself art the cause of the war, and the terrible battle
Blazing around, and wouldst doubtless be foremost the man to inculcate,
325 Who, while others remain'd at their post, had withdrawn from the combat.
Up, lest the city itself blaze forth with the fire of the foeman."

Him then thus the divine Alexander incontinent answer'd :
" Hector, my brother, since me thou reprovest with reason and justice,
Answer I'll give thee, but take good heed and accord me attention :
330 Neither because of my wrath 'gainst the Trojans, nor just indignation,
Here in my chamber I sit but to give myself up to my sorrow.
E'en now Helen, my wife, with her tenderly soothing expressions
Urged me the battle to join, and, indeed, for myself I esteem it
Better in good sooth, seeing that victory often alternates.

335 Come now, wait, let me first put on my equipments ; or rather
Go thou thyself, I will follow thee soon, and I think overtake thee."

Thus he address'd him ; but Hector the crest-plumed-helmeted spoke not.
Whereupon Helen address'd him in these words soothing his anger :

" Brother-in-law, O me most wicked, deviser of evil !
340 Would that a terrible tempest of wind, that day that my mother
Bore me, had lifted, and carried me far to a desolate mountain ;
Yea, or had plunged in the surges of ocean, the distant resounding ;
Where I had sunk far down in its depths, these evils averting.

Nevertheless, as the gods have decreed such terrible evils,
345 Fitting it were that a man more brave had indeed been my husband,
One who could feel the disgrace and reproaches of many around him.
This man's mind, howbeit, is neither at present decided,
Neither in future will be ; and the fruit he will reap, if I err not.
Come now, enter within, sit down on the couch and repose thee,
350 Brother-in-law, for fatigues full many and griefs have oppress'd thee,
Both on account of myself, O shame ! and the passion of Paris.
Sad is the doom upon us two laid by the mighty Kronion :
Wretched ! that we should a theme be for song hereafter to mortals."

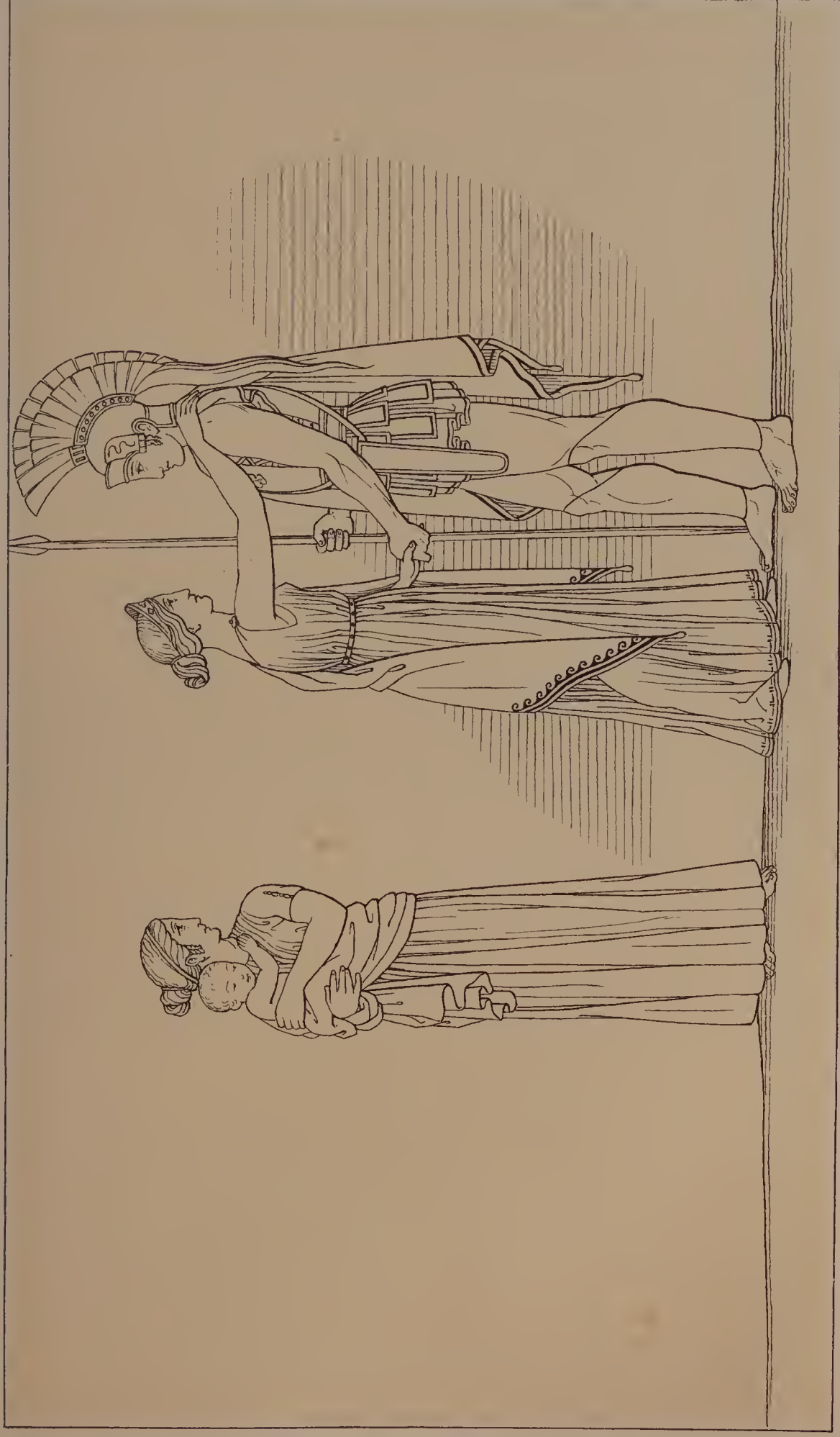
Whereupon her huge, crest-plumed Hector incontinent answer'd :
355 " Ask me not, Helen, to sit, though kind, thou wilt never persuade me ;
No, for my spirit is now stirred up to be helpful to Troia,
Even at this time, seeing they greatly regret my departure.
Go, howbeit, arouse Alexander, and tell him to hasten,
Even that me he may yet overtake while still in the city :
360 Home I shall forthwith go, my domestics to see and converse with,
Likewise my brave boy-child and the much-loved wife of my bosom,
Seeing I know not, indeed, if I ever again shall return home
Safely, or whether the gods will subdue me beneath the Achaians."

Thus having spoken, the crest-plumed-helmeted Hector departed ;
365 Reaching immediately after his well-placed, beautiful palace :
There, notwithstanding, the comely Andromache waiting he found not ;
She with her infant son, and her well-robed maiden beside her,
Stood on the high tower-roof, tears shedding the while and lamenting.
Hector, not finding his blameless Andromache then in the palace,
370 Went to the threshold, where, now standing, he question'd her handmaids :

" Tell me, for certain, I pray of you all, good maidens, inform me,
Whither has comely Andromache gone upon leaving the palace ?
Say, has she gone to the chambers of any one, either her husband's,
Sisters', or brothers-in-law's fair well-robed wives', peradventure ?
375 Haply her steps she has bent to the goddess' temple, Athena,
Whither the fair-hair'd matrons of Troia have gone to appease her ?"

Him in return thus answer'd the chief of Andromache's maidens :
" Hector, as thou hast demanded to know of a truth, I will tell thee ;
Neither, indeed, the apartments of any one, either her husband's,
380 Sisters', or brothers-in-law's fair well-robed wives', has she entered,
Neither her steps has she bent to the goddess' temple, Athena,
Whither the fair-hair'd matrons of Troia have gone to appease her :
No, but she went into Ilium's loftiest tower upon hearing
How that the Trojans were spent, and the strength of the Danai mighty.

- 385 Yes, she is now on her way to the high wall, hurrying forward,
Frenzied in look, and the nurse in her soft arms carries the infant.”
Ended the chief maid ; whereupon Hector away from the palace
Hasten'd, his steps thro' the well-built streets of the city retracing.
Now when arrived at the Scaean gates, having passed thro' the city,
390 (Seeing by this same way he intended to go to the champaign)
There soon met him his spouse, rich-dower'd Andromache, running :
She who was daughter beloved of Eëtion noble of nature,
Powerful Eëtion, king of the woody Hypoplacos' region,
Fair Hypoplacian Thebes ; far over Cilicia reigning.
- 395 Her brass-helmeted Hector espoused, and possess'd as his consort.
Him now comely Andromache met, with the maiden beside her,
Bearing the bright-faced child in her bosom, as yet but an infant,
Hector's beloved son, shining as bright as a star in its beauty.
Him brave Hector Scamandrios called, but Astyanax others,
- 400 Seeing his father alone was the mighty protector of Troia.
Hector awhile stood silent, and smiled as he gazed on the infant.
Standing beside him, Andromache, warm tears shedding profusely,
Hung on his hand ; then, speaking in these words, thus she address'd him :
“Strangest of mortals, indeed this valour of thine will destroy thee ;
- 405 Pity thou show'st not to me, most wretched of wives, nor thy infant,
Soon, of a surety, of thee to be reft ; for the Argives will slay thee
Falling upon thee at once : but for me, if bereft of my husband,
Far, far better it were that I sunk in the earth, for of comfort
Nothing I longer shall know, when thy terrible destiny meets thee :
- 410 Sorrow alone will be mine, for I neither have father nor mother,
Seeing Achilles divine my august sire slew when he laid waste
Populous Thebes, with its vast high gates, the Cilician city.
Mighty Eëtion slew he, but spoil'd not, of that he had scruples ;
Him, howbeit, he burnt in his fine-wrought, curious armour ;
- 415 Over him rearing a tomb ; and the Oreads, nymphs of the mountains,
Daughters of mighty Kronion, an elm grove planted around it.
Ay, moreover, the much-loved brothers who lived in the palace,
Seven in number, descended in one day all into Hades ;
Cruelly slain by the hand of divine, swift-footed Achilles,
- 420 While they were tending their crook-hoof'd oxen and sheep in the pastures.
Likewise my mother, who ruled in the dense Hypoplacian woodlands,
Hither conveyed with her various untold treasures and jewels,
Only at last he allow'd, for unspeakable gifts, to return home,
Where she was soon in the halls of my sire by the arrow-rejoicing
- 425 Artemis slain. But, my Hector, to me thou art father and mother,



The meeting of Hector and Andromache. Book 6.P. 396.



- Brother as well, and my husband above all, blooming in vigour.
 Come now, pity me then, and abide still here on the rampart,
 Make not a widow indeed of thy wife, of thine infant an orphan.
 Station a band at the wild fig-tree, where chiefly the city
 430 Easy of access is deem'd, and the walls may be scaled that surround it.
 Thrice have the bravest by far of the foe gone up to assault it,
 Led by the Aias twain, and Idomeneus, famed for his valour,
 Atreus' sons, moreover, and Diomed, Tydeus' offspring.
 Certainly some man, skill'd as an augur, has pointed the place out
 435 Yonder, or haply their own shrewd sense has induced them to try it."
 Her in return thus answer'd the huge, plume-helmeted Hector :
 " These things too, dear wife, unto me are a care, but above all,
 Reverence feel I alike for the heroes and matrons of Troia ;
 Therefore entreat no more that I slave-like fly from the battle :
 440 Neither, indeed, does my mind thus prompt, for courageous I've shown me,
 Foremost of all in the ranks of the high-soul'd Trojans contending,
 Seeking my own and my sire's great glory to vindicate ever.
 Yes, for a day will arrive, full well do I know in my spirit,
 Truly a day of distress, when the city of Troia shall perish,
 445 Priam as well, and the people of Priam, renown'd with the ash spear.
 Nevertheless, that grief which awaits me will not be so poignant
 Then, on account of the Trojans, nor Priam, nor Hecuba even,
 No, nor my brothers, who, many and valorous, also are destined
 All in the dust to be trod, laid low by the hostile avenger
 450 Fierce, as for thee, when by one of the brass-greaved chiefs of Achaia
 Led off weeping, the day of thy freedom for ever departed.
 Then thou shalt weave, peradventure, in Argos the web for another,
 Ay, or from famous Messeis', or sparkling Hyperia's fountain,
 Water unwillingly bring, thee direful necessity urging.
 455 Some one mayhap hereafter will say, on beholding thee weeping :
 ' This was the wife of illustrious Hector, the bravest in battle
 Far of the horsemen of Troia, who fought round Ilium sacred.'
 Thus will they speak ; deep anguish anew in thy bosom exciting,
 Husbandless then ; in the day of thy servitude none to befriend thee.
 460 Oh, may the heap'd-up earth, me dead, hide deep in its bosom,
 Ere thou art carried away, 'mid thy shrieks and calamitous wailing."
 Thus having spoken, his hands the illustrious Hector extended
 Towards his boy ; but the child on the sheltering breast of the maiden
 Sunk back screaming, alarm'd at his brave sire's warrior aspect ;
 465 Fearing the horse-hair tuft, and the shine of the brass as it glittered ;
 Marking the plume as it dreadfully waved on the top of his helmet.

Smiled the affectionate father at this, and the matronly mother.
Glorious Hector the casque from his head then taking, and laying
Down on the ground, all glittering bright, in his hand as he held it,
470 Kissing his loved child fondly, and pressing him close to his bosom,
Lifting his voice, spoke, praying to Zeus and the other Immortals :
“ Zeus, and ye other Olympian gods, vouchsafe that my son be
Even as I, 'mong the people of Troia, renown'd for his valour,
Powerful in might as myself, over Ilium ruling with wisdom :
475 O may they one day say of my boy when returning from battle,
‘ Ah ! he is greater by far than his sire ;’ and the foe having slaughter'd,
Blood-smear'd spoils let him capture, and gladden the soul of his mother.”

Thus having spoken ; the boy to the hands of his dearly beloved wife
Gladly he trusted, and she to her fragrant bosom received him,
480 Tearfully smiling the while ; and her husband regarding her, pitied,
Stroking her arm with his hand ; thus tenderly speaking to soothe her :

“ Vex not thyself too much, my belovèd, at what may await me :
Oh, be assured no mortal shall send me untimely to Hades.
No man ever the fate for a moment can fly, which awaits him,
485 Whether the brave or the base, when he once has awoke into being.
Home to thy house now go, and attend to thy various callings,
Plying the distaff and web, and apportioning each of thy maidens
Some fair task to perform : dread war is the business of all men
Born in the city of Troia, above all, surely of Hector.”

490 Thus having spoken : illustrious Hector the helmet of horse-hair
Lifted anew, and his much-loved wife then homeward departed ;
Turning again and again, long looking behind her and weeping.
Reaching the spacious palace of Hector, the hero-destroyer,
There she the numerous band of her handmaids found, and excited
495 Sorrow and grief in the bosoms of all. They bewail'd in his palace
Hector alive still, saying he never again would return home
Safe from the battle, escaping the powerful hands of the Argives.

Neither did Paris delay in his high-roof'd halls, but he hasten'd
On thro' the city, so soon as his far-famed armour of bright brass,
500 Curiously wrought, he had donned ; on his swift feet fully relying.
Even as some proud steed, well fed in the stable on barley,
Breaking his cord, runs, bounding with swift feet over the champaign,
Wild in his freedom, accustomed in some fair river to bathe him ;
Proudly he carries his head, and his full mane tosses around him,
505 Over his shoulders ; but conscious of beauty and vigour and fleetness,
Lightly his firm knees bear him away to the pasturing coursers :
So Alexander, the offspring of Priam, refulgent in armour

- E'en as the sun, from the summit of Pergamos, joyous descended,
Borne by his swift feet on. Soon after the citadel leaving,
510 Paris, his high-soul'd brother, descried on the point of departing
Forth from the place, where lately he stood with Andromache talking.
First, Alexander, the godlike, accosted illustrious Hector :
“ Brother beloved, thee here from thy post in the fight I'm detaining,
Staying behind, the exact time fixed and agreed to forgetting.”
515 Whereupon him thus answer'd the crest-plumed-helmeted Hector :
“ Well, good brother, 'tis true, no man who is honest in judging,
Thee can impugn as a leader in battle, for brave thou indeed art :
Nevertheless, thou art wilful at times, not desiring the battle ;
Truly, it saddens my heart, when I hear things touching thy honour
520 Said in derision by brave-soul'd Trojans who fight in thy favour.
Come, meanwhile let us off ; these things hereafter can doubtless
All be adjusted, if Zeus vouchsafe that we quaff in our palace,
Pledge of our freedom, a goblet of wine to the blessèd Immortals,
Once we have driven from Troia the well-greaved sons of Achaia.”

BOOK SEVENTH.

- THIS having said ; rush'd forth from the gates, great, conquering Hector ;
Close on his footsteps follow'd his brother, divine Alexander ;
Both being eager to wage fierce war, and encounter the Argives.
E'en as a fair wind sent by Kronion to mariners weary,
- 5 Long for it waiting, when plying the glittering oars on the ocean,
Labouring hard, and their muscles and limbs are relaxed with the effort :
So to the Trojans, expecting their coming, appear'd these heroes.
Paris at once slew warlike Menesthios, son of the hero
Brave Areïthoös, great club-brandishing chieftain, and ox-eyed
- 10 Philomedusa, renown'd Areïthoös, dwelling in Arne :
Hector, Eïoneus next smote under his helmet with brass work
Glittering bright, on the neck, with his sharp war-spear, and despatch'd
him.
- Next brave Glaucos, Hippolochos' son, of the Lycian heroes
Leader renown'd, slew warlike Iphinoös, Dexias' offspring,
- 15 Whilst he was mounting his mares, with his spear, on the shoulder-blade
striking ;
Fainting, he headlong fell to the ground, and his spirit departed.
- Now when the blue-eyed goddess Athena beheld them destroying
Thus the Achaians in dreadful encounters, she thereon descended
Down from the summit of lofty Olympus to Ilium sacred,
- 20 Rushing amain ; whom hasten'd to meet far-darting Apollo,
Her on beholding from Pergamos' top ; for he favoured the Trojans.
Whereon the two at the tall beech-tree each other approaching,
Her first Phœbus Apollo, the son of Kronion, accosted :
- “ Why, O daughter of Zeus, hast thou come thus eagerly hither
- 25 Down from Olympus ? and why has thy powerful spirit impell'd thee ?
Is it to give to the Argives the victory hitherto doubtful ?
Seeing indeed no pity thou feel'st for the perishing Trojans.
If thou obey'st me in aught, howbeit, which, truly, were better,
Come, and at least for to-day, let us end this ruinous contest :
- 30 Afterwards, why let them fight, until Ilium utterly perish ;

Seeing 'tis pleasing to you great goddesses so to destroy it."

Him in return thus answer'd the blue-eyed goddess Athena :

"So let it be, Far-darter, for these things pondering over,
Came I myself from Olympus above to the Trojans and Argives.

35 Come, say, how wilt thou bring to an end this battle of heroes?"

Her in return thus answer'd Apollo, the son of Kronion :

"Let us arouse the puissance of Hector, the tamer of horses,
So, peradventure, he'll challenge himself some Danaad hero
Singly to meet him in battle, and rush to the dreadful encounter :

40 Then will the well-greaved sons of Achaia, indignant excite some
Champion noble to fight single-handed illustrious Hector."

Ended : nor once did the blue-eyed goddess divine disobey him.

Meanwhile Helenos, Priam's beloved son, seeing prophetic

Clearly the counsel which seem'd to the gods most fitting when ponder'd,

45 Hector approach'd, and in these words spake while standing beside him :

"Hector, of Priam the son, with Kronion co-equal in wisdom,

I am thy brother, thou know'st, then wilt thou obey me in one thing ?

Cause sit down both armies, the Trojans and sons of Achaia,

While thou dost challenge the bravest and best in the ranks of the foemen

50 Thee in the field to engage in a fair-fought single encounter,

Seeing the hour of thy death is not yet, nor thy destiny fatal ;

No, for a voice thus speaking I've heard from the gods, the immortal."

Spoke he : and Hector, exulting in spirit, rejoiced when he heard him.

Whereon advancing, he straight press'd backward the squares of the Trojans,

55 Grasping his spear by the centre, and all sat down as commanded.

Then Agamemnon the king caused sit down likewise the Argives.

Meanwhile Phœbus, the god of the silvery bow, and Athena,

Taking the figure of carrion-birds, both perch'd on a beech-tree,

Sacred to ægis-upholding Kronion, the mighty Immortal,

60 Thence to contemplate delighted the close-pressed ranks of the armies,

Bristling horrific with bright brass spears, huge helmets, and bucklers.

E'en as the tumult of waves by the west wind roused and excited,

Over the wide sea spreads till it darkens the face of the ocean :

So on the plain sat gather'd the ranks of Achaians and Trojans.

65 Whom, both armies between, brave Hector harangued, thus speaking :

"Hear, ye Trojans, and all ye well-greaved sons of Achaia,

While I declare in your ears what the soul in my bosom commands me.

Sitting on high, great Zeus has not ratified fully our treaty ;

No, but devising against both evils anew, has decreed them,

70 Either till Troy's proud battlements boldly you capture, or vanquish'd,

Fall in your ranks by your wide-hull'd, deep-sea-traversing galleys.

Doubtless, among you the bravest are found of the sons of Achaia ;
Then, whosoever is such, and has courage myself to encounter,
Forth let him come from the host as a champion worthy of Hector.

75 This, I propose, moreover, and Zeus shall be witness between us,
Doom'd if I am to be slain by the sharp brass-spear of your hero,
Stripping my corse let him bear to the deep-hull'd galleys my armour,
Nathless my body itself, now dead, let him send to the city,
Burial rites to receive from the heroes and women of Troia.

80 Him, in return, if, Apollo befriending, I slay in the combat,
Stripping his armour, I'll forthwith send it to Ilium sacred,
There to be hung in the fane of the great, far-darting Apollo ;
Giving his body again to the long-hair'd sons of Achaia,
Sending it down to their ships, for his comrades to bury with honour,

85 Where on the Hellespont shore they may rear o'er his ashes a pillar.
So hereafter will some man say, peradventure, when sailing
Over the wine-dark sea in his well-bench'd glittering galley,
'This is the tomb of a hero renown'd, long dead, who aforetime,
Bearing himself most bravely, was slain by illustrious Hector.'

90 Thus will they henceforth speak, and my fame shall be ever remember'd."

Ceased brave Hector ; and mute the immense host sat on the instant ;
Dreading the challenge he gave to accept, yet ashamed to refuse it.
Whereupon, brave Menelaus at length stood up, and address'd them ;
Heavily groaning in spirit, in these sad words he reproach'd them :

95 "O ye arrogant ! Danaad men no longer, but women,
Shame to us all henceforth ; shame infinite, grievous, eternal,
Ever be ours, if indeed no Argive will Hector encounter.
O may you all be as water and earth, each one of you sitting
Faint in your dastardly souls, and disgraced. I arming myself will
100 Meet him in fight ; whom victory crowns the Immortals alone know."

Thus having spoken, himself in his glorious armour he girded.
Number'd had then been the days of thy life, O brave Menelaus,
E'en at the hands of illustrious Hector, a mightier hero,
Had not the chiefs of the Argives, thy peers, up suddenly starting,
105 Stayed thee ; and Atreus' son, wide-ruling, divine Agamemnon,
Thee by the right hand seized, and in these wing'd accents accosted :

"Offspring of Zeus, thou art mad, Menelaus, thy frenzy is useless,
Therefore the soul in thy bosom restrain how wrathful soever :
Covet not thou from a spirit of strife to contend with a hero,
110 Thee outrivalling, Priam's renown'd son, Hector the dreaded.
Godlike Achilles himself, who is much more brave in his bearing
Even than thou, fears him to encounter in glorious battle.

- Sit now down, howbeit, along with thy other companions ;
Soon will the Danai find an antagonist meet to oppose him :
115 Even tho' dauntless and ever insatiate, longing for battle,
Resting on bent knee, gladly he'll pause for a space, if he only
Safe from the foe's fierce onset escape, and the furious combat."
- These words speaking ; his brother he soon from his purpose dissuaded,
Counselling wisely and well ; upon which he obeyed, as commanded :
120 Then his attendants o'erjoyed stript off from his shoulders his armour.
Whereupon Nestor revered stood forth, and address'd the Achaïans :
" O ye gods ! great grief comes now on the land of Achaïa :
Grief insupportable ! how will the old chief mourn in his sorrow,
Peleus the hoary, the counsellor sage of his Myrmidon heroes :
125 He who aforetime greatly rejoiced in his beautiful palace,
Asking me much in his joy of the birth and descent of the Argives.
Oh, if he heard they were now bow'd down all crouching to Hector,
Oft he would sadly his hands uplift to the blessèd Immortals,
Wishing his soul from its tenement freed might depart into Hades.
130 O great Father Kronion, Athena, and Phoebus Apollo,
Would I, indeed, were as youthful as erst, when the Pylian people
Fought with the spear-famed sons of Arcadia, hard by the rapid
Celadon, flowing at Pheia, beside the Jardanian waters !
Firmly with them in the van stood brave Ereuthalion godlike,
135 Bearing the arms of the chief Areïthoös bold on his shoulders ;
Famed Areïthoös, he whom fair-robed, beautiful dames, and
Heroes as well, erewhile were accustomed to call Corynetes,
Seeing he used not the bow, nor the long spear, ever in battle,
Only a steel club wielding instead, when the phalanxes breaking.
140 Him slew warlike Lycurgos by stratagem merely, not prowess :
Caught in a narrow defile, where whirl-club nothing avail'd him,
Death to defy, he there was attack'd by Lycurgos, who pierced him
Right thro' the trunk, and he fell to the earth, on his back laid helpless.
Him he despoil'd of the armour, the gift of the god, brass Ares,
145 Bearing it ever himself thereafter when mingling in battle.
Later, Lycurgos, when hoary with years he had grown in his palace,
Gave it in turn to his henchman beloved, Ereuthalion warlike :
Girded in this he defied the entire host, even the bravest.
Cowed by their fears, him, arm'd like a god, none dared to encounter,
150 Saving myself ; but my inborn courage impell'd me to meet him.
Young as I was then, youngest of any, in sooth, in the army,
Him, notwithstanding, I fought ; and Athena the victory gave me.
Powerful and sturdy of limb was the valiant hero I conquer'd ;

Vast was his bulk as he lay on the earth, where fighting, I slew him.

- 155 Would I again were as strong as in those young days of my vigour !
Speedily then should the crest-plumed hero a champion worthy
Meet with, albeit 'mong you, brave Danai, none has the courage,
No, nor the wish, to oppose in the combat illustrious Hector."

Thus did the old man chide ; upon which nine heroes upstarted :

- 160 Foremost of all stood up wide-ruling, divine Agamemnon ;
Instantly Diomede follow'd, the valorous, offspring of Tydeus ;
Likewise the Aias twain, girt round with impetuous valour ;
Speedily after, Idomeneus brave, and his comrade attendant,
Gallant Meriones, equal to great, man-slaughtering Ares ;
Noble Eurypylos next rose up, brave son of Evæmon ;

- 165 Rose too Thoas, the son of Andrämon, and godlike Odysseus.
All these stood forth, eager to fight with illustrious Hector.

Whereon Gerenian Nestor resumed, these heroes addressing :

- " Come, dear friends, let the lot this matter decide, as is fitting :
He who succeeds good service will render the sons of Achaia,
170 Serving himself too, pleasing his own brave soul, if perchance he
Safely escape this ravaging war, and the grievous encounter."

Thus the Gerenian Nestor : and each man, marking his own lot,
Threw it successively into the helmet of King Agamemnon ;

- Whereupon, lifting their hands to the blessèd Immortals, the whole host
175 Pray'd, one speaking for all, with his eyes towards heaven directed :
" Zeus, O grant that to Diomede brave or to Aias the lot fall,
Ay, or to him who the sceptre supreme sways over Mycenæ."

Thus these pray'd : thereafter Gerenian Nestor the lots shook ;
Instant as all wish'd, forth huge Aias' leapt from the helmet.

- 180 Bearing it now thro' the people, a herald advanced, and beginning
First at the right hand show'd it to each brave chieftain among them :
All to a man howbeit disclaimed it so soon as presented,
Knowing it was not his own, till, the whole dense crowd having traversed,
Reaching in due time Aias, who into the helmet had thrown it
185 After inscribing, the hero his palm stretch'd out, and the herald
Standing beside him, the lot then gave ; this now on beholding,
Knowing his own mark well, he rejoiced in his soul and exulted,
Casting it down on the ground at his feet, thereafter exclaiming :

" Mine is the lot, dear friends, and my innermost bosom rejoices,

- 190 Yes, for I judge I shall certainly conquer illustrious Hector.
Come now, while I myself in my armour begird for the combat,
Go you, and pour forth prayers unto Zeus, great Kronos' offspring ;
Silently pray however, lest, haply, the Trojans may hear you ;

No, pray openly rather ; for fear is unknown to an Argive.

195 No one my firm will ever shall traverse by valour or prowess,
Me inexperienced holding ; at much-loved Salamis born, and
There train'd up, I in warlike affairs am not wholly a novice."

Ended : and all then prayed unto Zeus, great Kronos' offspring ;
Thus one speaking for all, while lifting their eyes towards heaven :

200 " Father Kronion, in power most glorious, ruling from Ida,
O vouchsafe that victorious Aias may prove in the combat :
Nathless if Hector thou lovest, and guardest from every evil,
Then O grant that they both may be equal in glory and prowess."

Ended they : whereupon Aias began to begird him in armour ;
205 Then, when in bright brass greaves he array'd stood ready for combat,
Hasting, he rush'd forth, even as Ares himself to the battle
Rushes when going to war among men, whom mighty Kronion
Causes to fight with the prowess of fierce, soul-gnawing contention :
Thus brave Aias, the Danaad bulwark, smiling with visage
210 Horribly grim, came on, long strides with his feet underneath him
Taking, his huge, long-shadowèd war-spear brandishing boldly.
Seeing him march forth, loudly the sons of Achaia exulted.
Trembled the limbs of the Trojans with fear and dismay when they saw
him :

Even the heart in the bosom of Hector himself loud panted.

215 Now, howbeit, he dared not indeed draw back, or again fall
Into the crowd of the host, as himself had the challenge propounded.
Aias the brave like a tower meanwhile drew near with his buckler,
Brazen, and covered with ox-hides seven, which Tychios fashioned,
Famed as a worker in hides, in his own house-dwelling at Hyla :

220 Deftly a well-made buckler of ox-hides seven he fashion'd,
Hides from the fattest of bulls, and the disc with a brass plate cover'd.
Bearing the buckler before him, renown'd Telamonian Aias
Stood near Hector, in menacing mood, then spake and address'd him :
" Now that alone we twain here stand, thou wilt find to thy sorrow,
225 Hector, that chiefs for command well-fitted we lack not besides this
Valiant Achilles, the lion in heart, and disperser of armies.
True, he abides by his high, bow-shaped, sea-traversing galleys,
Nursing his anger against Agamemnon, the guide of the people :
Still, be assured, there are heroes enow in our ranks to confront thee,
230 Ready to combat : but haste, to the proof let us come, and the battle."

Him then answer'd in turn great, crest-plumed, valorous Hector :

" Zeus-sprung Aias, and offspring of Telamon, chief of the people,
Venture not me to intimidate thus, as if I were a woman

- Only, or mere young stripling, with warrior deeds unacquainted.
 235 War, I in sooth well know, much carnage and slaughter have witness'd,
 Skill'd am I also at shifting my shield, now turning on this side,
 Now upon that, as emergency dictates, and fighting unwearied.
 Agile alike in the chariot fight, and the hostile encounter
 Led by the squadrons of foot, not unworthy of Ares I bear me.
 240 Thee, I will ne'er by a stratagem foul e'en meditate wounding,
 Knowing thy rank, but in fair-fought field, if I haply can strike thee."
 Ended : and shook his immense, long-shadowèd spear, as he hurled it
 Forward, and Aias' buckler, of seven integuments fashion'd,
 Struck on the outside brass, which indeed was the eighth of the layers ;
 245 Cutting the brass, untiring, it pierced six hides of the buckler,
 Fixing itself in the seventh : on which brave Aias his long spear
 Hurl'd forth, striking the full-orb'd buckler of Priam's renown'd son.
 Right thro' the glittering shield pass'd on the impetuous javelin,
 Fixing itself firm-set in the corslet, the curiously fashion'd,
 250 Cutting his tunic as well, low down on the opposite quarter ;
 Dire death barely escaped he by sideways quickly inclining.
 Whereon his long spear each having now drawn forth and recover'd,
 Rush'd they to close fight, even as raw-flesh-worrying lions
 Rush, or as huge wild boars from the dense woods, conscious of vigour.
 255 Hector again struck Aias' shield with his spear in the centre,
 Nathless it pierced not the brass, for the spear-point bent upon striking.
 Whereupon sprang forth Aias, and struck his antagonist's buckler,
 Piercing it through, and the hero recoil'd from the shock as he rush'd on :
 Cutting, it traversed his neck, and the black gore thereupon gush'd
 forth.
 260 Nevertheless great, crest-plumed Hector retired not from battle,
 Backward he only withdrew, and a stone then seizing with strong
 hand
 Down on the low ground lying, immense, rough-shaped, and of dark hue,
 Struck he his foe's huge ox-hide shield, of integuments seven
 Full in the midst of the boss, and the brass disc ringing resounded.
 265 Whereupon, Aias a stone still heavier seizing, dismissed it,
 Whirling it forward, his whole strength using, as forth he propell'd it ;
 Broke was the shield by the blow, for the rock was as huge as a mill-
 stone.
 Striking the hero it wounded his knee ; by his buckler embarrass'd,
 Reeling, he fell on his back ; but Apollo incontinent raised him.
 270 Now with their swords each other in close fight then had they wounded,
 Had not the heralds, of gods and of men opportunely arriving,

Come, from the brass-greaved Argives the one, from the Trojans the other,
Namely Talthybios brave, and Idæos, esteem'd for their prudence.

Whereon between both armies their sceptres they held, and the herald

275 Famous for prudence in counsel, Idæos, bespoke and address'd them :

“ Strive, dear sons, no longer ; desist from the fight, I command you ;
Seeing you both are beloved by the great, cloud-driving Kronion :
Both being warriors, equal in strength and renown ; all know it.
Night draws onward apace, to obey night ever is safest.”

280 Him in return thus answer'd the huge Telamonian Aias :

“ Herald Idæos, command thou Hector himself to address us,
He is the challenger, daring the best in our ranks to oppose him ;
Hector must first cease, him will I follow, obedience yielding.”

Whereupon him great, crest-plumed Hector, incontinent answer'd :

285 “ Aias renown'd, sith one of the gods hath endow'd thee with prudence,
Stature and strength, and address at the spear, all Argives excelling,
Now let us both, for at least this day, cease fighting, as order'd :
Fitting occasion we'll find hereafter, and fight till the great gods
Force us relinquish, and victory give to the one or the other :

290 Night draws onward apace, to obey night ever is prudent :

So at the ships thou wilt gladden the bosom of all the Achaians,
Chiefly of those most dear to thyself, and thy chosen companions.

I, meanwhile, through wide-way'd Troia, the city of Priam,
Going, her heroes will cheer, and her long-robed matrons, who e'en now

295 Prayers for my safety prefer, having enter'd the deity's temple.

Come, let us glorious gifts interchange now, mutual presents,
Even that some hereafter may say of the Trojans and Argives,
Doubtless they fought each other in fierce, soul-gnawing encounter,
Nevertheless they were reconciled after, and parted in friendship.”

300 Thus having spoken ; he gave him a sword all studded with silver,
Likewise the scabbard, and richly embroider'd belt, its appendage :
Aias, on his part, giving a girdle of glittering purple.

Parted the twain now ; one to the host of the Danaad heroes
Forthwith going ; the other again joined that of the Trojans.

305 Glad were the Trojans on seeing their hero alive, and returning
Safe, having 'scaped the invincible hands and puissance of Aias :
Him, once hopeless of seeing, they then led into the city.

Aias, of victory joyful, the well-greaved sons of Achaia
Now led gladly away to divine Agamemnon Atreides.

310 Then when arrived at the wide-spread tents of the offspring of Atreus,
Great Agamemnon, the monarch of men, caused sacrifice fitting
There to be offer'd, a five-year ox, to the mighty Kronion.

After, they flay'd, and prepared it for food, and divided in portions ;
 These upon spits they transfix'd, having cut into smaller divisions,
 315 Skilfully roasting the whole, and when ready incontinent drew them.
 Now when they ceased from their work, and the banquet was set and in
 order,

All then ate, and the soul in their breast lacked nothing in feasting.
 Valiant Atreides himself, wide-ruling, divine Agamemnon,
 Deign'd to confer upon Aias an uncut chine at the banquet.
 320 Then when dismiss'd from their souls was the longing for eating and
 drinking,

Foremost of all, brave Nestor the agèd began to address them,
 He whose advice had aforetime ever been reckoned the wisest ;
 Counselling wisely and well, he in these words spake and address'd them :

“ King Agamemnon, and all ye other Achaian commanders,
 325 Many indeed of the long-hair'd Danaad heroes have perish'd ;
 Terrible Ares their black blood freely has shed by Scamander,
 Flowing serenely along, and their souls have descended to Hades ;
 Much it behoves you to cause this fighting to cease with the dawn ; and,
 Soon as the dead ye have gather'd from all parts where they have fallen,
 330 Hitherward bear them on oxen and mule-drawn waggons, and burn them
 Hard by the ships, that the ashes of each may be given to his children,
 Once we our own homes safely have reach'd in the land of our fathers.

Then let us all go forth to the champaign that there we may heap up
 One tomb common to all, by the pyre ; and beside it a lofty
 335 Tower let us build, for ourselves and our galleys a suitable bulwark.
 There, a commodious gate let us place, moreover, that through it
 Horses may pass to the road with the chariots : then on the outside,
 Likewise a broad, deep trench let us excavate, running around it,
 Close to the tower, a defence for ourselves and our steeds, should we
 ever

340 Find we are hard press'd, meeting in battle the arrogant Trojans.”

Thus he address'd them ; his proffer'd advice all present approving ;
 Meanwhile Trojans and allies a fitful and clamorous council
 Held in the citadel lofty of Troy, at the portal of Priam ;
 Whereon Antenor, for wisdom renown'd, thus spoke, and address'd them :
 345 “ Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardanians brave, and confederate comrades,
 Even that all which the soul in my breast me prompts, I may tell you :
 Well, let us yield the Atridæ, as due, fair Helen of Argos,
 Hence that they lead her, with all her possessions ; for here we are fighting,
 Charged with the breach of a league upon both sides firmly agreed to.
 350 Then be advised by my words, or be sure no good will attend us.”

Thus having spoken, he now sat down, and among them arose next
Paris, the husband of beautiful fair-hair'd Helen of Argos ;
Whereon, in swift-wing'd accents, he him thus answer'd indignant :

“ Truly, Antenor, to me no more what is grateful thou speakest :
355 Well dost thou know far better advice to bestow if thou choosest ;
Givest thou counsel like this in thy honest deliberate judgment,
Then, of a surety, the gods have deprived thee indeed of thy senses.
All in my mind that is passing, I'll now tell ; hear me, ye Trojans :
Plainly I therefore declare that my wife I will never surrender ;
360 Nevertheless, such treasures of hers as I carried from Argos,
These I'll surrender, and others besides to myself appertaining.”

Thus having spoken, he now sat down : and among them arose next
Dardanos' son, King Priam, the peer of Immortals in counsel.
Wisely advising, in these wing'd accents he spoke and address'd them :
365 “ Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardanian heroes, and others their allies,
Now I must tell you the thing which the soul in my bosom commands me.
Go, let the whole host take their repast, as on other occasions ;
Fail not the night-watch duly to set ; be vigilant each man.
Soon as the day dawns, forth let Idæos proceed to the galleys,
370 Atreus' sons to inform, Agamemnon and brave Menelaus,
What Alexander, who raised this fierce strife, now has propounded.
Further, let prudent Idæos demand that the Argives inform us,
Whether they hoarse-voiced war will agree for a space to abandon,
Only the dead till we burn ? then forth once more to the battle,
375 Even till stern Fate victory give to the one or the other.”

Ended : attentively him all heard, and obeyed as commanded ;
Then thro' the wide camp legion by legion the whole their repast took.
Warlike Idæos at morning proceeded alone to the galleys ;
There the Achaians, attendants of Ares, he found in assembly,
380 Close by the stern of the galley of brave Agamemnon : among them,
Standing erect, thus speaking, the clear-voiced herald harangued them :
“ Offspring of Atreus, and all ye Danaad chiefs and commanders,
Priam and other illustrious heroes of Troia desire me
Now to convey to your ears, if agreeable tidings you deem them,
385 Fair Alexander's resolve, who alone brought discord among us.
Hear then, all that wealth which he brought in his galleys to Troia,
Paris divine (O would he had then died !) ready himself is
Now to relinquish, and add from his own stores others of value.
Nathless the sponse, erst wedded to brave Menelaus, he will not
390 Yield, he declares ; though otherwise doubtless the Trojans have counsell'd.

Further, they bid me demand that the sons of Achaia inform them,
Whether ye hoarse-voiced war will agree for a space to abandon,
Only the dead till we burn ? then ready are all for the combat,
Even till stern Fate victory give to the one or the other."

395 Ended Idæos the herald ; and mute all sat as they listen'd.

Afterwards Diomede, brave at the war-shout, spoke and address'd
them :

"No, we will none of the treasures accept now proffer'd by Paris,
No, nor his paramour Helen, for even a child may discover
Plainly enough that the issues of death hang over the Trojans."

400 Thus he address'd them ; and shouted with one loud voice the Achaians,
Greatly approving the counsel of Diomede, tamer of horses :
Whereon the monarch of men, Agamemnon, accosted Idæos :

"Noble Idæos, thou hearest thyself the resolve of the Argives,
How they reply to thy words ; and myself moreover approve it.

405 Touching the bodies of those who have fallen, I grant you to burn
them,

Seeing, indeed, none ever refuse to the dead that their corsés
Promptly be burned on the pyre, and appeased ; and let mighty
Kronion,

Husband of Hera, be witness himself to the burial treaty."

Ended : and lifted his sceptre on high to the gods, the immortal.

410 Whereon Idæos return'd forthwith unto Ilium sacred,
Where he the Trojans and all the Dardanians found, in assembly,
Sitting together awaiting the herald's return from his mission.
Entering in, he deliver'd the message received from Atreides,
Standing erect in the midst of them all : and they set themselves forth-
with,

415 Some to convey wood, others the corsés of those who had fallen.

Bands of the Argives as well now quitted their ships and dispersed,
these

Hasting the slain to convey to the pyre, those fuel to furnish.
Freshly the sun now gradual mounted, emerging from ocean,
Quietly flowing, profound, and ascended the ambient heavens,

420 Gilding the fields, where Trojans and Danai mingled together.

Scarce by their friends could the dead be distinguish'd the one from the
other ;

Nathless the red gore washing away, and the slime from the bodies,
Warm tears copious shedding, they bore them, and lifted on waggons :
Wailing was none, this Priam the monarch forbade ; but in silence

425 Heap'd they the dead on the pile, all inwardly mourning their comrades,
Then, in the fire when consumed, they return'd unto Ilium sacred.
Likewise the brass-girt Argives, on their part inwardly grieving,
Piling the corpses, and burning, withdrew to their wide-hull'd galleys.
Earlier even than morn, in the glimmering dimness of twilight,
430 Came and encompass'd the pyre a select band, sent by the Argives ;
There, on the plain, they erected a tomb, one common for all, and
Near it a strong tower built, a defence for themselves and their galleys.
There, a commodious portal they raised, moreover, that through it
Horses might pass to the road with the chariots ; then on the outside
435 Dug they a deep trench, wide and extensive, with palisades fencing.
Thus upon their side labour'd the long-hair'd sons of Achaia.

Meanwhile, sitting beside far-thundering Zeus, the Immortals
Saw with delight the immense work raised by the sons of Achaia.

Whereon Poseidon, the great earth-shaker began, thus speaking :

440 " Tell us, supreme Zeus, lives there on all wide earth, the unbounded,
One man now, who will open his mind to the blessèd Immortals ?
Dost thou not see that the sons of Achaia have built an immense wall
Right in the front of their ships, and a broad trench dug to defend it,
Hecatombs none having offered, as due, to propitiate heaven ?
445 Far as the arrows of light are diffused will its glory be bruited ;
While the laborious work which myself and Apollo with such care
Built round the town for Laomedon warlike, will now be forgotten."

Him then answer'd indignant the great, cloud-driving Kronion :

" Heavens ! thou great earth-shaker, what language is this thou hast
uttered ?

450 Wholly unworthy are such vain thoughts of a god, an Immortal
Powerful as thou, tho' alarm they might bring mayhap to a weaker :
No, thy renown will like light be diffused to the farthest horizon.
Soon as the long-hair'd sons of Achaia have left us, returning
Home in their wide-hull'd ships to the much-loved land of their
fathers,

455 Then, overthrowing the rampart, submerge it anon in the ocean,
Covering over with sand the immense sea-shore as aforetime :
So will the Danaad wall be for ever effaced from remembrance."

Such deep conference these twain held, great Zeus and Poseidon.

Meanwhile slowly the sun went down, and the work of the Argives

460 Finished, they slaughter'd the beeves, and the army their ev'ning repast
took.

Ships which Euneos the offspring of Jason, the ruler, had freighted,
(Him whom Hypsipyle bore,) brought wine in abundance from Lemnos.

Jason's beloved son gave from his own stores measures a thousand,
Specially sent as a gift to Atreides, and brave Menelaus.

- 465 Thence the Achaians procured for themselves rich wine in abundance,
Some brass barter'd, ox-hides some, some glittering iron,
Many their cattle exchanged, and the captives they brought with them
many.

Thus for the whole host soon was a plentiful banquet provided.
All night long then feasted the bright-eyed sons of Achaia ;

- 470 Feasted the Trojans within their defences, as well and their allies.
Thundered portentous the long night through far-seeing Kronion,
Evils for both sides planning, and fear seized all as they listen'd.
Each from his goblet the wine pour'd out on the earth, nor did any
Venture to drink, till to great Zeus first he had fill'd a libation.
475 Weary at length all sought soft sleep and retired to repose them.

END OF BOOK SEVENTH.

BOOK EIGHTH.

MORNING, in saffron mantle attired, now over the wide earth
Shining diffusive, anon great thundering Zeus the Immortals
Order'd to meet on the summit of crag-peak'd, lofty Olympus,
Whence he harangued them, as silent they listen'd attentive around him :

- 5 “ Listen ye gods of Olympus, ye heavenly goddesses listen,
Hear, and attend, while now I divulge what my bosom has purposed !
Neither let goddess, nor god, interpose my commandment to traverse,
No, but assent, that my purpose I speedily bring to an issue.
Know, whomsoever I find of the gods the immortal withdrawing
10 Secretly earthwards, succour to give to the Trojans or Argives,
Him will I sharply chastise, and again send back to Olympus,
Ay, or it may be, seizing on such, I will hurl him astounded
Into Tartarian night far hence, where yawning a deep gulf
Spreads unexplored, whose threshold is brass, whose huge gates iron :
15 Ay, and as far under Hades it lieth as earth under heaven :
So will he learn how far I surpass all other Immortals.
Come now, try me, ye gods, if ye doubt, and confess my puissance.
Come, let a bright gold chain be suspended on high, and let gods and
Goddesses both, then pull with their whole strength, yet your supreme
head
20 Zeus, you will never succeed by your efforts to draw from the heavens
Down to the earth ; no, toil as you may, you will fail in your purpose :
Only myself, if I willed and resolved it, the feat could accomplish ;
Easily drawing at once earth up and the ambient ocean,
Then would I wind round the peak of Olympus the chain, and in mid-air
25 Leave all swinging ; so far I transcend both men and Immortals.”

Thus he address'd them ; and all when they heard sat gazing in silence,
Greatly appall'd in their bosoms, for awful his menaces sounded.
Whereon at last thus blue-eyed Pallas Athena address'd him :

“ O dread father Kronion, our sire, most mighty of rulers,
 30 Strength irresistible truly is thine, all know and confess it ;
 Still not the less in our hearts must we mourn and lament the Achaians,
 Wretchedly perishing now, fulfilling their destiny evil :
 This notwithstanding, we cease as commanded, nor mingle in battle ;
 Only we fain such counsel would tender the Argives, as haply
 35 Useful may prove, that they perish not all, tho’ Kronion be wrathful.”

Smiling, the great, cloud-urging Kronion address’d her in answer :
 “ Courage, my much-loved daughter Tritonia, wrath I pretended,
 None do I feel, but would ever be gentle to thee and indulgent.”

Thus having spoken ; he yoked to his chariot deftly his coursers,
 40 Fleetest of limb, brass shod, with their manes full flowing and golden ;
 Golden the sumptuous vesture in which he arrayed him, and golden
 Likewise the beautiful lash ; thereafter his chariot mounting,
 Lashed he the steeds on their course, which anon went willingly forward,
 Flying aloft midway ’tween the earth and the glittering heavens.
 45 Gargaros soon he attain’d upon Ida, the mother of wild beasts,
 Rill-fed Ida, on which he a temple possess’d, and an altar
 Fragrant with odours : the Thunderer here now rested his coursers,
 Taking them out of the yoke, an opaque cloud spreading around them ;
 Seating himself on the peak of the mountain, exulting in glory,
 50 Looking below on the city of Troia, and ships of the Argives.
 All thro’ the tents meanwhile were the long-hair’d sons of Achaia
 Taking their hurried repast, and begirding themselves in their armour.

Likewise the Trojans on their part too, thro’ the city were arming,
 Fewer in number, yet eager in soul to advance to the battle,
 55 Urged by necessity dire, in defence of their wives and their children.
 Wide were the gates thrown open, and forth rushed boldly the army,
 Some upon foot, upon chariots some, and the roar was terrific.
 Soon as the combatants met on the field close crowded together,
 Spear upon spear clash’d glittering bright, loud buckler on buckler
 60 Clank’d, as the brass-greaved combatants closed, and the din was tremendous.

Here loud shoutings were heard, there groans of the dying ; in dense
 crowds
 Slayers and slain were involved ; and the earth reek’d crimson with carnage.
 Even from earliest dawn, until full day brighten’d the heavens,
 Falchions and spears quick flash’d and the wounded and dead lay scatter’d.
 65 Soon as the sun, howbeit, had reached mid-sky in his circuit,
 Zeus the supreme sire lifting the gold scales steadily raised them,
 Placing within them the twain dread fates of the sleep that awakes not

- One for the Trojans, and one for the brass-greaved sons of Achaia.
 Poising, the scale with the doom of the Danai downward descended,
 70 Even till reaching the bountiful earth, where lighting it rested :
 While, high heavenward rising, the fate of the Trojans ascended.
 Then loud thunder'd Kronion from Ida, and darted his lightning,
 Glittering bright, 'gainst the host of the Argives ; and, seeing it flashing
 Far, fear seized upon all as they look'd up pale and astonish'd.
 75 Neither Idomeneus then, nor the king Agamemnon Atreides,
 No, nor the Aias twain dared stand, but withdrew as he thunder'd.
 Only Gerenian Nestor remain'd, brave stay of the Argives ;
 He, too, gladly had fled, but his team was disabled by Paris,
 Husband of fair-hair'd Helen, who one of the coursers had stricken,
 80 Wounding it right on the head with his shaft, whence rooted the forelock
 Rises, the place most fatal of any on which to be stricken.
 Tortured, the animal rear'd, for the brain had been pierced by the
 arrow,
 Where fast fix'd it remain'd as he writhed round, scaring the others.
 Instantly, hasting, the old man slash'd with his falchion the traces,
 85 Cutting them right through, while, on his swift-paced coursers approaching,
 Hector himself, on his chariot borne now darted like lightning
 Right thro' the crowd, and the old man then had assuredly fallen,
 Had not Tydides, renown'd at the war-shout, mark'd him advancing :
 Whereon with loud voice shouting, he spoke, and exhorted Odysseus :
 90 " Zeus-born son of Laertes, ingenious contriver Odysseus,
 Whither, declare, dost thou fly with thy back slave-like to the army ?
 Ah ! have a care, lest thy back should be pierced with a spear as thou
 fliest :
 Stay, or Gerenian Nestor is dead, fierce Hector approaches."
 Thus did he speak ; but Odysseus the brave, much-suffering heard not,
 95 Flying in haste to the wide-hull'd ships of the noble Achaians.
 Diomede now tho' alone thus left, rush'd on to the vanguard,
 Standing in front of the steeds of the hale old offspring of Neleus ;
 Whereupon, speaking in these winged words, him thus he accosted ;
 " Dear old man, much fear I lest these young warriors crush thee ;
 100 Doubtless, thy strength is exhausted, and old age weary attends thee :
 Worn out, too, is thy henchman, thy once fleet coursers are tardy.
 Come then, seat thyself here on my chariot, see with thine own eyes
 What choice coursers the Trojans possess, how famous their training,
 Noted alike for advance or retreat, as they scour thro' the champaign ;
 105 Ay, they are choice, from Æneas inspirer of terror, I took them.
 Come let thy henchman attend these coursers of thine, but let us twain,

Hasten with mine 'gainst the Trojans, the breakers of horses, that Hector Even may find out, whether my war-spear furious rages."

Thus he address'd him ; Gerenian Nestor not once disobeying.

- 110 Then as enjoin'd the attendants of both took charge of the coursers,
Namely Eurymedon, famed for his valour, and Sthenelos warlike :
Whereon the two brave chieftains on Diomedes's chariot mounted.

Nestor in all haste now took hold of the glittering rein-band,
Lashing the coursers amain, till they came up close upon Hector.

- 115 Rushing impetuous forward, his spear then Diomedes launched forth ;
Erring, the hero it miss'd, howbeit, but struck his attendant
Charioteer on the breast, at the pap, as he guided the horses,
Gallant Eniopeus, far-famed offspring of noble Thebæos.

Down from his chariot fell he, his swift steeds backward recoiling,

- 120 Whereon his strength gave way, and the soul in his bosom departed.
Sorrow profound for his charioteer now fell upon Hector :
There, though grieving in soul for his friend and companion, he left him
Lying, and sought for another, his equal ; nor long did his horses
Want a conductor, for stout Archeptolemos soon he discover'd,
125 Namely the offspring of Iphitos bold, whom he thereupon order'd,
Mounting, the swift-paced coursers to guide, and the reins in his hands put.

Then great slaughter had follow'd, and dread deeds many been acted ;
Even as lambs had the host of the Trojans been pent in the city,
Had not the father of gods and of men seen all that was passing.

- 130 Thundering dreadfully, therefore, his red bolts forth he anon hurl'd,
Throwing them down on the earth, where Diomedes's horses were standing ;
Flash'd forth vapour and flame from the sulphurous weapons in falling,
Causing the two steeds, trembling, to crouch low under the carriage :
Straightway too from the hands of the chieftain the glittering reins fell,
135 Whereon, alarm'd in his soul, brave Diomedes thus he accosted :

" Back to the ships, haste, turn those strong-hoof'd horses, Tydides.
Dost thou not see that Kronion with victory deigns not to crown thee ?
Ah ! he to-day this Trojan with victory favours ; to-morrow,
Glory to us he will give, peradventure if such is his pleasure.

- 140 Vain it is truly for man, how powerful soe'er, to imagine
Zeus in his purpose to thwart, for he reigneth supreme 'mong Immortals."

Whereupon Diomedes, brave at the war-shout, speedily answer'd :

" Yes, of a surety, beloved old man, thou hast spoken with justice ;
Ay, but the sorrow that wrings this bosom of mine is the terror

- 145 Even that Hector will say some day, when haranguing the Trojans,
' Conquer'd by me this Diomedes fled and escaped to his galleys.'

Thus will he boast : O then may the earth yawn wide for Tydides !"

Whereupon him the Gerenian chief thus speedily answer'd :

“ Warlike offspring of Tydeus, alas ! what words hast thou spoken ?

150 Even tho' Hector should call thee unwarrior-like, and a coward,
Neither the Trojans themselves, nor Dardanians brave would believe it,
No, nor the wives of the high-soul'd brass-shield-carrying Trojans,
Those whose vigorous husbands renown'd in the dust thou hast trodden.”
Thus having spoken : the firm hoof'd horses to flight he at once turn'd,
155 Joining the others who fled ; but the valorous Trojans triumphant,
Raising a great shout, pour'd on the fugitives volleys of arrows.
Whereupon after him, loud roar'd huge crest-flourishing Hector :

“ Offspring of Tydeus, the swift-horsed Argives were wont at the banquet
Thee to prefer above others, the guest-seat giving, and choice food,
160 Brimful filling thy goblet ; but now with contempt will they treat thee ;
Holding thee weak as a woman ; poor, timorous maiden, be certain
Never our battlements high shalt thou scale, I flying before thee,
Never our wives bear off, for thy death-stroke first will I give thee.”

Thus he address'd him ; Tydides debating the while in his bosom,
165 Whether his steeds he should now turn round, him thereon to combat :
Thrice he resolved in his own great soul to confront him in battle ;
Thrice, howbeit, Kronion supreme, loud-thunder'd from Ida,
Giving a sign to the Trojans, and changing the fate of the battle.
Whereupon Hector, with loud voice speaking, exhorted the Trojans :

170 “ Trojans and Lycians all, close-fighting Dardanians, hear me,
Show yourselves men, dear friends, and remember impetuous valour.
Well do I know of his own free will me mighty Kronion,
Glory and victory sendeth, but ruin outright to the Argives.
Foolish ! to deem such feeble defences my prowess will hinder ;
175 Lightly, in sooth, will our steeds overleap that trench they have hollow'd,
Ay, and at length when I come to their deep-sea-traversing galleys,
Then let not fire be forgotten, but red brands bring, that I forthwith
Galleys and all may consume in the flames, and the Argives themselves slay
While they are struggling bewilder'd in smoke and the dread conflagration.”

180 Thus having spoken ; the coursers he cheer'd on, boldly exclaiming :
“ Xanthos, Podargos, and Æthon, and thou, most beautiful Lampos,
Me now recompence give in return for the kindnesses many
Comely Andromache, noble Eëtion's daughter belovèd,
Showed you of yore full often, when fresh-grown barley she gave you,
185 Wine with it mingling besides, whensoever your spirit desired it,
Often her husband's repast postponing till you she had first served.
Come then, follow, away let us hasten, and Nestor's renown'd shield
Capture, whose fame far even as heaven itself has extended ;

Golden its broad disk, golden its handle, and golden its trappings.
190 Come, from the shoulders of Diomedes too his magnificent corslet,
Curiously wrought, let us strip, the divine gift forged by Hephaistos.
Ah ! if we haply can take both these, the Achaians, beyond doubt,
This very night will depart, in their swift-wing'd galleys embarking."

Boasting, he thus spoke : whereupon hearing him, Hera was wrathful,
195 Trembled her throne at his accents till shook all lofty Olympus,
Turning her towards Poseidon, she him then freely accosted :

"Heavens, alas ! thou great earth-shaker, and ruler of ocean,
Feelest thou then no pity nor grief for the perishing Argives ?
Gifts both goodly and grateful to Helice bring they and Ægæ,
200 Thee to propitiate : victory then thou shouldst surely accord them.
Would that the deities mighty who aid the Achaians would only
Keep great Zeus from his purpose, and scatter the army of Troia !
Then he would lower in wrath, while sitting alone upon Ida."

Whereon Poseidon the monarch, incensed, thus answer'd the goddess:
205 "Hera, in speech most petulant aye, what words hast thou utter'd ?
Never, in sooth, would I wish we other Immortals should venture
Zeus to coerce, for of deities high he is far most mighty."

Thus 'mong themselves these great ones spoke, thoughts deep inter-
changing.

Meanwhile all that space in the front of the ships, which the deep fosse
210 Circled, was filled with the brave shield-carrying heroes and horses
Crowded together ; for Hector, co-equal with Ares in battle,
Pent them within it, what time great Zeus him glory awarded.
Now would the deep-sea-traversing ships have been burn'd into ashes,
Had not the goddess august, fair Hera, inspired in Atreides,
215 Vigilant ever himself, the desire to incite the Achaians :
Therefore he hurried anon to the galleys, and tents of the Argives,
Holding the while in his hand his imperial mantle of purple.
Standing erect, in the huge black ship of Odysseus, the monarch,
Lying conspicuous moor'd in the centre, his voice he directed,
220 Shouting aloud to the tent of the brave-soul'd champion Aias,
Telamon's offspring, and that of Achilles, for both had their well-poised
Ships drawn up at the end of the line, on their valour relying.
Whereon distinctly he shouted aloud, on the Danai calling :

"Shame ! O Danai ! subjects for scorn, brave only in gesture,
225 Poor, weak braggarts were we ; O how has our glorying vanished !
Where is our valour ? the vows now where which ye uttered in Lemnos,
While upon fat beeves feeding, and quaffing ambrosial goblets ?
Boasting that each man boldly a hundred would face of the Trojans,

- Ay, or if hard push'd, two, while now we succumb unto Hector
230 Even alone, who our ships will ignite ere long, and consume them.
Father Kronion, hast thou e'er burden'd with similar ruin
Monarch, as me thou hast burden'd, depriving of glory and honour ?
O hard fate ! for thou know'st on our voyage so full of disasters,
Ne'er did I pass in my well-bench'd ship unheeded thy temple ;
235 No, but I burn'd on thine altar the thighs and the fatness of oxen,
Hoping that thus we should vanquish the well-wall'd city of Troia.
Grant the fulfilment of this my desire, O mighty Kronion,
Grant that at least we may safely escape, all danger avoiding ;
O do not suffer the Danaad host to be quell'd by the Trojans !"
- 240 Thus did he speak ; and the Sire him pitied beholding him weeping,
Granting his prayer, that the army he led should not totally perish.
Instant a bright-eyed eagle he sent, best omen to mortals,
Holding a fawn in his talons, the swift deer's delicate offspring.
Close by the high god's beautiful temple he quitted his quarry,
245 Where they to great Panomphæan Kronion, were sacrifice making.
Now when they conscious became that the bird had been sent by
Kronion,
Bolder than erst 'gainst the Trojans they rush'd forth, mindful of battle.
None of the Danai then, how many soever in number,
Dared once vaunt that his swift-hoof'd steeds had outstripped in the
contest
- 250 Diomede brave while crossing the trench, and confronting the foeman ;
Seeing himself slew foremost of any a helmeted Trojan,
Stout Agelaos, of Phradmon the son, while turning his horses :
While he was turning, he pierced him the shoulders between with his
javelin,
Right in the centre, and drove it with vehemence through to his breast-
bone :
- 255 Down from his carriage he fell, and loud-clank'd, ringing, his armour.
Then rush'd, crossing the trench, Agamemnon and brave Menelaus ;
Likewise the Aiases twain, girt round with impetuous valour ;
Followed Idomeneus brave, and the henchman who carried his armour,
Gallant Meriones, equal to great man-slaughtering Ares ;
- 260 Follow'd Eurypylos warlike, illustrious son of Evæmon ;
Ninth, came Teucer renown'd with his bent bow ready extended,
Taking his stand close under the buckler of valorous Aias.
Aias his broad shield now upraising, illustrious Teucer,
Looking around him a sure aim meanwhile took, and whoever,
265 Singling among them, he hit, that man fell dead on the instant.

Afterwards Teucer again sought shelter 'neath Aias' buckler,
 Crouching along as a child to the outspread arms of its mother.
 Whom of the Trojans renown'd slew first unblamable Teucer ?
 Ormenos first, and Orsilochos brave, and renown'd Ophelestes,
 270 Dætor, and Chromios too, and the godlike in mien, Lycophontes,
 Famed Melanippos, and brave Polyæmon's beloved Amopaon
 These were the heroes he slew, all stretch'd on the earth in succession.
 Seeing him breaking the squares of the Trojans afar with his stout bow,
 Slaying on all sides, greatly rejoiced Agamemnon Atreides.
 275 Whereupon, near him approaching, he these words spoke, and address'd
 him :

"Teucer, beloved soul, Telamon's bold son, ruler of armies,
 O shout thus, and become as a light to the Danaad forces,
 Bringing thy brave sire honour, who tended thy childhood, and rear'd thee
 Carefully up in his halls when a stripling, thy birth notwithstanding.
 280 Him, far distant albeit, exalt thus ever in glory.
 This I besides foretell, and be sure thou wilt see its fulfilment,
 Namely, if ægis-upholding Kronion and Pallas Athena,
 Only but grant that I pillage the well-built city of Troia,
 Next to myself will I place in thy hands some beautiful guerdon,
 285 Either a chariot bright with its two swift steeds, or a tripod,
 Ay, or a beautiful maiden, thy couch to attend as thy consort."

Whereupon him unblamable Teucer incontinent answer'd :
 "Why upon me urge haste, O king Agamemnon Atreides ?
 Never, in good sooth, far as my strength will allow, do I loiter ;
 290 No, from the time that the Trojans we first drove in to the city,
 Many a hero I've slain, intercepting their flight with my arrows.
 Eight long-bearded and sharp have I launched forth even already,
 Each transfixing the body of some stout Trojan or other.
 Nathless I've fail'd this ravenous wolf to destroy, he escapes me."
 295 Spoke : and impatient another despatch'd from his bow against Hector,
 Straight at him aimed, for the soul in his bosom was eager to strike him :
 Him, howbeit, it miss'd in its flight, but Gorgythion blameless,
 Brave-soul'd offspring of Priam the monarch, he struck with the arrow.
 Castianira his mother, divine as a goddess in figure,
 300 Him brought forth when he bore her away from her home at Æsymba.
 Ev'n as a beautiful poppy with ripe seed filled in a garden,
 Loaded with Spring's soft dew, with its head weigh'd down, hangs
 drooping :

So on his breast lay drooping his head, weigh'd down by the helmet.
 Straightway Teucer another severe shaft right against Hector,

- 305 Sent from the string ; for he long'd still more in his bosom to strike him.
This time also he miss'd, for Apollo the arrow diverted ;
Hector's illustrious charioteer, howbeit, he wounded,
Full on the breast, at the pap, Archeptolemos, rushing to battle.
Down from his chariot falling, his swift steeds sprang in an instant
310 Backward ; and thereon his strength gave way, and his spirit departed.
Sad grief then for his charioteer seized hold upon Hector :
There, notwithstanding he left him, tho' grieving in heart for his comrade,
Bidding his brother Cebriones, brave-soul'd, standing beside him,
Now take hold of the reins, who obey'd forthwith as commanded.
315 Then he himself leap'd forward at once from his glittering carriage,
Dreadfully shouting, and instantly seizing a stone in his right hand,
Rush'd against Teucer ; for much he desired in his soul to despatch him.
Teucer on his part drew a severe shaft forth from his quiver,
Placing it right on the string, and was ready to draw and direct it,
320 Whereon the warrior ever alert, plume-flourishing Hector,
Struck him a furious blow with a huge rough stone on the shoulder,
Close to the neck, on the deadliest part, while rushing against him :
Instant his bow-string snapp'd at the wrist-joint, numbing his right hand,
Down on his knees, now, falling, he knelt, and the bow from his hand
dropt.
325 Aias his brother, tho' fallen, forgot not, but hastening forward
Instantly rescued, his broad brass shield interposing to screen him.
Two friends, noble Alastor and Echios' offspring Mecisteus,
Now came forward, and him loud groaning convey'd to the galleys.
Zeus the Olympian roused more fully the strength of the Trojans
330 Now, and they drove back straight to the deep-dug trench the Achaians :
Whereupon Hector advanced to the van, rage stamp'd on his visage.
E'en as a swift hound seizes a lion behind, or a wild boar,
Tearing his buttock and flank while, turning, he flies his pursuers :
So brave Hector the rear of the long-hair'd Danai follow'd,
335 Slaying the hindmost ever ; till routed they fled in disorder.
Now when the Danai flying had passed the stockade and the deep trench,
Many the while having fallen, struck down by the hands of the Trojans,
Such as had so far safely escaped in their galleys were pent up,
340 Where they endeavour'd to cheer each other, and lifting their hands high,
Proffer'd with one voice prayers to the gods, supplications presenting.
Meanwhile Hector his full-maned steeds drove hither and thither,
Looking himself like a gorgon, or great, man-slaughtering Ares.
White-arm'd Hera, the goddess divine, now seeing the Argives,
345 Pitied, and, speaking in these wing'd accents, accosted Athena :

“ Daughter of ægis-upholding Kronion, alas ! shall we now no
 Longer the Argives regard, to their death-doom brought in the leaguer ?
 Truly, their destiny evil they now are fulfilling, by one man’s
 Fury destroy’d ; yes, Hector Priamides rages in good sooth,
 Past all bearing, and many and great are the ills he has wrought us.”

- 350 Her in return thus answer’d the blue-eyed goddess Athena :
 “ Hector beyond doubt long ere this would have ceased from his fury,
 Ay, and his life lost, slain in the land of his sires by the Argives ;
 Had not my own sire Zeus in his rage unwisely demean’d him :
 Baffling my plans, and my schemes counteracting with cruel injustice.
 355 Now no longer the aid I conferr’d on his son, he remembers,
 Granted of yore, when enjoin’d hard tasks, by Eurystheus inflicted :
 Looking to heaven he wept ; but to please Zeus succour I gave him.
 Ah, had I only foreseen all now that I know when he sent him
 Down to the gaoler of Hades to drag thence Pluto’s enraged dog,
 360 Never, indeed, had he safely escaped from the Stygian waters.
 Me he indeed now hates, and prefers to distinguish the goddess,
 Thetis, who kiss’d, low-bending, his knees, and his beard in her hand took,
 Asking him honour to give to the city-destroyer Achilles.
 Well, he will one day call me his blue-eyed Pallas, as erewhile.
 365 Go thou away now, harness thy firm-hoof’d coursers for us twain,
 While I myself, having enter’d the halls of the ægis-upholder,
 Mighty Kronion, my arms put on, for I gladly would now learn,
 Whether, in sooth, King Priam’s renown’d son, valorous Hector,
 Much will rejoice when he sees us appear in the ranks of the army.
 370 Verily some of the Trojans will fatten the dogs and the vultures
 Ere it be long, when they fall by the ships of the sons of Achaia.”

- Ended Athena divine : nor did Hera refuse to obey her :
 Whereon the white-arm’d goddess, loved daughter of mightiest Kronos,
 Running with all speed, harness’d the golden caparisoned coursers :
 375 Pallas Athena, the daughter of ægis-upholding Kronion,
 Meanwhile dropp’d on the floor of her father her beautiful garment,
 Broider’d over with flowers by her own fair fingers depicted.
 She then, taking the corslet of great cloud-urging Kronion,
 Girded in panoply bright stood armed for the sorrowful battle.
 380 Mounting her chariot flaming with fire, she her spear in her hand took,
 Heavy and mighty, with which she was wont brave heroes to conquer,
 Such as with hatred she visits, herself being heaven-descended.
 Meanwhile Hera the steeds with the lash drove speedily onward,
 Open’d the portals of heaven spontaneously now, by the Horæ
 385 Guarded, to whom are intrusted the heavens and lofty Olympus,

Closing or opening wide at their pleasure the clouds which involve them.
Urged by the lash flew forth thro' the heavenly portals the coursers,
Father Kronion beholding them far from the summit of Ida,
Storm'd in his soul, and to Iris divine this message delivered :

390 "Come, swift Iris, away, haste, turn them aside, nor permit them
Now to approach me, for strife and contention were here unbefitting.
Tell them, for this I declare, and fulfilment will certainly follow,
Smiting, their steeds I'll disable, and under the chariot roll them,
Hurling themselves from their seats, and the chariot breaking in shivers.

395 Neither shall twice five years, long years, all slowly revolving,
Heal the severe wounds caused by my thunderbolts falling among them.
So shall the blue-eyed know when she fights with her father Kronion.
Yes, I in sooth am with Hera herself less wroth and indignant,
Seeing 'tis ever her wont to oppose the behest of her consort."

400 Ended : when Iris away like the wind sped, bearing the message.
Forth from the mountains of Ida she went to the seat of the godheads ;
Where, at the outermost portals of deep-vale-winding Olympus,
Meeting she hail'd them, the message of mighty Kronion announcing :

"Whither away ? why, why, does the soul thus rage in your bosom ?

405 Kronos' son will not suffer you now to assist the Achaians.
Thus did he, threatening, speak, and will certainly see it accomplish'd :
Smiting, your steeds he'll disable, and under the chariot roll them,
Hurling you down from your seats, and your chariot breaking in shivers :
Neither shall twice five years, long years, all slowly revolving,
410 Heal the severe wounds caused by his thunderbolts bursting among you.
So shall the blue-eyed know when she fights with her father Kronion.
Yes, he in sooth is with Hera herself less wroth and indignant,
Seeing 'tis ever her wont to oppose the behest of her consort.
Oh, most insolent, ay and presumptuous too, if thou ever

415 Darest to brandish thy spear in the face of thy father Kronion !"

Thus having spoken ; the lieger of Zeus, fleet Iris departed :
Whereupon Hera in turn thus answer'd, addressing Athena :

"Daughter of ægis-upholding Kronion, alas ! it befits not,
Longer that we twain combat with high-throned Zeus about mortals ;
420 Perish, or live, as may happen in battle, the one or the other.
Nathless let Zeus, in his own great mind things pondering over,
Judge and decide what is right to be done with the Trojans and Argives."

Thus having spoken ; the swift-paced steeds she again turn'd back-
ward :

Whereon the Horæ unharness'd the full-maned beautiful coursers,
425 Tying them up in the roomy ambrosial stalls, at the mangers ;

Drawing the chariot too, close up to the palace resplendent.
They, howbeit, themselves with the other Immortals consorted,
Sitting on couches of gold, in their breasts both sorrowing deeply.
Meanwhile father Kronion his bright-wheel'd carriage and coursers,
430 Drove to Olympus from Ida, and came to the seats of the godheads.
Loosed earth-shaking Poseidon the steeds, and the chariot drew up,
Placing it firm on its props, overspread with a cover of linen :
Then loud-sounding Kronion himself sat down on his golden
Throne, and Olympus anon to its base shook, trembling beneath him.
435 Hera and Pallas Athena apart from Kronion were seated ;
Him they address'd not, nor question'd : but knowing their thoughts he
at once spoke :

“ Wherefore, I ask, are ye both thus woful, Athena and Hera ?
Long ye have not toiled hard in the glorious battle, the Trojans
Seeking to ruin, 'gainst whom ye indulge most grievous resentment.
440 All the Immortals combined, throughout wide lofty Olympus,
Never could force me to fly, such firmness of purpose possess I.
Both of you, truly, were seized in your soft smooth limbs with a trembling,
Even before dread battle you witness'd, and ruinous warfare :
Ay, and I tell you besides, and fulfill'd you had certainly found it,
445 Never had you twain, struck by my bolts, in your chariots driving,
Lofty Olympus regain'd, where dwell the Immortals in glory.”

Spoke ; when with closed lips deep groan'd Hera and Pallas Athena.
Near each other they sat, dread fate for the Trojans devising :
Mute was Athena divine, no word 'gainst her father Kronion
450 Daring to utter in anger, tho' deep rage burn'd in her bosom.
Hera repress'd not the wrath in her breast, howbeit, but answer'd :

“ Most dread offspring of Kronos, what accents are these thou hast
spoken ?

Doubtless we know full well that thy strength irresistible standeth,
Still not the less do we mourn the malign fate dealt to the Argives,
455 All now ready to die, fulfilling their destiny evil.
We, howbeit, if thou dost command it, the war will abandon,
Only suggesting advice to the Danaï, such as will aid them,
Seeing we would not that, thou being wroth, all sadly should perish.”

Her then answer'd the ruler supreme, cloud-urging Kronion :
460 “ O most matronly, ox-eyed Hera, thou'lt see on the morrow
Truly, if such thou desirest, the powerful offspring of Kronos,
Even with still more havoc destroying the warlike Achaians :
Seeing the champion Hector will never abandon the battle,
Even till brave, swift-footed Peleides he rouse in his anger,

- 465 That dread day when the combatants fiercely contend by the galleys,
All pent up in a narrow defile, for the fallen Patroclus.
Thus is it destined : nor heed I thy fierce rage even an instant,
No, tho' afar, to the uttermost limits of land and of ocean
Even thou spedd'st where Kronos himself, and Iapitos, sitting,
- 470 Neither the sun's bright splendour of beam, as he journeys in heaven,
Ever delights, nor the winds ; where reigneth Tartarian darkness ;
Even if wandering there thou shouldst go, I regard not thy raging,
No, not at all, for thyself hast been ever for impudence famous."
Thus he address'd her ; but Hera the white-arm'd answer'd him
nothing.
- 475 Now ere long in the ocean the sun's bright splendour descended,
Drawing the curtain of night all over the earth, the productive,
Light from the Trojans withdrawing, themselves unwilling ; but, long'd
for,
Grateful it came to the Danaad host, how gloomy soever.
Whereon illustrious Hector assembled the Trojans in council,
- 480 Leading them forth from the galleys, apart by the eddying river,
Where clear space, unimpeded by corpses, he found for assembling.
Down from their horses alighting they listen'd attentive to Hector,
Loved of Kronion, who carried a spear in his hand of eleven
Cubits, whose bright gold ferrule and point shone flashing resplendent.
- 485 Forward inclining, he leant on his spear, then spoke and address'd
them :
"Hear me, ye Trojans, and all ye Dardanian heroes and allies :
Fondly I hoped erewhile, having conquer'd the foe in their galleys,
Back I should safely return to the wind-swept city of Troia ;
Night having now intervened, howbeit alone is the reason,
- 490 Why they are still spared they and their ships on the shore of the ocean.
Good it is sure to obey dark night, let the army refreshment
Therefore prepare forthwith ; and your full-maned beautiful coursers,
Loose from their chariot-traces, and lay fresh fodder before them :
Bring from the town straightway, both fat sheep plenty and oxen,
- 495 Sweet wine likewise, and bread from your homes ; and of fagots a good
store
Gather besides, that the long night through red fires may be burning,
Even till Eos, the daughter of dawn, break, gilding the heavens :
Seeing the long-hair'd sons of Achaia might, launching their galleys,
During the darkness of night fly over the breast of the ocean.
- 500 See that without great effort and toil none, climbing his galley,
Scathless escape ; but let each bear home some wound to be cherish'd,

- Either a blow having got from a brass war-spear or an arrow,
E'en while leaping aloft : so all hereafter may fear us,
Dreading to wage sad war with the Trojans the tamers of horses.
505 Come, let the heralds beloved of Kronion proclaim thro' the city,
Now, that the full-grown youths, and the sages with snow on their
temples,
All keep watch, in the high towers built by the gods, the immortal.
Fires in the halls of their dwellings besides, let the women, the gentler
Sex, now kindle ; a strong guard station as well, lest an ambush
510 Secretly enter the city, the men meanwhile being absent.
Act e'en thus, ye high-soul'd Trojans, obey, as commanded,
Wholesome, in sooth, is the counsel I give in the words I have utter'd :
Thus for the dark night ; morn will its own work bring when it rises.
Aided by vows to Kronion himself, and the other Immortals,
515 Soon I expect these dogs borne hence to a distance to banish ;
Those whom the Fates brought here in the black, sea-traversing galleys.
During the night let us all keep watch, and at earliest morning,
Girt in our arms, dread war by the deep-hull'd ships I will kindle :
Then I shall see, if illustrious Diomedes, offspring of Tydeus,
520 Me will compel to retreat from the wide-hull'd ships to the walls, or
Whether I him shall despoil of his blood-stain'd arms, having slain him.
Early at morn good proof will he give of his valour, if *my* spear
Then he withstand : but I judge ere sunrise, early to-morrow,
First 'mong the wounded he'll lie, with his friends full many around
him.
525 Would that I were as secure of immortal existence and honour,
Nothing of old age knowing, like Pallas Athena and Phœbus,
Even as this day fraught is with ills to the sons of Achaia."
- Thus brave Hector address'd them ; and loudly the Trojans applauded.
Whereon their swift steeds, sweating, they now from the yoke disencum-
ber'd,
- 530 Tying them each to his own bright chariot fast with a halter :
Afterwards well-fed sheep from the city they carried, and oxen ;
Sweet wine too from their homes, and collected abundance of fagots.
High on the wind then rose from the champaign the savour to heaven.
Thus they, rejoicing in soul, sat all night long in their divers
535 Cohorts and squadrons, with numerous bright fires blazing around them.
E'en as the stars glow high in the heavens, conspicuous shining,
Circling the moon, not a breeze most faint in the firmament stirring,
Rocks high-pointed appearing, and loftiest mountains and forests,
While through space vast ether discloses itself in its beauty ;

- 540 Under the bright stars, glittering softly, the shepherd rejoices :
So, in the space 'tween the ships of the Danaad host and the Xanthos,
Troyward spreading, the bright fires shone, which her heroes had lighted.
Blazed on the great plain lights ten hundred : and forty and ten men
Sat round each, all sharing the bright fires burning before them.
- 545 Meanwhile, eating their fodder and fresh white barley, their horses
Stood by the chariots, waiting till fair-throned Eos ascended.

END OF BOOK EIGHTH.

BOOK NINTH.

BOLDLY the Trojans remain'd upon guard ; but, companion of cold fear,
Dread flight seized the Achaians, and sorrow afflicted their leaders.
Even as Boreas, blowing from Thrace, with Zephyrus blended,
Sudden descending, excites great tumult and noise in the fishy

- 5 Ocean, and, heaving, the huge black waves rise, rolling and tumbling ;
Dashing the tangle and green sea-weed on the shore in their fury :
So were the souls of the sons of Achaia disturb'd in their bosoms.

Striding around with his heart pang-riven, moved King Agamemnon,
Issuing forth his commands to the clear-voiced heralds attendant,
10 Bidding them summon, in low-toned voice, each man to a council;
While he himself toiled foremost of all to accomplish the object.
Sitting in council they sorrow'd, and King Agamemnon Atreides
Shed big tears, like a deep-rill'd fountain which forth from a steep rock
Darkly descends. Then, sighing, he spoke and address'd the Achaians :

- 15 " O dear friends, commanders and chiefs of the noble Achaians,
Kronos' great son, Zeus, has involved me in woful disasters :
Cruellest god ! who assented aforetime once, and his promise
Gave, that I home should return, having well-wall'd Ilium wasted.
Now howbeit an evil device he has plann'd, and commands me,
20 Many the while having fallen, inglorious homeward to Argos.
Thus, no doubt, is the purpose of Zeus foreshadow'd to mortals ;
He who has thrown down many a city's defences already,
Many will still throw down, for his power is supreme among mortals.
Come then, haste, let us all now act, as myself have advised you :
25 Forth, let us fly with the ships to the much-loved land of our fathers,
Seeing we never shall capture the wide-way'd city of Troia."

Thus he address'd them ; but him all heard in the stillness of silence ;
Sad were the sons of Achaia, and sat long mute in their sorrow.

Afterwards, Diomede, brave at the war-shout, spoke, and address'd them :

- 30 " King Agamemnon, thy speech is unwise, I therefore oppose thee
Foremost of any, and be not incensed, such privilege claim I.
Thou 'mong the Danaad host wert the first to disparage my valour,

- Calling me both unwarlike and weak ; how justly the Argives
 Now may decide, for I leave it alike to the young and the hoary.
- 35 Mighty Kronion of two great things thee one has accorded ;
 Placing the sceptre of power in thy hands, wide ruler to make thee :
 Valour, the greatest of strength, howbeit, he still has withholden.
 Strangest of men ! pusillanimous deem'st thou our Danaad heroes ?
 Home to return if thou wishest, impell'd by the soul in thy bosom,
- 40 Why then go, for the way lies open, and close to the ocean
 Many a ship waits ready, which came with thee hence from Mycenæ.
 Here, howbeit, the rest of the long-hair'd sons of Achaia
 Still will remain, 'till we Troia o'erthrow ; but if any prefer it,
 Why, let them fly in the deep-hull'd ships to the land of their fathers ;
- 45 Sthenelos brave and myself will abide here, fighting the foeman,
 Even till Troia we raze ; for the great gods favour'd our coming."
- Thus did he speak ; and the sons of Achaia, on hearing, applauded,
 Pleased with the words which were spoken by Diomede, tamer of horses.
 Whereupon, rising, Gerenian Nestor bespoke, and address'd them :
- 50 " Diomede, peer thou hast none, no, neither in war nor in council ;
 No one can ere gainsay thy opinion, or venture to censure,
 Thee contradicting, and yet thou hast not said all that thou mightest.
 Youthful thou art, and might'st pass for my son, ay, even my youngest ;
 Nevertheless thou speakest indeed to the kings of Achaia
- 55 Words most prudent and wise, for whate'er thou hast spoken is fitting.
 Come then, give me thine ear, for I boast myself older than thou, and
 Ev'rything freely will speak, and assuredly no one will venture
 Counsel of mine to disparage, not even the King Agamemnon.
 Lawless and homeless is he who delights in intestine commotion.
- 60 Foremost our evening repast make ready, obedience to dark night
 Yielding ; the guards let us place outside of the fosse, by the rampart ;
 This on the youths I enjoin. But, Atreides, begin, thou art ruler,
 Give to the elders a feast ; it is fitting, and well it becomes thee.
 Fill'd are thy tents and pavilions with wine, which the ships of the
 Argives
- 65 Daily transport here, bringing from Thrace, far over the ocean.
 Means in abundance thou hast for a banquet, and menials many.
 Once they have met in assembly, obey thou him who the wisest
 Counsel bestows ; for the Argives have great need, surely, of prudence,
 Seeing the foemen are burning their camp-fires close by the galleys
- 70 Yonder, and who can rejoice in his soul, such doings beholding ?
 This same night, be assured, dread ruin awaits us, or safety."
- Thus did he speak ; and they heard him attentively, gladly obeying.

Whereupon forward the guards now hasten'd, equipp'd in their armour,
 Gathering round Thrasymedes Nestorides, guide of the people,
 75 Likewise Ascalaphos brave, and Ialmenos, offspring of Ares,
 Aphareus gallant, Deïpyros brave, and Meriones warlike,
 Stout Lycomedes as well, the illustrious offspring of Creon.
 Seven in number the leaders, and marching with each were a hundred
 Warriors, brave youths, each in his right hand holding a long spear.
 80 On to the space 'tween the trench and the rampart advancing, they sat
 down,

Where they, their fires having kindled, their evening repast made ready.

Meanwhile King Agamemnon Atreides the senators round him
 Led to his own tent, whom he regaled with a sumptuous banquet ;
 Whereupon each stretch'd forward his hand to the viands before him.
 85 Now when their hunger and thirst were allay'd with the viands and dark
 wine,

Nestor the agèd, whose counsel was erewhile reckon'd the wisest,
 Wisely began, interweaving advice, while thus he address'd them :

“Glorious King Agamemnon, the far-famed ruler of heroes,
 Now I'll begin with thyself, with thyself too end ; as Kronion
 90 Thee has created a monarch of peoples, and placed in thy keeping
 Laws and a sceptre, that thou might'st consult for the general welfare.
 Therefore above all fitting it seems the opinion of others
 First thou shouldst hear, then give us thine own, and fulfil as thou
 deem'st best

What is expedient, but thou must alone judge, doing thy pleasure.

95 Yet will I speak now even as seems to myself to be wisest.
 No one ever, in sooth, will deliver a better opinion,
 Neither indeed is the counsel I now give new, but I gave it
 Even from that same day when thyself, O nobly descended,
 Carried'st off from the tent of indignant Achilles Briseïs,
 100 Scorning the counsel I gave, for I earnestly tried to persuade thee
 All such thoughts to abandon ; but, yielding thyself to thy passion,
 Even the man most honour'd and loved by the blessèd Immortals,
 Treating as nought, thou hast fool'd, his reward both taking and keeping.
 Now, though late, let us still some counsel mature, that his anger
 105 Yet may be sooth'd, and a suitable guerdon in lieu let us give him.”

Him in reply thus answer'd the ruler of men, Agamemnon :

“Brave old man, no false accusation thou bringest against me :
 Much I have err'd, and I will not deny it. To many an army
 That man doubtless is equal, whom all-wise Zeus in his own breast
 110 Loves and has honour'd, for whose sake only he humbles the Argives.

- Still I have err'd, I acknowledge, my wayward humour evincing,
 Therefore I him would appease, and present with the costliest ransoms.
 These rich gifts I will shortly enumerate now in their order :
 Twice five talents of gold, and of tripods unsullied seven,
 115 Twenty magnificent caldrons, and twelve strong steeds of the circus,
 Train'd to excel, thence bearing away all prizes for fleetness.
 That man never can poverty know, or be wanting in riches,
 Such great prizes possessing as these fleet coursers have gain'd me.
 Lesbian women, besides, well skill'd in embroidery, seven,
 120 Even the same I selected when populous Lesbos he captured,
 Women whom none in the earth's wide circle can rival in beauty.
 These will I give, and among them the beautiful daughter of Brises,
 Her whom I then bore off for myself, and I'll swear with a great oath,
 Too, that I never ascended her bed, nor embraced in the manner
 125 Common to beings like men—both common to men and to women.
 All these gifts will be ere long ready ; and grant but the great gods
 Now that we march and demolish the wide-spread city of Priam ;
 Entering in, let him galleys with brass and with gold in abundance
 Heavily load, when we share 'mong ourselves such spoils as we capture.
 130 Twenty, besides, let him choose, of the comeliest women of Troia,
 Even the women esteemed most fair save Helen of Argos.
 Once we have come unto Argos, the udder of fruitful Achaia,
 There let him marry my daughter, and him will I equally honour
 E'en as Orestes my son, who in affluence long has been nurtured.
 135 Three loved daughters abide in my well-built palace at Argos,
 Namely Laodice, Iphianassa, Chrysothemis lovely :
 Well, the beloved of the three let him lead to the mansions of Peleus,
 No dow'r giving, whichever he chooses. But doweries many,
 Such as indeed no man e'er gave to his daughter, I'll give him.
 140 Cities besides, I will give, well-peopled, as many as seven,—
 Fruitful Cardamyle, Enope too, and, renown'd for its pastures,
 Ira, and glorious Pheræ, Anthea in meadows abounding,
 Pedasos, famous for bearing the rich grape-vine, and Æpeia :
 All these lie on the ocean, the last near Pylos the sandy.
 145 Men these cities possess who have cattle and flocks in abundance ;
 Him they will honour with gifts as a god, and his sceptre with tributes.
 All these guerdons I'll give him, if only he ceases from anger.
 Then let him yield. Unappeasable ever is Pluto, and sullen,
 Therefore to men he is far most hateful of all the Immortals.
 150 Yes, let him yield then even to me, inasmuch as myself am
 Much more kingly than he, and, above all, boast myself older."

- Whereon Gerenian Nestor, the chief, him speedily answer'd :
 " O most mighty Atreides, the ruler of men, Agamemnon,
 Guerdons of no mean kind thou dost offer Achilles the monarch ;
 155 Therefore a choice band now let us send to his tent by the galleys.
 Come then, these will I choose, and they all must obey as commanded.
 Foremost, let Phoenix, beloved of Kronion, himself be the leader,
 Next huge Aias our trusty defence, and Odysseus the godlike :
 Farther, as heralds, Eurybates name I, and Hodios warlike.
 160 Now bring water to wash, and from words unfitting abstain ye,
 While we present supplications to Zeus, if he haply will pity."
 Thus he address'd them ; and pleased, all heard, and applauded his
 counsel.
- Water was then pour'd forth on their hands by the heralds attendant ;
 Brimful then, were the flagons with dark wine filled by the striplings,
 165 Which, having pour'd into cups, they distributed round the assembly.
 After libations were pour'd, and their thirst was appeased, they proceeded,
 Leaving in haste the pavilion of King Agamemnon Atreides.
 Nestor the sage meanwhile laid many injunctions upon them,
 Wistfully looking on each, but above all eyeing Odysseus,
 170 Urging them much to persuade the unblameable offspring of Peleus.
 These now went by the shore of the hollow-voiced, boisterous ocean,
 Earnestly praying the while to the great earth-shaker Poseidon,
 Haply to aid in persuading the spirit of Æacos' grandson.
 Now when they came to the galleys and tents of the Myrmidon army,
 175 Him they descried with his clear-toned, beautiful, curiously-wrought harp,
 Graced with a silvery comb on the apex, solacing his spirit.
 This he had ta'en when Eëtion's city he sack'd, and was playing,
 Soothing his soul with its tones by reciting the glories of heroes.
 Over-against him Patroclus his friend sat, silently musing,
 180 Waiting till Æacos' mighty descendant should leave off singing.
 Forward the messengers went, brave, godlike Odysseus preceding :
 Standing before him, Achilles at once leaped up in amazement,
 Quitting his seat, but the lyre in his hand still holding unheeded.
 Likewise Patroclus arose from his seat upon seeing them enter :
 185 Brave, swift-footed Achilles their hands then taking, address'd them :
 " Hail, for as friends ye have come : sure, great must the need be that
 brings you
 Hither to me, still wrathful ; but dearest ye are of the Argives."
 This having said ; them forward the godlike Achilles conducted,
 Causing them now sit down upon seats spread over with purple :
 190 Then he accosted Patroclus who still stood close by the hero :

“Son of Menœtius, place on the table a flagon capacious,
Mix wine purer of kind, and for each make ready a goblet,
Seeing that under my roof there are men most dear to my bosom.”

Thus did he speak ; and Patroclus obey'd his belovèd companion.

195 Peleus' offspring a huge block towards the fire having lifted,
Next placed thereon the chine of a well-fed sheep, and a fat goat,
Likewise the back of a swine full-grown, and abounding in fatness :
These by Achilles were cut while noble Automedon held them,
Then he divided them all, upon small spits fixing the pieces.
200 Meanwhile, fed by Patroclus the fire burn'd brisker and crackled.
Then when the fire had for some time burn'd, and the flame was declining,
Spreading the live-coal out, he the spits next deftly extended,
Sprinkling the sacred salt on the various pieces when lifted.
Then, when the portions were cook'd, and were thrown on the dressers
for carving,

205 Promptly Patroclus, the fine bread taking, in beautiful baskets,
Served it ; and thereon the flesh by Achilles himself was apportion'd.
Peleus' godlike son sat facing Odysseus the monarch,
Close to the opposite wall, and commanded his comrade Patroclus
Sacrifice make to the gods, and the first-fruits throw on the embers ;
210 Then they their hands stretch'd forth to the various viands before them.
Now when their longing for eating and drinking was satisfied fully,
Aias to Phoenix a nod now gave ; but Odysseus perceived it ;
Whereupon filling his goblet with wine, he Achilles at once pledged :

“Health to Achilles ! a sumptuous banquet in truth is not lacking,

215 Either at King Agamemnon Atreides' pavilion, the far-famed
Ruler of peoples, or here ; for restorers of strength in abundance
Laid are before us : but well-fill'd boards are not now our concernment.
Things more weighty engage us, a grievous catastrophe threatens,
O thou great Zeus-nurtured, the ruin or weal of the galleys
220 Lies in thy hands ; we are lost if thou keepest aloof with thy prowess.
Ay, for the Trojans renown'd, and their friends and confederate allies,
Summon'd from far, have their camps now pitch'd, and their fires through
the army
Kindled beside our defences, and rumour affirms they will forthwith
Fall on our deep-sea-traversing galleys, nor longer restrain them.
225 Kronos' son too, omens propitious exhibiting, darts forth
Lightning ; and Hector himself looks fiercely around in his valour,
Terribly raging, confiding in mighty Kronion, and neither
Reverence shows to Immortal nor man ; such madness has seized him.
Would it were morn is his prayer ; for he boasts that the prows of the
galleys

- 230 Then he will cut, and the hulls in the fire-flames burn in his fury,
Giving to slaughter 'mid smoke and confusion the routed Achaians :
Therefore I fear lest the gods may fulfil this threat, and in Troia
Doom us to dread fate, far from the swift-steed-nourishing Argos.
Up then, even though late, if thou meanest the harass'd Achaians
235 Ever to aid in the onslaught fierce now made by the Trojans.
Long, long hence to thyself it will be an occasion of sorrow ;
Ay, and a false step, even though rued, is a lasting disaster.
Therefore reflect how best to avert sad days from the Argives.
O my beloved friend, Peleus thy sire, thus carefully charged thee
240 That same day, when he sent thee from Phthia to King Agamemnon :
' Pallas Athena and Hera, my son, if they choose, can award thee
Valour and strength ; but thy own great soul, now stirring within thee,
See thou restrain, for respect thou wilt win by a gentle demeanour :
Check this spirit of ruinous strife which thou vainly indulgest,
245 So will the elders and youths of Achaia advance thee to honours.'
Such was the charge which the old man gave thee, but thou art forgetful.
Therefore abstain e'en now from the wrath that is working within thee ;
Ceasing from such, gifts worth thy acceptance Atreides will give thee.
Give me thine ear, I'll recount, if thou'lt listen, the various guerdons
250 King Agamemnon within his pavilion hath promised to give thee :
Twice five talents of gold, and of tripods unsullied seven,
Twenty magnificent caldrons, and twelve strong steeds of the circus,
Train'd to excel, thence bearing away all prizes for fleetness.
That man never can poverty know, nor be wanting in riches,
255 Such great prizes possessing as these fleet coursers have gained him.
Lesbian women, besides, well skill'd in embroidery, seven,
Even the same he selected when populous Lesbos thou sacked'st,
Women whom none in the earth's wide circle can rival in beauty.
These will he give, and among them, the beautiful daughter of Brises,
260 Her whom he then bore off : and he'll swear with a great oath
Too, that he never ascended her bed, nor embraced in the manner
Common to beings like men—both common to men and to women.
All these gifts will be ere long ready ; and grant but the great gods
Now that we march, and demolish the wide-spread city of Priam ;
265 Entering in, thou thy galleys with brass and with gold in abundance
Heavy may'st load when we share 'mong ourselves those stores which we
capture.
Twenty, besides, thou shalt choose of the comeliest women of Troia,
Even the women esteem'd most fair, save Helen of Argos.
Once we have come unto Argos, the udder of fruitful Achaia,

- 270 There thou may'st marry his daughter, and thee he will equally honour,
E'en as Orestes his son, who in affluence long has been nurtured.
Three loved daughters abide in his well-built palace at Argos,
Namely, Laodice, Iphianassa, Chrysothemis lovely :
Well, the beloved of the three thou shalt lead to the mansions of Peleus,
- 275 No dow'r giving, whichever thou choosest. But doweries many,
Such as indeed no man e'er gave to his daughter, he'll give thee.
Cities besides he will give, well-peopled, as many as seven,—
Fruitful Cardamyle, Enope too, and, renown'd for its pastures,
Ira, and glorious Pheræ, Anthea in meadows abounding,
- 280 Pedasos, famous for bearing the rich grape-vine, and Æpeia :
All these lie on the ocean, the last near Pylos the sandy.
Men these cities possess who have cattle and flocks in abundance ;
Thee they will honour with gifts as a god, and thy sceptre with tributes.
All these guerdons he'll give thee, if only thou ceaseest from anger.
- 285 Still, if thou hatest the King Agamemnon himself, and his guerdons
More, in thy heart show pity, at least to the other Achaians,
Toil-worn now at the leaguer, who thee as a god will acknowledge :
Yes, be assured, great honour they all hereafter will show thee.
Hector thou there may'st stay, who already has nearly approach'd thee,
- 290 Raging with fury, declaring that none of the sons of Achaia
Hitherward brought, can compare with himself, or be reckon'd his equal.”
Whereupon him thus answer'd anon swift-footed Achilles :
“Glorious son of Laertes, profound, deep-scheming Odysseus,
Me it behoves, of a truth, to express my opinion with frankness,
- 295 E'en as I think, and indeed well know will in time be accomplish'd ;
Seeing I else will be hearing the same sad, pitiful ditty.
Oh, that man I abhor, as the portals of Hades who buries
Deep in his bosom his own true thought and expresses another.
Therefore it is I will speak as appears to myself to be wisest ;
- 300 Neither Atreides himself, Agamemnon the king, nor the other
Argives will move me, for gratitude none gains he who on warfare
Fairly has enter'd, and ceaselessly combats, embroil'd with the foeman.
Yes, one recompence falls to the idler and him who is active,
Ceaselessly fighting ; and honour'd alike is the dauntless and dastard.
- 305 All are to death doom'd, he of the few deeds, he of the many.
Nothing I've gained by the woes both many and heavy I've suffered
Long in this bosom of mine, and by risking my life in the battle.
E'en as the bird fares sparely herself that her young she may nourish,
So nights weary and sleepless I've pass'd, and in many a bloody
- 310 Combat engaged ; for the sake of their own wives, fighting with heroes.

- Twelve strong cities I've razed to the ground and destroy'd with my
galleys,
Ay, and eleven as strong upon foot, on the plain of the Troad.
War-spoils, too, have I carried away thence, many and precious,
Laying them down at the feet of the King Agamemnon Atreides ;
315 While he, remaining behind by the swift-keel'd galleys received them,
Only distributing few, for his own share many retaining.
Other rewards no doubt he has given to the chiefs and commanders,
Which they retain ; but from me of the Argives alone hath he taken
What I possess'd, and the much-loved wife of my soul, whom he still
keeps,
320 Taking delight with. But why should the Danai war with the Trojans
Wage ? or for what good cause did Atreides, assembling an army,
Hither conduct it ? for Helen the fair-haired's sake it was truly.
Think ye that none save Atreus' sons of articulate mortals
Cherish their wives ? O dear is his wife to the man who is noble :
325 So in my heart though won by my war-spear loved I Briseïs.
Ruthless, since now he has snatch'd my reward from my hands and de-
ceived me,
Urge me he need not, for knowing his deeds, he will never persuade me.
Then let him ponder, Odysseus, with thee and the other commanders,
How they may best keep back from the galleys the fire of the foemen.
330 Tasks full many, and arduous too, he has finish'd without me,
Strong walls built, with a trench well-guarded, to strengthen them
further ;
Roomy and broad is the fosse, and within it are palisades planted.
Even with all these, hardly the great man-slaughtering Hector
Keeps he at bay ; but when I 'mong the Danai fought in the onslaught,
335 Hector essay'd not the battle to wage far off from the rampart ;
Only the length of the Scæan gates did he come, and the beech-tree.
There he alone once waited my coming, and hardly escaped me.
Now since it is not my will to contend with illustrious Hector,
First, having sacrifice offer'd to Zeus and the other Immortals,
340 After my ships I have dragg'd to the sea, and sufficiently laden,
Them thou shalt certainly see, if thou wishest and carest to see them,
Early at morning afar on the Hellespont fishy in full sail,
Rowed by the lustiest arms, and, grant but the mighty Poseidon
Prosperous breezes, we reach on the third day Phthia prolific,
345 Where I domains still hold, which I quitted when hitherward coming.
Gold I will bear hence, glittering iron, and brass in abundance,
Women as well, fair-girdled, which fall to my lot. But the guerdon

- King Agamemnon Atreides himself gave, that hath he taken.
All these things do thou tell to himself, as I plainly command thee ;
350 Openly tell them, that other Achaians may likewise be wrathful,
Even as I, should he ever attempt, barefaced ! to deceive them.
Ne'er let him venture to look in my face, poor dog of a creature !
Never with him will I join henceforth nor in deeds, nor in counsel,
Seeing that umbrage I've ta'en at his falseness ; nor will he in future
355 Me overreach with his words ; no, once is enough ; but in quiet
Now let him perish, for all-wise Zeus has deprived him of reason.
Hateful to me are his gifts, and himself not a hair do I value.
No, not although ten times, ay, twenty as many he gave me
Even as now he has offer'd, and yet hereafter may offer ;
360 No, nor as much as Orchomenos holds or Egyptian Thebæ,
Where such numerous riches are stored in the various dwellings,
Whence from her hundred gates rush chariots twice ten thousand.
No, if he gave me as many indeed as the sands of the ocean,
Even in that case King Agamemnon should never persuade me ;
365 Never till full reparation be made for the harrowing insult.
Wed I will never the daughter of King Agamemnon Atreides ;
No, tho' she even could match Aphrodite the golden in beauty,
Rivalling also in deeds fair blue-eyed Pallas Athena,
Her I would never espouse : let him choose some other Achaian,
370 Such as may meet his approval, and bear himself more as a monarch.
Yes, if the gods vouchsafe my return, and preserve me in safety,
Peleus himself hereafter will give me a suitable consort.
Many and fair are the Danaad women in Hellas and Phthia,
Daughters of far-famed chieftains, who succour the cities around them :
375 Choosing of these whomsoever I wish, I will wed as my consort :
Long have I yearn'd there some fair damsel to take to my bosom,
Partner approved, and enjoy the possessions of Peleus the aged :
Seeing that all which they tell me the populous city of Troia
Formerly held, when aforetime living at peace with the nations
380 Ere the Achaians arrived, is as nothing compared to my own life :
Even if added to these were the riches which Phœbus Apollo
Holds in the porch of his stone-paved palace in Pytho the rocky.
Oxen and fat sheep lightly, in sooth, can be gotten by plunder,
Tripods, and steeds with their light manes flowing around them as well,
but
385 Life once fled man cannot arrest in its course, or again bring
Back as before, when the lips which imprisoned it once it has quitted.
Me, as my mother declares, fair Thetis, the silvery-footed,

- Destinies double await and allure me along on their circuit.
 If, on the one hand, here I remain, war waging in Troia,
 390 Home I return no more, but my glory remaineth immortal ;
 Ay, but again, if I homewards return to the land of my fathers,
 Lost is the glory I so much long'd to exhibit, but lasting
 Then will my life prove ; death which we fear will not swiftly o'ertake
 me.
- 395 Now, I would others advise to depart for the land of their fathers,
 Seeing ye will not destroy high Troia, for sounding Kronion
 Over it stretches his hand, and the whole host courage has taken.
 Go then hence to the host, now leave me at once, and deliver
 This my reply to your leaders, for such is the lieger's vocation.
- 400 Bid them devise some plan in their minds more fitting and better,
 So as to save from destruction their ships, and the Danaad army
 Now press'd close to the galleys, sith this which they just have projected
 Never will come to an issue, myself still anger indulging.
 Phoenix may stay all night, howbeit, reclining beside me,
- 405 Then, if he choose, he may follow my ships to the land of his fathers
 Early to-morrow, although I'm in no mood now to compel him."
- Thus he address'd them ; on which they became mute, hearing in
 silence,
 Wondering all at his words ; for he spoke much moved with resentment.
 Straightway after, the old chief Phoenix bespake, and address'd them,
- 410 Large tears shedding the while, for he fear'd for the ships of the Argives :
 " Godlike Achilles renown'd, if home to return thou intendest
 Now in thy soul, nor art willing at all to repel from the swift ships
 Ruinous burnings, because of the great wrath fall'n on thy spirit,
 How, my beloved youth, can I be left here lone, I would ask thee,
- 415 Seeing that brave old Peleus, the breaker of horses, despatch'd me
 Hither with thee, but a stripling, with counsels and war unacquainted,
 That same day when thou wentest from Phthia to King Agamemnon.
 Ay, 'twas for this that he sent me away, to instruct thee in these things,
 Both to perform great deeds, and become as an orator famous.
- 420 Therefore my own loved son, I desire not alone to be left here,
 No, not although an Immortal himself, having freed me from old age,
 Promised again to restore me, as erst, to the bloom of my youthhood,
 Such as I was when I left fair Hellas, for women renown'd, when
 Flying the endless reproaches and stripes of my father Amyntor,
- 425 Ormenos' son, on account of a fair-hair'd concubine's favour
 Wrathful, whom greatly he loved, but dishonour'd my mother, his consort.
 Often my mother my knees would encircle, and, suppliant lying,

Urged me the dame to embrace, that my sire she might loathe in her
bosom.

Her I obey'd as she wish'd ; but the old man knowing it ere long,
430 Many a loud curse utter'd, invoking the horrid Erinnyes,
Never a much-loved son of my own hereafter to suffer
Sit on his knees ; and his fierce imprecations the gods, the immortal,
Ratified, both dread Persephoneia and Stygian Pluto.
Thus ill treated, my soul no longer would suffer me ever
435 After to live in his halls, so greatly enraged was my father.
Kinsmen and friends now compass'd me round, and their utmost endeavours
Used to persuade me a while to remain in their midst, and detain'd me :
Fat sheep many and crook-horn'd, bent-hoof'd oxen they slaughter'd,
Swine, well fed, full many and brawny, abounding in fatness,
440 Lay stretch'd out, to be roasted in front of the flame of Hephaistos :
Much of the old man's wine from his clay-ware goblets we quaff'd too.
Nine nights round me they slept, and in turns kept watch, nor extin-
guished

Either the fire in the porch of the well-barred hall, or the other,
Placed in the vestibule, full in the front of the doors of the chambers.
445 After the tenth dark night, howbeit, had fallen upon me,
Then, having broken the well-join'd doors of the chamber I lay in,
Forth I departed, and leapt right over the fence of the palace ;
Lightly escaping the notice of watchmen and female attendants.
Thence I with all speed fled, soon passing the region of Hellas,
450 Reaching luxuriant Phthia the mother of sheep, and approaching
Peleus, the king of the land, he received me with generous kindness,
Loving me tenderly, even indeed as a father his only
Son, in his old age born, and the heir of his ample possessions.
Wealthy he made me, and gave me a number of people ; and ruling
455 O'er the Dolopian races, I dwelt on the border of Phthia.
Thee from my soul, O godlike Achilles, I loved ; to my training
Owest thou all that thou art, from the time when thou wouldst not
with others
Go to the banquet abroad, and declined food ev'n in the mansion,
Ere I had thee first placed on my knees, and, preparing thy viands,
460 Carved them myself, then fed thee, indulging thy humour with bright
wine.

Many a time hast thou wetted the tunic that cover'd my shoulders,
Squirting the wine on my vest in the petulant humour of childhood
Oh, all this have I done, for thy welfare too have I labour'd,
Thinking the while, since the gods vouchsafed no offspring to give me,

- 465 Fruit of my loins, that at least I might thee have to love as my own son,
 Noble Achilles, that thou mightest shield me from destiny evil.
 Therefore, Achilles, repress this wrath which thou foolishly nursest,
 Needful it is not that thou shouldst be merciless ; even the high gods
 Often relent, who pre-eminent shine for puissance and virtue.
- 470 Even the gods can be moved and appeased by a sacrifice offer'd,
 Incense, libations, and prayers, when a man has transgress'd their com-
 mandments :
- Seeing that Prayers themselves are the daughters of mighty Kronion,
 Squint-eyed, wrinkled, and halting, which, following Ate, are woful.
 Ate is strong, howbeit, and healthy of limb, and outstrips them,
 475 Ev'rywhere running before them, and ever arriving the foremost ;
 Injury doing to men ; they, following, heal the affliction.
 Whoso with honour and reverence meets them when towards us bending,
 Him they are aye wont greatly to strengthen, and hear him when praying.
 Whoso denies them, indeed, and who firmly resolves to refuse them,
- 480 Drawing anon near Kronos' son they solicit that Ate,
 Following after, may hurt, and the penalty cause him to forfeit.
 Therefore, Achilles, do thou give honour as due to Kronion's
 Daughters, to whom the exalted and noble have often submitted :
 Ay, for if King Agamemnon renown'd had not come with his guerdons,
- 485 Promising more hereafter, and smoulder'd his wrath as it first burn'd,
 Then would I never indeed once urge, that, forgetting thine anger,
 Aid thou shouldst render the Argives, albeit they greatly require it.
 Now, however, he gives full many, and promises others
 Afterwards ; ay, and the best men far he has sent to implore thee,
- 490 Those of the Danaad host most dear to thyself having chosen.
 See thou despise not their urgent entreaty and suit ; we acknowledge
 Blameable nowise wert thou before, though storming with anger.
 Oft have we heard of the fame, moreover, of heroes of old times,
 Heroes, when carried away with their vehement passion, who still were
- 495 Open by words to be soothed, or appeased by a suitable guerdon :
 One old deed, ay, really old, full well I remember ;
 So I will tell it, as all here present are friends and companions.
 Well, the Ætolians fought with the valiant Curetes in battle,
 Where each other they slaughter'd severely by Calydon's city ;
- 500 Ranged was the mighty Ætolian host in defence of the city,
 While the Curetes were keen to destroy it, and lay it in ruins ;
 Seeing between them the gold-throned Artemis evil excited,
 Angry because upon some fair spot brave Æneus had never
 Offer'd her first-fruits ; while the Immortals on hecatombs feasted,

- 505 Sacrifice none he presented alone to the daughter of great Zeus ;
Either forgetting, or not once thinking ; but great was his error.
Whereon the daughter of Zeus, the delighter in arrows, revengeful,
Sent an immense white-tusk'd wild boar of the forest against him.
After the manner of boars, much havoc it wrought on the vineyards,
510 Many a fine tall tree one after another he threw down,
Low on the ground, with their roots and their blossoms which promised
him fruitage.
Him, howbeit, the offspring of Ceneus, renown'd Meleager,
Slew, having gather'd together the huntsmen and hounds of the cities :
Needful this was, for a few would indeed not have lightly subdued him,
515 Seeing he many had sent to the funeral pile in his fury.
Artemis, nathless, excited around great tumult and warfare
Now, 'tween the noble Ætolian host and the warlike Curetes,
Each side claiming the head and the tough hide cover'd with bristles.
Prosper'd Ætolia's arms while brave Meleager was fighting.
520 Forced was the foe inside, notwithstanding their numerous forces.
Wrath, howbeit, which even excites men placid by nature,
Seized Meleager renown'd, enraged with Althæa, his much-loved
Mother, and caused him to keep at a distance beside his espoused wife,
Fair Cleopatra, the child of Marpessa, the beautiful-ankled,
525 Known as the famed Evenina, and Idas, the bravest of mortals
Then on the earth, and who even a spear against Phœbus-Apollo
Ventured to lift, for the sake of the nymph with the beautiful ankles.
Her were his matronly mother and sire in the palace accustomed
Ever to call by the name of Alcyone, seeing Marpessa,
530 Gifted indeed with the plaintive Alcyone's mournfully sweet notes,
Wailed in her sorrow, what time she was stolen away by Apollo.
Near to his spouse Meleager remain'd, still nursing his anger,
Wrathful because of the curse of his mother, who, greatly lamenting,
Pray'd to the gods to avenge the malign fate brought on her brethren.
535 Often the fertile earth with her hands would she strike in her wailing,
Calling on Pluto beneath, and the dread-throned Persephoneia,
Low on her knees oft bent, and with sad tears wetting her bosom,
Death to inflict on her son : her then the Erinnys, in darkness
Roaming relentless the regions of gloom-spread Erebus, answer'd.
540 Then was there tumult and roaring of war round Calydon's portals,
Falling of towers stone-batter'd, Ætolian elders entreating,
Sending their priests to the gods, to command Meleager to aid them,
Promising gifts. Where Calydon's deep loam-soil was the richest,
There they desired him to choose a convenient enclosure of fifty

- 545 Acres, the one half, land well fitted for vines, and the other
Good corn-land, unencumber'd with forest, adapted for tillage.
Brave old Æneus, the tamer of horses ascended aloft, and
Stood at the door of his high-roofed hall, where, shaking the door-posts
E'en till they trembled, his son he implored and with fervour entreated.
- 550 Greatly his sisters as well, and his matronly mother, besought him,
Scarce less urgent his friends most valued ; but still he resisted :
Deaf he remain'd to the voice of persuasion from kindred and comrade ;
Even till fiercely the foeman his chamber assail'd, and the ramparts
Almost were scaled, and the whole town fired by the warlike Curetes.
- 555 Then Meleager's divine-zoned wife, tears shedding implored him,
All the disasters recounting which chance when a city is taken :
Burn'd is the city with fire, while slain are the men who defend it ;
Multitudes meanwhile bearing the women away, and the children.
Hearing of deeds so fruitful of evil his soul was at length touch'd,
- 560 Whereon he hasten'd away, and in radiant armour begirt him.
Thus his resentment indulging at first, from the people and city
Warded he utter destruction at last ; but the many and pleasing
Gifts which they promised they gave not, albeit he saved them from evil.
Follow not such ways noble Achilles, nor suffer the demon
- 565 Thee to mislead, dear friend, since it, sure, would be more to thy credit
Now to assist, than to wait till the galleys are fired. Of the gifts then
Deign to accept, and the Argives will honour thee e'en as a godhead.
Shouldst thou without gifts enter the terrible battle, and ward off
Death, less praise will be thine, than if now thou wilt lend us thy
succour."
- 570 Whereupon him thus answer'd anon swift-footed Achilles :
" Phœnix, respected, beloved old man, Zeus-bred, I indeed need
Nothing of all this honour : methinks the behest of Kronion
Honour enow, who ordains me to bide by the crook-prow'd galleys,
While I have breath in my breast, and my knees are the masters of
motion.
- 575 Something I'll say, howbeit, and ponder it well in thy bosom :
Vex not the spirit within me by these sad tears and lamentings,
Pleasing the hero Atreides by this means : needful it is not
Verily him to endow with thy love, if of mine thou art wishful ;
Him who has me much wrong'd, thou art called on to wrong in requital ;
- 580 So shalt thou rule with myself, and be sharer alike of my honour.
These will return with my message, do thou lie down and repose thee
Here on a soft couch ; soon as the morning appears let us ponder
Whether we here will remain, or return to the land of our fathers."

Spoke ; and in silence from under his brows to Patroclus his comrade
585 Sign'd, that for Phoenix a thick bed now he should straw ; but the others
Spoke meanwhile of retiring and leaving the tent of Achilles.

Whereupon thus Telamonian Aias, the godlike, address'd them :

“ O thou Zeus-born son of Laertes, Odysseus the prudent,
Come let us go, for indeed no harvest our mission will yield us,
590 Nothing we'll gain here, therefore in haste our reply let us forthwith
Bear to the Danaad host, tho' of no good kind is the answer.
Now they are sitting expecting us back, but Achilles, unyielding,
Stores up still in his breast great wrath and an arrogant spirit.
Never regarding the friendship of any of us his companions
595 Here, who have honour'd him much more, truly, than some at the galleys.
Merciless man, men often accept compensation when offer'd,
Ev'n for the death of a brother or son, who mayhap, has been slaughtered
While in his own house safe the delinquent remains, having ransoms
Paid, and appeased thereby is the mind and the soul of the other,
600 Such compensation receiving. The gods, howbeit, in *thy* breast
Must have implanted indeed an unyielding and evil-disposed mind,
All for the sake of a maid ; we, meanwhile, offer thee seven
Much more lovely, and other rewards in addition. A nature
Lenient then put on ; have regard to thy house, for ourselves are
605 Guests from the Danai under thy roof, and desire to be friendly
Ever and kindly with thee, much more than the rest of the Argives.”

Whereupon him thus answer'd in turn swift-footed Achilles :

“ Most high Aias, the offspring of Telamon ; chief of the army,
All thou hast spoken, methinks comes forth from thy innermost bosom :
610 Nevertheless indignation I feel in my breast, recollecting
All those deeds ; how Atreus' son 'mong the sons of Achaia
Me has dishonour'd, as if I were some poor, pitiful stranger.
Now I dismiss you ; so leave me, and carry the message I give you :
Blood-smear'd war, of a truth, I shall not once join in, nor think of,
615 Even 'till Hector the far-famed offspring of Priam the monarch,
Reaches the tents and the black-hull'd ships of the Myrmidon heroes,
Slaying the sons of Achaia, in fire-flames burning their galleys.
Hector, methinks, how eager soever in soul, will relinquish
Fighting when close to my crook-beak'd, black-hull'd ship and pavilion.”
620 Spoke : then each of them lifting a twofold goblet, libations
Offer'd, and, led by Odysseus, their way took close by the galleys.
Afterwards gallant Patroclus his comrades and female attendants
Order'd to spread with despatch on a couch some bedding for Phoenix,
Whereon, obedience yielding, an ample supply they provided,

- 625 Coverlets, sheep-skins, arras, with close-wove linen beneath them ;
There the revered old man lay down and awaited the morning.
Slept in the well-form'd tent, in the alcove for resting, Achilles,
Near him a damsel, the beautiful fair-cheek'd daughter of Phorbas,
Named Diomeda, whom erst he convey'd home coming from Lesbos.
630 Laid on the opposite side, slept gallant Patroclus ; beside him
Fair-zoned Iphis reclined, whom godlike Achilles aforetime
Gave him, when Scyros the city of noble Enyeus he captured.

Now, when the others had come to the tents of the King Agamemnon
Rose one after the other, with bright gold cups, to receive them,
635 All the Achaians, and question'd. Atreides the king first speaking :

“ Tell me, thou much-praised glorious chief of the Argives, Odysseus,
Will he the hostile fire ward off from the galleys, or anger
Still does he nurse in his arrogant bosom, refusing to aid us ? ”

- Whereupon him thus answer'd the wise, much-bearing Odysseus :
640 “ Atreus' glorious son, great monarch of men, Agamemnon,
Deigns not Achilles his wrath to forego, but is more than he erst was
Fill'd with revenge, and despises alike both thee and thy guerdons ;
Therefore he bids thee devise with the chiefs of the sons of Achaia
Some more fitting expedient for saving the army and galleys.

- 645 He, howbeit, has threaten'd to sail with the dawning of Eos
Forth to the main with his well-bench'd, swift, sea-traversing galleys ;
Seeing he still is resolved not to join with the rest in destroying
Ilium lofty, as far-off-sounding Kronion, protective,
Over it stretches his hand, and the people anew take courage.
650 Such was his message ; and here are the others who follow'd to tell it :
Aias, as also the two most prudent of mortals, the heralds.
Phoenix hath lain down there, howbeit, for so did Achilles
Order, that hence he might sail with himself to the land of his fathers
Early at dawn, if he this should prefer, but he will not compel him.”

- 655 Thus he address'd him ; and mute all listen'd, remaining in silence,
Wondering much at his speech, for with vehement tone he harangued them.
Long were the sorrowing sons of the Danai mute ; when at last rose
Diomede, Tydeus' son, at the war-shout great, and address'd him :

- “ Atreus' glorious son, great monarch of men, Agamemnon,
660 Would that thou hadst not implored the illustrious offspring of Peleus,
Offering numerous ransoms, for even before he was haughty ;
Now thou hast raised in his breast fierce arrogance stronger than ever.
Whether he goes or remains, howbeit, alone let us leave him ;
Fight he assuredly some day will, when the soul in his bosom
665 Rouses him up, and the blessèd Immortals impel him to combat.

Come now, follow the counsel I give, and obedience render.
Viands and wine having ta'en, go, quickly repair to your couches,
There take rest and repose, for in these are puissance and valour.
Early at dawn, howbeit, when morn peeps forth rosy-finger'd,
670 Bring both horsemen and foot to the ocean in front of the galleys,
Urging them on ; and thyself, too, fight in the van of the battle."

Thus he address'd him ; and every chieftain admiring the counsel
Given by Diomedes, tamer of horses, approved and assented :
Whereupon, first having offer'd libations, they, each to his own tent
675 Going, to rest lay down, and enjoyed sleep's bountiful blessing.

END OF BOOK NINTH.

BOOK TENTH.

- ALL night long the commanders and chiefs of the sons of Achaia,
Worn out, lay by their galleys, enjoying the sweetness of slumber,
Saving Atreides, the guide of the people, renown'd Agamemnon ;
Him sleep came not to soothe, in his mind things many revolving.
- 5 E'en as when fair-hair'd Hera's august spouse thunders in heaven,
Forming a plentiful shower, or of hail, or of snow, for the wide-spread
Fields underneath, or perchance dread war's wide mouth is preparing :
So deep groans heaved frequent the King Agamemnon Atreides,
Ev'n from the innermost depths of his heart, and his spirit was troubled.
- 10 Ever indeed as he look'd far over the plain of the Troad,
Wonder'd he much at the numerous fires round Ilium blazing,
Wonder'd to hear the tumultuous crowd with their clarions sounding.
Then when he, gazing again, look'd towards the ships of the Argives,
Tearing the hair from his head by the roots, in his rage at Kronion
- 15 Dwelling in heaven above, he again groan'd, sadden'd in spirit.
This, on mature thought, deem'd he the course most fitting to follow :
First, to repair to, and learn from, Gerenian Nestor the hero,
Whether with him some well-laid plan could perchance be discover'd,
Such as might yet ward off from the Danaad army destruction.
- 20 Rising, he then threw over his broad-built shoulders his tunic,
Under his smooth feet, next, bound on his magnificent sandals ;
Lastly, the blood-stain'd skin of a lion terrific and tawny,
Reaching his ankles, he fitly arranged, and a spear in his hand took.
Trembled as well Menelaus renown'd, no sleep on his eyelids
- 25 Falling, alarm'd for the fate of the Argives his friends, who, for *his* sake
Dread war waging, had traversed the wide sea, coming to Troia.
First, with the skin of a pard, dark-spotted, he cover'd his shoulders,
Afterwards, lifting his bright brass glittering helmet, he placed it
Right on his head, and a war-spear grasp'd in his vigorous firm hand :

30 Then he departed his brother to rouse, who by all the Achaians
Ev'n as a god was revered, and with one voice chosen as leader.
Him at the stern of his ship he anon found, over his shoulders
Girding his bright brass armour, who welcomed his brother approaching.
Him Menelaus, renown'd at the war-shout, foremost accosted :

35 "Why dost thou arm thus, brother revered? Say, whom of thy
comrades

Urgest thou forth as a spy 'mong the Trojans? In sooth I have great fears
None in the dead of the night, and alone, will, the work undertaking,
Carry it out : bold-hearted would that man be who could venture."

Whereupon him thus answer'd the King Agamemnon Atreides :

40 "Need there is truly of prudent advice, Zeus-bred Menelaus,
Both for myself and for thee, the Achaians and numerous galleys
Safely to shield and preserve, since the mind of Kronion is alter'd :
Fear I lest Zeus has accepted the sacrifice offer'd by Hector.
Never before have I seen, no, never have heard of a hero

45 Such great deeds who achieved, or who even could such have imagined :
Ay, and to think that the favour'd of Zeus all this 'gainst the Argives
One day wrought, tho' himself nor of god nor of goddess descended.
Deeds he hath done which, judge I aright, henceforth the Achaians
Long will lament, such woes has his havoc among them inflicted.

50 Go, howbeit, and summon Idomeneus hither, and Aias,
Hurrying forward ; myself to illustrious Nestor will hasten,
Him to persuade, if I can, to proceed to the sacred select band
Acting as guards, for to him they will listen if counsel he gives them,
Led as they are by his own dear son and Idomeneus' henchman,

55 Gallant Meriones, chiefs unto whom the command we intrusted."

Him Menelaus, renown'd at the war-shout, thereupon answer'd :

"Speak more plainly thy mind : what further commands dost thou give
me ?

Say, shall I stay there, waiting thy coming, or speedily hasten
Hither again, having duly deliver'd thy message as order'd ?"

60 Him then answer'd in turn Agamemnon, the ruler of armies :

"Tarry thou there, lest haply we miss each other in going,
Seeing the roads intersecting the army diverge, and are many.
Shout wherever thou goest ; enjoin upon all to be watchful,
Each brave man by the name to his race appertaining addressing ;

65 Deference showing to all, no arrogant manner betraying.

Toil we ourselves must also as others, our rank notwithstanding,
Zeus having laid upon us at our birth such numerous evils."

This having said, he dismiss'd well charged Menelaus his brother,

Going himself to Gerenian Nestor the guide of the people.

- 70 Him by his black-hull'd galleys he found at his tent, on a soft couch
Taking his rest, with his well-wrought beautiful armour beside him,
Namely his two brass spears, and his glittering helmet and buckler :
Close to him lay an embroider'd girdle besides, which the old man,
Arming for dread man-slaughtering war, was accustom'd to wear when
75 Leading his men ; for he never to old age thought of succumbing.
Resting himself on his elbow, his head then lifting, he question'd
Atreus' son, Agamemnon the ruler, in these words speaking :

- “ Ah ! who, tell me, art thou who alone to the galleys dost venture
During the darkness of night, when in soft sleep others repose them ?
80 Seekest thou some of the guards, or perchance some one of thy comrades ?
Speedily speak, nor in silence approach ; why comest thou hither ? ”

- Whereupon him thus answer'd the monarch of men Agamemnon :
“ Nestor, of Neleus the son, great glory and pride of the Argives,
See Agamemnon Atreides in me, whom Kronion hath ever
85 Laden above all others with toils, while breath in my bosom
Keeps me in life, or my knees are endow'd with the power of motion.
Here I have wander'd because sweet sleep sits not on my eyelids ;
Nothing but war is my care, and the woes of the sons of Achaia :
Great apprehensions I feel lest some dread evil o'ertake them ;
90 Firm is my soul no more, thought wavers uncertain within me,
Throbs this once strong heart, these stout limbs tremble beneath me.
Nevertheless, if in aught thou canst aid me, as sleep is denied thee,
Come, let us both go down to the watch, and endeavour to find out
Whether the guards, worn out and exhausted, have yielded to slumber,
95 Wholly forgetful of duty. The foe being camp'd on the champaign
Warrants our fears that perhaps they design this night to attack us. ”

- Whereupon him thus answer'd the chieftain Gerenian Nestor :
“ Atreus' glorious son, great ruler of men, Agamemnon,
Zeus, all-wise, will assuredly never accomplish to Hector
100 All that he fondly and long has imagined ; for confident feel I
Heavier labours await this Hector, if godlike Achilles
Deign but to turn from his bosom the wrath he has foolishly foster'd.
Therefore I'll thee most willingly follow ; besides, let us others
Rouse, both Diomede, spear-famed hero, and wary Odysseus ;
105 Aias the stout, swift-limb'd, and the valorous offspring of Phyleus.
Some one should likewise Idomeneus summon, and valorous Aias,
Seeing their ships at the farthest extremity lie of the galleys.
Going, I'll chide Menelaus, albeit beloved and respected,
Ev'n at the hazard of giving offence unto thee, for he slumbers,

- 110 Leaving alone to thyself to fulfil this arduous labour.
Active he surely should be in his efforts, the other commanders
Powerfully urging, for need, no longer supportable, presses.”
Him Agamemnon the ruler in turn thus speedily answer’d :
“ Dear old man, upon other occasions I even would bid thee
115 Blame him, for, doubtless, he frequently fails, and refuses to labour :
Neither to dull sloth now, howbeit, nor thoughtless indulgence
Yields he himself up ; no, but he waits till my orders I issue.
Earlier even than I this night he arose to consult me ;
So I have him sent forward to summon the heroes thou wishest.
- 120 Now let us go : we shall find them in front of the gates, of a surety,
Mix’d with the guards, where promptly I order’d the whole to assemble.”
Him in return then answer’d the chieftain, Gerenian Nestor :
“ Well, if ’tis so, sure, none of the Danaad host will be angry,
Neither indeed will they him disobey when he issues his orders.”
- 125 Thus having spoken ; himself in his well-made tunic he girded :
Under his feet, all shining, he fasten’d his beautiful sandals,
Throwing his wine-dark cloak, with a steel clasp fitted, around him,
Ample and warm ; for the cloth was a thick-wove fabric and shaggy.
Afterwards, seizing a stout war-spear with its tapering brass point,
130 Forward he went to the ships of the well-greaved sons of Achaia.
Foremost of all, and with loud voice shouting, he woke from his slumber
Godlike Odysseus, for wisdom in counsel the peer of Kronion :
Enter’d the voice in his ear, and he came forth, thus to them speaking :
“ Why thus wander ye near to the ships, and alone, by the army,
135 Through the ambrosial night ? What powerful necessity urges ?”
Whereupon him thus answer’d the chieftain, Gerenian Nestor :
“ Zeus-sprung son of Laertes, profound, deep-planning Odysseus,
Anger indulge not against us : oppress’d are the sons of Achaia.
Follow us rather, that others we now may arouse from their slumbers,
140 Counsel to give, for we hesitate whether to fly or to combat.”
Spoke ; upon which, to his tent much-scheming Odysseus returning,
Now slung over his shoulder his well-wrought buckler, and follow’d.
Then they, advancing, to Diomedes went, brave offspring of Tydeus.
Him at his tent they descried, outside, well arm’d, his companions
145 Sleeping, their shields laid under their heads, and the end of their javelins
Fix’d in the ground, while brightly the brass blades shone in the
distance,
Ev’n as the lightning of Father Kronion : the hero himself, too,
Slept like his comrades, the hide of a wild bull spread underneath him ;
Under his head, howbeit, a beautiful tapestry pillow.

150 Standing beside him, Gerenian Nestor, the chieftain, awoke him ;
 Touching his foot with his heel, he aroused him, and urgently chided :
 “ Tydeus’ son, come, rise ; why all night long dost thou slumber ?
 Hearest thou not that the Trojans have camp’d on a hill on the champaign,
 Near to the galleys, with only a small space now intervening ? ”

155 Thus he address’d him ; and Diomedes leapt up, roused from his slumber :
 Whereupon speaking, in these winged words he address’d him in answer :

“ Dear old man, thou art never a-weary, nor ceasest from labour :
 Have not the Danaï many thy juniors ? These are the men who,
 Ranging the camp all round, should awaken the various rulers.

160 Thee, howbeit, it seems no toil can dishearten or weary.”

Whereupon him thus answer’d the chieftain, Gerenian Nestor :

“ All thou hast said, dear friend, is appropriate truly and fitting.
 Sons I have many, unblameable sons, and besides, in the army
 Others there are, among whom some gladly would go with the summons.

165 Now, howbeit, a powerful emergency presses the Argives :

All, as I judge, seems poised on the edge of a razor, we know not
 Whether the fate that impends prove life or calamitous ruin.

Nevertheless, if on me thou hast pity, away, and awaken

Both swift Aias and Phyleus’ son, for indeed thou art younger.”

170 Spoke : then Diomedes threw round his shoulders the skin of a lion,
 Tawny, of huge size, reaching as far as his heels ; and, his war-spear
 Taking, advanced, and the rest having roused, thence forward he led them.

Reaching the place where the guards had been set, no chieftain they
 there found

Sleeping, but all, in their bright arms clad, sat carefully watching.

175 Even as dogs when a sheep-fold carefully guarding at midnight

Hearing a lion or boar in the woods, as he comes from the mountains,
 Sleep forego ’mid the clamour of hunters and hounds who pursue him :
 So from the eyes of the chiefs sleep fled, while watching the long night
 Through, to the plain still turning on hearing the trampling of Trojans.

180 Seeing them, greatly the hero rejoiced in his soul, and in kind words,
 Meant to encourage, address’d, and in these winged accents accosted :

“ Children beloved, keep watch, nor let slumber o’ertake you, lest haply
 Cause of derision you chance to become to the foe who surrounds us.”

Thus having spoken ; he traversed the trench, and the chiefs of the Argives

185 After him follow’d, as many indeed as were summon’d to join them ;

Nestor’s illustrious son being one, and Meriones warlike ;

Seeing they these had invited to meet, and consult at the council.

Afterwards, forth from the deep-dug trench on emerging, they sate them
 Down on a part of the ground clear’d out, unencumber’d with corpses ;

- 190 Whence man-slaughtering Hector had turn'd back, after destroying
Many a Danaad hero, by dark night there overtaken.
Sitting they here held mutual converse a while, and the old man,
Nestor, the cherish'd Gerenian chieftain, began, and address'd them :
- “ Is there not some one here, dear comrades, who feels in his bosom
195 Daring sufficient to warrant his venturing towards the Trojans ?
There he might take some straggler or other who thoughtless had wander'd
Forth from the camp, or might hear some rumour perchance 'mong the
Trojans,
What they design next ; whether they mean to remain by the galleys
Still, or intend to return to the town, having worsted the Argives.
- 200 Yes, could he only indeed such tidings procure and return back
Hither uninjured, his fame would extend far even as heaven ;
Him all men would applaud, and a recompense noble await him.
Every chief in command of a deep-sea-traversing galley
Gladly will give him a black-wool'd ewe, with a lamb at its udder,
205 Choicest of gifts ; and a guest he will be at our sumptuous banquets.”
Thus he address'd them ; and all were at once mute, silent remaining.
Whereupon Diomede, brave at the war-shout, spoke, and address'd them :
“ Nestor, I feel that the soul in my breast lacks nought of the needful
Courage, and gladly I'll enter the camp of our foemen the Trojans,
210 Lying at hand : but if one of our brave-soul'd comrades would join me,
Better it, doubtless, would prove, more courage and confidence giving.
Yes, for when two go forward together, the one to his comrade
Counsel suggests advantageous, but he who proceeds unattended,
E'en though the opportune moment he sees, lacks vigour and boldness.”
- 215 Spoke : upon which to accompany Diomede many were eager :
Greatly the Aias twain, brave servants of Ares, desired it ;
Nestor's renown'd son offer'd to go, and Meriones gallant ;
Atreus' son too offer'd, the spear-famed, brave Menelaus :
Noble Odysseus was eager the camp to explore of the Trojans,
220 Ready for any emprise where hardihood's daring was needful.
First, however, the King Agamemnon Atreides address'd them :
“ Diomede, offspring of Tydeus, beloved by the soul in my bosom,
Go, choose him whom thy own heart urges, the bravest of all those
Freely who offer to go ; for indeed full many are ready.
- 225 Deference show not to one man more than another, in this way
Leaving the better perchance, and the worse as thy follower taking :
Favour not birth, nor the man who advances pretensions as monarch.”
Thus did he speak ; for he fear'd for the fair-hair'd brave Menelaus.
Whereupon Diomede great at the war-shout spoke, and address'd them :

- 230 “ Well, if I needs must myself make choice of a fitting companion,
 How can I leave out noble Odysseus, his claim disregarding,
 Famed for his prudence of soul ; in his numberless labours whose spirit
 Ever is strong ; who is greatly beloved, moreover, by Pallas ?
 Him let me take, and the fire-flames even will never retard us,
 235 Seeing he best knows how wise schemes to suggest and accomplish.”
- Him in return thus answer'd Odysseus sagacious and dauntless :
 “ Offspring of Tydeus, beyond my desert me praise not, nor censure ;
 Known to the Argives already are all these things which thou speakest.
 Come, let us go, howbeit, for morn is at hand, and the dark night
 240 Passes away : far on are the stars, and the goodliest portion,
 Yea, two-thirds of the night have elapsed, one only remaineth.”
- Thus having spoken ; they girded themselves in their terrible armour.
 Bold Thrasymedes his two-edged sword to Tydides presented,
 Likewise his shield, brave Diomede *his* having left at the galleys :
 245 Then on his head he the bull's-hide casque placed, coneless and crestless,
 Chiefly by young men worn ere attaining to vigorous manhood.
 Warlike Meriones gave to Odysseus a bow and a quiver,
 Likewise a sword ; then placed on his temples his helmet of bull's-hide,
 Strengthen'd with various thongs inside ; its exterior close-set,
 250 Bright white teeth of an ivory-tusk'd boar, skilfully planted,
 Fenced ; and a soft wool padding, as head-piece, shielded the temples.
 This had been brought by Autolycos whilom from Eleon's city,
 Ruled by Amyntor, the offspring of Hormenos. Into Amyntor's
 Mansion Autolycos broke for the casque, to Amphidamas giving,
 255 Gallant Cytherian hero, to take on his Scandian mission :
 Later, as guest-gift, warlike Amphidamas gave it to Molos,
 Molos to gallant Meriones next, guest-gift notwithstanding :
 Lastly, encircling his temples, it cover'd the head of Odysseus.
 Now when they both stood girt in complete mail shining terrific,
 260 Forward they hasten'd at once, on the same spot leaving the leaders ;
 Whereupon Pallas Athena a heron despatch'd on the right hand,
 Close by their side ; notwithstanding, they now here round could discern it,
 Hid in the gloom, but they both heard plainly the clang of its pinions.
 Pleased was Odysseus because of the omen, and pray'd to Athena :
 265 “ Hear me, divine one, daughter of ægis-upholding Kronion,
 Thou who in all life's labours hast me stood by and befriended ;
 Succour me still in my progress, and aid, O Pallas Athena !
 Grant that we turn back cover'd with glory and fame to the galleys,
 Such high deeds having done as will cause deep grief to the Trojans.”
 270 Afterwards Diomede brave in the war-shout, pray'd to Athena :

- “ Me hear also, invincible daughter of mighty Kronion ;
Even as erst my illustrious sire, brave Tydeus, thou guidedst
Safe as ambassador noble to Thebes, O guide thou his offspring.
Leaving his brass-greaved heroes to rest at the river Asopos,
275 Thither he carried proposals of peace to the famous Cadmeans :
Many a noble and arduous deed he achieved on returning,
Aided by thee, O heavenly goddess, when standing beside him.
Stand now likewise by me, and befriend with thy gracious protection :
So, in return, unto thee I will sacrifice make of a heifer,
280 Even a broad-faced yearling, untamed, to the yoke unaccustom'd,
Circling its horns with a pure gold ring ; such victim I promise.”
Thus these proffer'd their prayers, and them heard Pallas Athena.
Ended their orisons paid to the daughter of Zeus ; upon which they
Instantly forward, like two bold lions, advanced on their journey,
285 Going thro' darkness, and armour, and black blood, carnage, and corpses.
Meanwhile Hector allow'd not the valiant Trojans to slumber,
Each of the princes and chiefs soon summoning forth to a council,
Even as many indeed as were rulers and leaders among them.
Soon as assembled, his well-plann'd purpose he thereon propounded :
290 “ Where is the man who will now undertake the design I contemplate ?
Costly rewards from my hands shall be his as a recompence ample :
Him I'll a chariot give with its two swift, spirited coursers,
Rivalling all at the fleet-keel'd ships of the sons of Achaia.
He for himself great fame will establish, if, venturing onward,
295 Close to the swift-keel'd ships of the foe he attain, and inform us
Whether the galleys are still, as aforetime, guarded, or whether,
Quell'd by our prowess, the Argives design to betake them to flight, nor
Purpose to watch this night, overcome with their wearisome labours.”
Thus spoke Hector ; but mute all stood, long silent remaining.
300 Now 'mong the Trojans was one named Dolon, the son of Eumedes,
Herald divine, who of gold and of brass held stores in abundance ;
Wind-swift-footed he was, but withal most base in appearance :
Sole son likewise was he in a household of five fair sisters :
Standing beside brave Hector, he him and the Trojans accosted :
305 “ Hector, my own true heart and magnanimous spirit impel me
Forward to go to the swift-keel'd ships, some tidings to gather.
Come, howbeit, thy sceptre to me now lift, and an oath swear
Foremost of all, that the coursers and chariot shining with bright brass
Me thou wilt give, which bear the unblameable offspring of Peleus :
310 Right good spy will I prove, nor in aught disappoint expectation.
No, for I'll venture to penetrate into the camp of the Argives,

Far as the ship of Atreides himself, where haply the leaders
Now are considering whether to fight or to fly would be wisest."

Spoke thus : whereupon Hector the sceptre upheld, and at once swore :
315 " O let Kronion, the thundering consort of Hera, be witness,
Never shall these steeds bear, save thee, one son of the Trojans :
Ay, and the glory they bring shall be thine, thine only, for ever."
Thus did he swear ; but in vain : still Dolon he cheer'd and em-
bolden'd.

Whereon his tough crooked bow he incontinent slung on his shoulders,
320 Wrapping himself well round in a grey wolf's-skin ; he adjusted
Next on his head, well fitting, a weasel-skin cap, and a spear took ;
Then went forth from the camp to the galleys ; but destined he was not,
Back from his mission returning, to bring thence tidings to Hector.
Now when he forth had emerged from the crowd where heroes and horses
325 Mingled stood, more briskly he forward advanced ; but Odysseus
Him, as he came on, spied, and Tydides bespake, and accosted :

" Diomedes, yonder a man from the camp of the foeman approaches,
Whether a spy on our ships, or to plunder the corses, I know not.
Him let us suffer to pass for a short way first thro' the champaign,
330 Then let us out on him both, and the man, be assured, is our captive.
If he shall prove, howbeit, perchance, more nimble at running,
Driving him on still nearer the ships, with our spears let us rush on
Straight to attack, lest our grasp he elude, and escape to the city."

Thus having spoken ; they both lay down on the ground 'mong the
corses,
335 Out of the footpath ; Dolon the while unsuspecting advancing.
He having run straight forward as far, peradventure, as sleek mules
Ploughing a field at a stretch, (for indeed they are better than oxen
Far, in compelling the well-made plough thro' the fallow) they both rush'd
Towards him ; whereupon Dolon at once stood, hearing a rustling :
340 Hoping mayhap in his mind, as they stood, they might prove his com-
panions

Come from the Trojans, to cause him return, sent thither by Hector.
Now, as they ran, and the distance between them was only a spear's-cast
Even, or less, he perceived they were foes, upon which he exerted
Nimble his muscles for flight, both speedily after pursuing.
345 Even as two hounds, cruel of fang, well practised in hunting,
Either a hind or a hare, mayhap, thro' the mountainous woodland
Ceaselessly chase, while, screaming with terror, it flies to elude them :
So did the sacker of cities Odysseus, and Diomedes, ever
Dolon pursue, cut off from escape, his return intercepting.

350 Now, fast fleeing, the guards at the ships he had certainly ere long
Reach'd, had not Pallas Athena infused in the breast of Tydides
Swiftness and strength, so that none of the brass-greaved sons of Achaia
Proudly might boast that he wounded him first, and Tydides but second.
Poising his spear, then Diomedes rush'd on his victim, exclaiming :

355 "Stand, or thou diest ; my sharp spear thee will arrest as thou fliest ;
Deem not that death's stroke now will be parried, thy doom is impending."
Speaking, his spear he anon hurl'd forth, but designedly miss'd him.

Over the man's right shoulder the smooth spear glanced as it darted,
Striking the ground close by ; then, standing, he trembled, and stammer'd,
360 Pale with affright, and the teeth in his jaws, too, frightfully chatter'd.
Panting, they him overtook, then seized as he, weeping, implored them :

"Take me alive, and I'll ransom myself ; for at home in my dwelling
Gold I possess, brass likewise and iron, and all in abundance.

Gladly my sire will enrich you from these stores, paying you ransoms,
365 Once he shall hear that his son is alive at the ships of the Argives."

Whereupon him deep-planning Odysseus incontinent answer'd :

"Come, take courage, nor suffer the terror of death to alarm thee :
Now, howbeit, inform me of this, with precision inform me :
Wherefore alone hast thou thus come forth from the camp to the galleys,
370 Gloomy obscure night reigning around, while others are sleeping ?
Is it to plunder the dead, mayhap, or did Hector despatch thee
Hither to act as a spy, or did mere curiosity urge thee ?"

Whereupon Dolon replied, while trembled his limbs underneath him :

"Ah ! far different truly from what I had hoped, into great loss
375 Hector has brought me : he promised the firm-hoof'd steeds of Achilles,
Offspring of Peleus, to give me, and likewise his chariot splendid :
Bidding me go thro' the dangers and darkness of night, and, advancing,
Close to the foe to approach, and reliable tidings to bring him,
Whether the swift-keel'd galleys are guarded as guarded before, or,
380 Whether subdued by our hands, even now, quick flight ye contemplate,
During the darkness, not choosing to keep watch, weary with labour."

Whereupon, smiling, Odysseus for deep plans famous responded :

"Doubtless the soul in thy breast of a mighty reward has been thinking.
Warlike Æacides' steeds ! Ah ! hard were the task for a mortal
385 These to control ; no, none save noble Achilles himself could
Handle them even, whose mother, we know, was a heavenly goddess.
Come now, tell me the truth, nor in aught once think to deceive me ;
Where, as thou cam'st, didst thou leave brave Hector, the guide of the
people ?

Come, tell, where are his horses, and where is his warrior armour ?

390 Where is the night-watch placed ? where, too, are the tents of the Trojans ?
 What are the things they consult of together ? Intend they remaining
 Yonder, not far from the galleys, or mean they again to the city
 Soon to return, as forsooth they have conquer'd the sons of Achaia ?”

Him then Dolon the son of Eumedes incontinent answer'd :

395 “ All these things unto thee I'll narrate now perfectly truly :
 Hector indeed is consulting on measures with those of the council,
 Even as many as sit at the tomb of celestial Ilos,
 Safe from the bustle and noise ; and the watches of which thou inquirest,
 O brave hero, the camp is by no band watch'd or defended.

400 Only the owners of hearths 'mong the Trojans themselves are commanded
 Wakeful to keep, and they all each other exhort to their duty
 Firmly to stand : but the allies assisting them, brought from a distance,
 Sleep undisturb'd, they leave to the Trojans the duty of watching,
 Seeing that neither their children nor wives lie near them in danger.”

405 Whereupon him in return thus answer'd Odysseus the wily :
 “ How do they sleep then ? Tell ; with the Trojans, the breakers of horses,
 Mingled, perchance, or apart ? Come, know it I must, so inform me.”

Dolon, the son of Eumedes, again thus answer'd Odysseus :

“ All these things undisguised I will eke tell perfectly truly.
 410 Seaward camping the Carians lie, and Pæonian bowmen,
 Leleges, noble Pelasgian host, and Cauconians warlike :
 Opposite Thymbra the Lycians lie, and the Mysians haughty,
 All the Mæonian charioteers, and the Phrygian horsemen.
 Why, howbeit, of me dost thou ask these things so minutely ?
 415 Seek ye the camp of the Trojans to enter ? I now will inform you :
 All those Thracians latest arrived are apart from the others ;
 Rhesos their monarch, Eioneus' brave son, lying among them.
 Ay, and his steeds are the finest I ever beheld, and the strongest ;
 Whiter than snow, and in swiftness the fleet winds even surpassing.
 420 Mounted with silver and gold is his chariot, dazzling with brightness.
 Girded in armour of gold most splendid, a marvel to witness,
 Came he himself, such armour indeed as becomes not an earth-born
 Man to possess, but is fitting alone for a blessèd Immortal.
 Take me away now hence to the swift-keel'd galleys, or, after
 425 Binding me safely with well-twined cord-bands, give me a trial ;
 Leave me till back you return, and have found whether truth I have
 spoken.”

Him then sternly regarding, in these words Diomedes answer'd :

“ Dolon, indulge not the vain hope free to escape, notwithstanding
 These good tidings thou bringest, since now thou art here at my mercy :

430 No, for if sent hence now, and permitted to go at thy freedom,
Afterwards, back thou might'st come to the swift-keel'd ships of the
Argives,

Either to act as a spy, or our foe prove even in battle :
If, on the contrary, quell'd by my own hand, life thou dost forfeit,
Never again wilt thou hatch new ills for the sons of Achaia."

435 Spoke : and the spy was about to implore, and was laying his strong
hand

Under his chin, upon which brave Diomedes, raising himself up,
Struck him a blow with his sword on the neck, both tendons dividing :
Whereon his head fell down in the dust, still muttering something.

Off from his head they the helmet of weasel-skin took, at the same time
440 Stripp'd from his shoulder the curve-shaped bow, long javelin, and wolf's
hide.

Then, in his hand high raising the spoils, supplication Odysseus
Made, thus praying to Pallas Athena, the goddess of plunder :

"Hail, great goddess, rejoice in beholding ; for thee of Immortals
Dwelling on snow-peak'd lofty Olympus, we supplicate foremost :
445 Grant that we now reach safely the Thracian steeds and pavilions."

Ended : the stripp'd spoils over his own head holding, and placing
High on a tamarisk tree : hard by it he planted a signal ;
Gathering handfuls of reeds, and the wide-spread tamarisk branches ;
Fearing, as night wax'd darker, perchance they might miss them returning.

450 Onward again both hasten'd, thro' black blood going, and armour ;
Speedily reaching the camp where rested the Thracian heroes.
There, worn out, lay sleeping the heroes, their radiant armour
Lying in three rows, piled on the ground, and in regular order :
Near them in pairs stood fasten'd together their beautiful horses.

455 Slept in the midst King Rhesos, his swift-paced coursers beside him,
Tied by the reins to the outside rim of his glittering carriage.
Him first noticed Odysseus, and pointed him out to Tydides :

"See, O Diomedes, this is the man, these there are the horses,
Named by the man whom we slew : but away, come, prove thy puissance
460 Now to the utmost, for thee it becomes not, array'd in thy armour,
Idly to stand here ; therefore the steeds from the chariot loosen ;
Ay, or myself will do this if the men thou wilt slay with thy falchion."

Spoke : and the goddess infused fresh strength into Diomedes's bosom.
Turning on this side and that, dread slaughter he made, and a woful
465 Groan from the sword-slain rose, and the earth stream'd reeking with
slaughter.

Even as a lion on sheep-flocks falling, or goats, unprotected,

- Rushes by fury impelled, dread evils against them designing :
 So fell ruthlessly Tydeus' son on the Thracian heroes,
 Even till twelve he had slain. Meanwhile far-seeing Odysseus
 470 Instantly dragg'd back all whomsoever Tydides, beside him,
 Smiting, had slain with his sword, by the foot each powerfully seizing :
 Busied the while forecasting with care how safest the coursers
 Over the gore-strewn field he could bring, in case they should tremble
 Treading on blood-stain'd corpses, to which they were yet unaccustom'd.
 475 Meanwhile, soon as Tydides had come to the monarch, the thirteenth,
 Him all panting he smote, and his spirit dismiss'd, for Athena
 Over his head in a dream inauspicious had hover'd at midnight,
 Taking the likeness of Ceneus' grandson.* With caution Odysseus
 Busied himself meanwhile unloosing the beautiful coursers,
 480 Then drove off, having first with their own reins tied them together,
 Urging them on with his bow ; for the splendid scourge on the well-
 wrought
 Glittering carriage he never remember'd, forgetting it wholly :
 Finish'd his labours, he hiss'd to Tydides, by way of a signal.
 He, as he stay'd, meanwhile was devising what next to accomplish,
 485 Whether the chariot seizing, in which the magnificent armour
 Lay, he should now draw off, by the ash-pole dragging it forward,
 Taking the armour, or first slay more of the Thracian heroes.
 While he was all these things in his bosom revolving, Athena,
 Standing beside him, appear'd, and address'd thus noble Tydides :
 490 " Son of the high-soul'd Tydeus, be mindful at length to return back
 Straight to the deep-hull'd ships, lest a fugitive hence thou art driven,
 Seeing perchance some other Immortal may succour the Trojans."
 Thus she address'd him ; and he, well knowing the voice of the goddess,
 Rapidly mounted the carriage : the steeds then noble Odysseus
 495 Lash'd with his bow, and they fled to the swift-keel'd ships of the
 Argives.
 Neither in vain watch'd over the foe far-darting Apollo :
 Soon as he saw high Pallas Athena with Tydeus' brave son,
 Down he descended enraged where numerous most were the Trojans,
 Rousing a Thracian hero, Hippocoön, one of their elders,
 500 Kinsman of Rhesos ; who, leaping incontinent up from his slumber,
 Soon as the space he observed left void where lately the coursers
 Stood, and beheld men gasping around 'mid the dead and the dying,
 Burst into tears, loud weeping, and call'd on his comrade and kinsman.

* Diomedes.



Diomedes & Ulysses returned with the spoils of Rhesus & Dolon. Book X. line 520.

Instant arose wild tumult and noise from the concourse of Trojans
505 Rushing together ; who look'd on the marvellous deed with amazement
Done by the heroes, who now had return'd back safe to the galleys.

Meanwhile soon as arrived at the place where Dolon they slaughter'd,
Rein'd in quickly his coursers Odysseus, beloved of Kronion ;
Whereupon Tydeus' son, on the ground down leaping, the blood-stain'd
510 Arms placed safe in the hands of Odysseus, remounting the carriage.
Straightway lashing the steeds, not unwillingly both to the hollow
Ships then fled ; for their souls were indeed most eager to reach them.
Listening, Nestor the sound first heard, and address'd his companions :

“ O my beloved friends, leaders and chiefs of the sons of Achaia,
515 Falsehood or truth shall I speak ? for my spirit constrains me, I must
speak :

Plainly I hear loud trampling of swift-paced horses approaching.
O that Odysseus himself, and the brave-soul'd hero Tydides,
Hither would drive some firm-hoof'd steeds from the ranks of the
Trojans !

Much do I fear in my mind lest mayhap these bravest of Argives
520 Suffer in aught at the hands of the base-born, arrogant Trojans.”

Scarce had he these words utter'd when forward the heroes themselves
came :

Down they descended at once on the ground, and their comrades, rejoicing,
Both with the right hand gladly saluted, with kindness addressing.
Whereupon, first the Gerenian chief, brave Nestor, demanded :
525 “ Come, most worthy Odysseus, the glory and boast of the Argives,
How then took you the steeds ? Did you enter the camp of the Trojans ?
Say, or did some of the gods, peradventure, on meeting you, give them ?
Bright as a sunbeam truly they seem. Well, age notwithstanding,
Ne'er at the ships do I lurk, but I mingle in fight with the Trojans ;
530 Ay, and I never beheld such glorious coursers among them ;
Sure, some god has vouchsafed to bestow them upon you, on meeting,
Seeing supreme cloud-gathering Zeus loves both of you greatly,
Likewise the daughter of ægis-upholding Kronion, Athena.”

Whereupon him deep-planning Odysseus incontinent answer'd :
535 “ Nestor, beloved chief, glory and boast of the sons of Achaia,
Lightly in sooth could a god have bestow'd steeds fleetier and better
Even than these, for Immortals surpass mere mortals in bounty.
Those thou inquirest about, howbeit, are Thracian horses,
Brave old man, just lately arrived, and Tydides the daring
540 Slew their possessor and twelve of his men, each famed for his prowess :

Further, a thirteenth* slew we, a spy, upon nearing the galleys ;
Sent by the Trojan commanders and Hector our camp to examine."

This having said ; with the firm-hoof'd steeds he, proudly exulting,
Straight cross'd over the ditch, and the rest him joyously follow'd.

545 Now when arrived at the well-formed tent of the hero Tydides,

There they with leathern thongs smooth-cut soon stabled them safely,
Where brave Diomedé's swift-limb'd steeds stood eating their barley.

Afterwards gladly Odysseus the blood-smear'd plunder of Dolon
Placed in the stern of his ship, for Athena a gift kept sacred.

550 Then having both gone down to the sea, 'mong the billows to cleanse
them,

There they the sweat wash'd off from their necks, arms, shoulders, and
ankles.

Soon as the waves of the sea the profusion of sweat from their bodies
Wholly had cleansed, both feeling refresh'd in their hearts, and invigorated,
Straight to the smooth baths went to complete forthwith their ablutions ;

555 Then having bathed, and anointed their bodies with oil, to their supper
All sat down : thereafter they drew sweet wine from a flagon
Fill'd to o'erflowing, and pour'd a libation to Pallas Athena.

* Homer, for distinction's sake, does not count the king one.

BOOK ELEVENTH.

- Eos arose meanwhile from her couch by Tithonos reclining,
Light to Immortals and mortals alike forth sending before her ;
Whereupon Zeus fell Discord sent to the ships of the Argives,
Bearing, upheld in her hand, war's omens, portentous of evil.
- 5 Standing aloft on the huge black galley of godlike Odysseus,
Moor'd in the midst of the fleet, that she better might shout upon each
side,
Both to the tents of Achilles and brave Telamonian Aias
(Each at the far-off point of the line having fasten'd his well-poised
Galleys, relying alone on the strength of his hands and his valour) :
- 10 There then standing, the goddess, in loud tones piercing with shrillness
Shouted, tremendously shouted, inspiring anew in the Argives
Powerful strength in the spirit of each to contend without ceasing :
Whereupon war more sweet to the brave souls proved than returning
Home in their deep-hull'd ships to the much-loved land of their fathers.
- 15 Then Agamemnon Atreides with loud voice order'd the Argives
All to begird them, himself in his own bright armour arraying.
First, on his stout thighs laid he his well-wrought greaves, and begirt him,
Beautiful truly, and fasten'd with clasps bright-shining of silver :
Next he the corslet from Cinyras whilom received, on his broad breast
- 20 Throwing, adjusted, a true hospitality's token and keepsake.
Wide-spread rumours at Cyprus prevail'd that the sons of Achaia
Soon were to sail in their deep-sea-traversing galleys for Troia ;
Wherefore he him this gift then gave, thus pleasing the monarch.
Ten of the rods of the corslet of dark steel metal were fashion'd,
- 25 Twelve were of pure bright gold, and of tin the remainder, the twenty :
Three snakes form'd of cerulean steel rose up upon each side
Towards the neck of the wearer, like rainbows fix'd by Kronion
High in a showery cloud, as a sign to articulate mortals.
Then round his shoulders his falchion he slung, ornamented with gold
studs,
- 30 Glittering bright, which was sheath'd in a gold-ring'd silvery scabbard.

Next, his o'ershadowing buckler, of exquisite workmanship fashion'd,
 Splendid in form, and with ten brass circles around it, he lifted :
 One steel stud in the centre was fix'd, and of tin there were twenty,
 Circling the steel, and above was a Gorgon of horrible visage,
 35 Scowling around, and the border with Terror and Flight was surrounded.
 Silver the belt was, on which was entwined a cerulean serpent ;
 Springing from one neck three heads rose up, forming the apex.
 Further, his four-coned helmet he placed on his head, ornamented
 Over with bosses, and crested with horse-hair, dreadfully nodding.
 40 Then two strong sharp spears, brass-pointed, he grasp'd in his right hand.
 Far off sky-ward glitter'd the brass ; and Athena and Hera
 Thunder'd to honour the opulent King of Mycenæ when girded.

Now each hero commanded his own brave henchman attendant
 Firmly his coursers to hold, and abide there, near the entrenchment ;
 45 While they themselves upon foot, girt round in their radiant armour,
 Rush'd to the charge ; and arose on the dawn indiscriminate uproar.
 Foremost in place at the fosse stood marshall'd the foot, and behind them
 Follow'd at interval narrow the horsemen ; but Zeus from Olympus
 Dew, blood-tinged, shower'd forth, and an infinite clamour excited,
 50 Ready to hurl full many a brave soul down into Hades.
 Opposite, Hector, and blameless Polydamas, join'd by Æneas,
 Ever as one of the great gods honour'd, the army of Troia
 Marshall'd in ranks on a hill on the great plain lying around them :
 Aided them likewise the three brave sons of Antenor, Agenor,
 55 Polybos, Acamas blooming in youth, all like the Immortals ;
 Hector himself with his full-orb'd shield in the van of the army.
 E'en as a star ill-omen'd appears in a cloud in the heavens,
 Shining at one time bright, and again 'mong the clouds disappearing,
 So brave Hector was seen in the van now issuing orders,
 60 Now in the rear, with the lightning of Zeus e'en vying in splendour.

Even as reapers who face each other when busy at harvest,
 Swathing the barley or wheat in the field of a yeoman, which frequent
 Falls to the sickle aside : so Trojans and Danai, fighting,
 Slew each other, and neither of flight once thought in the combat ;
 65 Both of them loftily bearing their heads, while struggling together
 Even as wolves : dread Discord, meanwhile, looking on both sides,
 Laugh'd with delight, she only of all the Immortals beholding
 That sad conflict, for none of the rest took part, but were sitting
 Pleased in their halls, where each in his own fit palace resided,
 70 Built for himself on the topmost summit of snowy Olympus.
 Nevertheless all blamed in their hearts cloud-urging Kronion,

- Knowing his purposes high, great glory to give to the Trojans.
Reck'd not Kronion ; apart from the other Olympian godheads
Sat he, and mused in his own high mind, and exulted in glory,
75 Looking alike on the city of Troy and the ships of the Argives,
Looking on arms all gleaming around, and the slain, and the slayers.
- Now while morn still dawn'd, and the hallowèd day was advancing,
Long upon both sides flew dire weapons, and multitudes perish'd :
Nathless about what time with his labours the woodman is wearied,
80 Thinking enow he already has hewn, and a longing for sweet food
Seizes his breast, and he makes his repast in the dell of a mountain,
Rushing, the Danaï broke with their valour the squares of the Trojans,
Cheering their comrades aloud thro' the ranks. Then King Agamemnon
First leapt forward, and slew the beloved of the people, Bianor,
85 Likewise his comrade Oileus, the famed steed-urger, who, leaping
Down from his chariot-seat on the ground, stood ready to meet him.
Him while hastening on Agamemnon the king with his javelin
Smote on the brow, but the casque not a moment arrested the weapon,
Even tho' cover'd with brass, for the temple it pierced, and with red blood
90 Stain'd was the brain. Him thus he subdued while hurrying forward.
Them with their breasts laid bare Agamemnon, the ruler of peoples,
Left on the field, having first stripp'd both of their armour and tunics.
Next, he advanced against Isos and Antiphos, sons of the monarch
Priam (legitimate this, that spurious), both in the same car
95 Standing, expecting to slay them : the bastard guided the horses
While brave Antiphos fought. Them godlike Achilles aforetime
Bound on the summits of Ida with flexible osier saplings,
Both having seized while grazing their sheep, but released for a ransom.
Now, howbeit, Atreides, the ruler of men, Agamemnon,
100 First struck one on the breast, just over the pap, with his javelin ;
Antiphos next, by the ear, with his sword, from his chariot hurling.
Hastening up, both soon he despoil'd of their radiant armour,
Knowing them well, having seen them before when engaged at the galleys,
Just when convey'd by renown'd swift-footed Achilles from Ida.
105 E'en as a lion, when back to his jungle returning, the little
Fawns of the swift hind easily mangles, with strong teeth crunching,
Taking their young life, she, meanwhile, unable to aid them,
Even tho' near, for a terrible fear comes suddenly o'er her ;
Hasting, she flies through the dense oak coppice and mountainous forest,
110 Sweat from her sides still pouring, in dread of the furious monster :
So not a man of the Trojans was able to save from destruction
These two heroes, themselves being put to the rout by the Argives.

- Gallant Hippolochos next he attack'd, and Pisander, in battle
Bold, both sons of Antimachos brave ; from divine Alexander
115 These had accepted of bribes, rich presents, and therefore they would not
Suffer the Trojans to give up Helen to fair Menelaus.
These two brothers, Atreides the ruler of men, Agamemnon,
Smote while seated in one war-chariot, driving their coursers ;
Trembling, the rein-bands fell from their hands, and astonish'd they both
stood :
- 120 Whereon Atreides the monarch against them advanced like a lion,
While they themselves him piteously prayed, on their chariot standing :
“ Take us alive, O mighty Atreides, to thee will be given
Costliest ransoms, for large stores lie in Antimachos' mansions,
Treasures of brass and of gold, steel too, well-temper'd and fashion'd :
125 Infinite ransoms from these would our sire most willingly give thee,
Were he but sure we were living, and safe at the ships of the Argives.”
Thus these two made suit to the king, him gently entreating,
Weeping the while ; but received in return no courteous answer :
“ Ah ! if ye twain are the warlike Antimachos' sons, who aforetime
130 Once in a council of Trojans commanded the brave Menelaus,
While with Odysseus divine on an embassy sent by the people,
There to be slain, and refused to permit his return to Achaia,
Now shall ye rue that outrage your sire had the baseness to counsel.”
Ended he ; hurling Pisander anon to the ground from his war-car,
135 Smiting his breast with the spear, who supine fell, lifeless extended.
Whereon Hippolochos now leap'd down on the ground, whom he next slew,
Lopping his hands sheer off with his sword, and his head by the shoulders,
Throwing it forward, and rolling it on thro' the crowd like a mortar.
These two leaving, he rush'd wherever the squares of the Trojans
140 Routed he saw, the Achaians in bands him following after.
Infantry infantry slew, as they fled hard press'd in the battle,
Horsemen to horsemen opposed made brass spears ring upon bucklers,
Dust-clouds rising around, stirr'd up by the trampling of war-steeds ;
While Agamemnon pursued, wide slaughtering round him, and cheering.
145 Even as ruinous fire lays hold of a wide-spread forest,
Where, round whirling, the wind upon all sides bears it, and trees fall
Scorch'd to the roots, by the force of the fire-flames prostrate extended :
So by the hands of the King Agamemnon the heads of the Trojans
Fell as they fled, while proud-neck'd coursers and chariots empty
150 Rattled along thro' the gaps now made in the ranks of the army,
Waiting the brave-soul'd charioteers, who in death on the field lay,
Never their loved wives more to rejoice, but to satiate vultures !

- Meanwhile mighty Kronion withdrew brave Hector, and placed him
Safe from the weapons and slaughter, the blood, dust, tumult and uproar,
155 While Agamemnon pursued, and with loud voice call'd to the Argives.
Flying, the Trojans discomfited rush'd thro' the midst of the champaign
On to the wild fig-tree, near Ilos' tomb, the descendant
Honour'd of Dardanos, eager to enter the town : but Atreides
Following shouted, his conquering hands red reeking with carnage.
- 160 Then when a part had arrived at the Scaean gates and the beech-tree,
Halting, at length they in ranks drew up, each other awaiting.
Others, again, still fled thro' the wide plain, even as oxen
Scared by a lion's approach, as he prowls for his prey in the darkness ;
All fly trembling, but one foredoom'd meets certain destruction :
- 165 First, with his strong teeth seizing, its neck in an instant he crunches,
Then 'gins lapping the blood, and the ox, laid prostrate, embowels :
Thus Agamemnon Atreides, the ruler of armies, pursued them,
Slaying the hindermost ever ; and fled still further the Trojans.
Many indeed fell prone from their chariots, slain by Atreides,
- 170 Seeing above all others he raged with his spear like a madman.
Then when about to attain his desired end, reaching the lofty
Wall and the city, the Father of gods and of men, interposing,
Down from the heavens descended, and seated himself upon rilly
Ida's summit sublime, in his right hand holding the lightning.
- 175 Whereon the gold-wing'd Iris he summon'd to carry his message :
“ Come, swift Iris, away, this message deliver to Hector :
Even so long as he sees Agamemnon the guide of the people
Vanwards fighting, and mowing the ranks of the host, and destroying,
Back let him keep, and encourage the rest of the army to combat
- 180 Dauntless the foe, while raging the violent contest continues :
Soon as the king, howbeit, his chariot seeks, by an arrow
Wounded, or brass-spear, Hector I'll nerve with puissance for slaying,
E'en till the black, well-bench'd, sea-traversing galleys he reaches
Safe, and the sun goes down, night's sacred mantle descending.”
- 185 Thus did he speak : nor did wind-fleet Iris refuse to obey him :
Downward she came from the mountain of Ida to Ilium sacred.
There she descried brave Hector, the son of Dardanian Priam,
Standing surrounded with horses and well-built chariots many ;
Whereon, approaching, in these wing'd words fleet Iris address'd him :
- 190 “ Hector, of Priam the son, with Kronion co-equal in counsel,
Zeus has commission'd me hither to come, to deliver a message :
Even so long as thou see'st Agamemnon the guide of the people
Vanward fighting, and mowing the ranks of the host, and destroying,

- Keep thou aloof, and encourage the rest of the army to combat
195 Dauntless the foe, while raging the violent contest continues :
Soon as the king, howbeit, his chariot seeks, by an arrow
Wounded, or spear, thee then he'll endow with puissance for slaying,
Ev'n till the black, well-bench'd, sea-traversing galleys thou reachest
Safe, and the sun goes down, night's sacred mantle descending."
- 200 Thus having spoken ; the lieger divine, swift Iris, departed.
Whereupon Hector, equipp'd in his arms, leap'd down from his war-car,
Brandishing sharp spears, ranging throughout all ranks of the army,
Rousing them on to the combat ; and stirr'd up terrible battle.
Rallied the Trojans, and turn'd quick round, now facing the Argives ;
205 Likewise the well-greaved Argives their various phalanxes strengthened.
Whereupon front front facing, renew'd once more was the battle.
First rush'd forward Atreides, his great mind bent upon glory.
Tell me, ye Muses divine, who inhabit the lofty Olympus,
Who of the Trojans was first, who first of confederate allies,
210 Famous in war, came forward to meet Agamemnon Atreides ?
Foremost Iphidamas, son of Antenor, in Thracia fertile,
Mother of flocks erst nurtured, a hero distinguish'd for valour.
Cisseus, his grandsire, father of comely Theano his mother,
Nourish'd the boy in his own fair halls while only a stripling :
215 Him, when at length he attain'd to the measure of glorious manhood,
There he detain'd, and bestow'd on him even his daughter in marriage.
Her having wedded, he came from his bridal apartment on hearing
Rumours of war ; twelve crook-prow'd galleys his followers bringing.
All these well-poised galleys he moor'd at Percote, and left them,
220 Going himself upon foot, and arrived soon after at Troia.
Such was Iphidamas gallant, who first cross'd spears with Atreides.
Now as they both came forward, and near each other were drawing,
Wide from the mark Agamemnon his spear hurl'd, missing the hero.
Whereon Iphidamas struck him a blow on the belt of his corslet,
225 Then, to his strong hand trusting, he push'd, and exerted his prowess ;
Pierce, howbeit, the flexible girdle he could not, for, meeting
There with the silvery layers, the spear stuck fast and was blunted.
Instantly grasping the spear in his hand, Agamemnon Atreides
Wrenching the weapon from gallant Iphidamas, fierce as a lion
230 Struck him a blow on his neck with his falchion, relaxing his muscles.
Thus he, hapless indeed, while aiding the citizens, perish'd,
Sleeping in death's brass chains, far off from the virgin his consort,
Never her charms having known, tho' for her rich gifts he had given.
Oxen a hundred he gave, and of white-wool'd people a thousand

- 235 Promised, and goats, from the large flocks grazing at will on his pastures.
Him Agamemnon at once struck down, and despoil'd when he slew him,
Joining the Danaad forces, his arms bright glittering bearing.
Him no sooner had Coön, the first-born son of Antenor,
Champion famous in battle, beheld, than extravagant anguish
- 240 Darken'd with horror his eyes for Iphidimas gallant his brother ;
Whereon he shrunk back ere Agamemnon Atreides perceived him.
Still, ere turning, he wounded Atreides renown'd at the elbow,
Forcing the sharp point in till the weapon appear'd on the other
Side, upon which Agamemnon the king shriek'd, writhing with anguish.
- 245 Back from the fight he withdrew not, but rush'd upon Coön, his tough
spear,
Strengthen'd by many a wind, in his firm hand holding, to smite him.
Coön, intent on the rescue of gallant Iphidamas' corse, was
Occupied meanwhile dragging it off by the foot, and the bravest
Urging to help, when Atreides the king him smote with his javelin,
- 250 Striking him under his bright brass shield, and relaxing his muscles ;
Lopping his head sheer off while close by Iphidamas standing.
There, by the hands of renown'd Agamemnon the sons of Antenor
Finish'd their course, both down to the dwellings of Hades descending.
Atreus's son, meanwhile, thro' the rest of the army was rushing,
- 255 Bearing, tho' blood from his wound still oozed, stones, falchion, and
javelin :
Soon as the wound, howbeit, which King Agamemnon Atreides
Thus had received had been stanch'd, then sharp pain seized him, and
anguish.
- Even as pangs soul-piercing attack some woman in travail,
Sent by the daughters of Hera divine, the Ilithyæ sisters,
- 260 Rulers of child-birth hours, who acute pains keep and distribute :
So sharp pangs now enter'd the breast of the King Agamemnon.
Whereupon, tortured at heart, he in haste leap'd into his carriage,
Bidding the charioteer drive forth to the Danaad galleys ;
Shouting intensely afar meanwhile to the sons of Achaia :
- 265 "O friends, leaders and rulers renown'd of the army of Argives,
Force the accursed foe back from the black, sea-traversing galleys,
Zeus not according my wish to remain all day in the battle."
- Thus did he speak : and the charioteer lash'd forward the full-maned
Steeds to the wide-hull'd ships, and with fleet pace hasten'd they onward.
- 270 Cover'd with foam were their strong broad chests, and the dust under-
neath them
Lay thick-spread as they bore Agamemnon distress'd from the combat.

Meanwhile Hector, on seeing the monarch retiring before him,
Shouted in these words, Trojans and Lycians loudly exhorting :

“ Lycians, Trojans, and close-rank-fighting Dardanian heroes,
275 O prove men, dear friends, and remember impetuous valour ;
Now has the bravest by far of their champions fled, and Kronion
Glory to me has accorded ; but come, urge forward your firm-hoof'd
Coursers against the Achaians, and thus that glory establish.”

Thus having spoken ; in each he aroused more spirit and courage.
280 Even as some keen hunter incites, peradventure, his white-tooth'd
Dogs 'gainst a fierce wild-boar of the mountainous forest, or lion :
So brave Hector, the peer of divine, man-slaughtering Ares,
Urged in pursuit of the flying Achaians his valorous Trojans.
First, he himself, with a courage invincible, rush'd to the battle,
285 Dark as a storm sweeps down from the heav'ns, upheaving the ocean.
Tell me, ye gods, whom first, whom last, slew valorous Hector,
Offspring of Priam, when thundering Zeus him glory awarded ?
Foremost Assæos, Autonoös brave, and Opites, and Dolops,
Offspring of Clytios, Oros, Opheltios, stout Agelaös,
290 Gallant Æsymnos, and dauntless in war, Hipponoös valiant.
All these, chiefs of the Argives, he slew, with his terrible falchion,
Many besides of the ranks. As the west wind, backward and forward
Driving the clouds of the darkening south in tempestuous whirlwinds,
Rolling the waves of the sea multitudinous lightly before it,
295 Scatters the white foam far on the wings of the wandering breezes :
So brave Hector subdued full many a Danaad hero.
Whereupon ruin had follow'd, and deeds past righting been acted,
Many an Argive had fled, in his flight laid low by the galleys,
Had not Odysseus encouraged Tydides, incontinent shouting :

300 “ Diomedes, why are we wholly forgetful of daring and valour ?
Hither ! my friend, stand fast ; a disgrace it will prove to the Argives
Truly if great crest-glittering Hector should capture the galleys.”
Him brave Diomedes, great at the war-shout, speedily answer'd :
“ Here I'll abide, and courageously fight, how useless soever
305 Well do I know it will prove, cloud-gathering Zeus being minded
Glory and honour to give, not indeed to ourselves, but the Trojans.”

Ended ; and hurling Thymbraos at once from his chariot headlong,
Struck him a blow with his spear on the left pap, while by Odysseus
Slain was Molion, illustrious charioteer of the chieftain :
310 There, their career in the field now ended for ever, they left them.
Then they advanced thro' the crowd, great tumult exciting. As two boars,
Fierce and enraged, rush out on the hounds : so these to the battle

- Hastening back, made havoc around of the Trojans ; the Argives
Breathing a space from their toils, and avoiding illustrious Hector.
- 315 Afterwards, two bold heroes they seized, and their chariot captured,
Men in the ranks, but renown'd, both sons of Percosian Merops,
Great as an augur esteem'd ; forewarn'd, he forbade his beloved sons
Ever to march to the dread, man-slaughtering war : notwithstanding,
Both disobey'd him ; to dark death led by their destiny fatal.
- 320 Diomede, famed at the spear, brave offspring of Tydeus, deprived them
Both of their spirit and life, and despoil'd of their glittering armour.
Slain was Hyperochos next, and Hippodamos stout, by Odysseus.
Meanwhile, looking from Ida, puissant Kronion the contest
Equally poised, and permitted them mutual death to inflict. Brave
- 325 Diomede, famous in battle, Agastrophos, offspring of Pæon,
Smote with his war-spear right on the flank ; no steeds had he near him,
Aid to accord, if necessity urged him to fly from the battle.
Foolish ! he order'd his henchman his coursers to hold at a distance,
While he on foot thro' the front ranks rush'd, and was slain in the combat.
- 330 Hector perceiving him fall, now hasten'd at once to the rescue,
Shouting, and forthwith follow'd the phalanxes strong of the Trojans.
Shudder'd Tydides, renown'd at the war-shout, seeing him coming ;
Whereon incontinent thus he Odysseus, approaching, accosted :
" Towards us rolls this champion dread, man-slaughtering Hector ;
- 335 Come, howbeit, awaiting his charge, let us stand and repulse him."
- Speaking ; he brandish'd his huge, long-shadowèd spear at the Trojan,
Smiting him right on the head, on the crest of the helmet, nor, aiming,
Miss'd ; but tho' brass struck brass, yet it pierced not the skin of the hero,
Slanted aside by his threefold casque, fair gift of Apollo.
- 340 Hector in haste fell back to a distance, the multitude joining.
There on his knee now falling, supporting himself with his broad palm
Press'd on the earth, he remain'd while night overshadow'd his eyelids.
Now while Diomede follow'd the track of the spear to the vanward
Fighters afar, where fast in the earth it was planted, the hero
- 345 Breathed once more, and again sprung into his radiant carriage,
Diving anon deep into the crowd, death happily 'scaping.
Then with his spear brave Diomede rushing upon him, address'd him :
" Dog, thou hast doubtless escaped black death for the present, albeit
Dreadful destruction approach'd thee : again has Apollo preserved thee ;
- 350 He unto whom thou preferrest thy prayers 'mid the clashing of javelins :
This notwithstanding, if thee hereafter I meet, be thou certain
Death is thy doom, if the high gods only accord me permission :
Now, howbeit, I'll others pursue, whosoever they may be."

- Spoke ; and incontinent slew brave Pæon's magnanimous offspring.
 355 Whereon the husband of fair-hair'd Helen, renown'd Alexander,
 Leaning himself on a stone at the tomb of Dardanian Ilos,
 Hero departed, aforetime senator chief of the people,
 Instant his bow bent, aiming at Diomede, offspring of Tydeus.
 While he was stripping the casque from the head, and the corslet embroider'd
- 360 Richly with work, and the buckler, from warlike Agastrophos' shoulders,
 Fair Alexander was drawing his bow, and a blow on his right foot
 Struck him ; nor vainly the weapon escaped from his hand, for the arrow,
 Piercing the foot, stuck fast in the ground ; upon which Alexander
 Sprang from his ambushade forth with a laugh, thus loudly exulting .
- 365 “ Ay, thou art hit, not in vain has the fleet-wing'd arrow escaped me.
 Would it had wounded thy trunk, and of life thus promptly deprived thee ;
 Then would the Trojans have breathed from destruction, who now are
 with horror
 Quivering, even as goats loud bleating on seeing the lion.”
- Whereupon Diomede, still undismay'd, thus spoke, and address'd him :
 370 “ Archer effeminate, proud of thy bow, the seducer of maidens,
 Now if with me thou wouldst only in close fight come to the trial,
 Soon shouldst thou find to thy cost nor thy bow nor thy arrow avail thee :
 Doubtless the sole of my foot thou hast grazed, and for this thou exultest !
 Wounds by a woman or poor weak stripling inflicted I heed not !
- 375 Useless in sooth is the shaft of a silly unwarlike pretender.
 Different truly the wounds I inflict ; for if only the body
 Fairly I hit, deep pierces the shaft, and the hero is lifeless :
 Furrow'd with grief are the cheeks of his wife, and his infants are
 orphans ;
 Crimson with blood is the rich loam soil, and he putrifies, rotting ;
 380 Birds of the air now congregate o'er him, not sorrowing women.”
- Thus did he speak ; but Odysseus, renown'd at the javelin, approaching,
 Soon stood shielding his friend ; then Diomede, sitting behind him,
 Quickly the shaft drew forth from his foot, for with pain he was tortured.
 Climbing his chariot, Diomede brave bade Sthenelos drive on
- 385 Towards the deep-hull'd galleys, for heart-sick now was the hero.
 Thus was Odysseus, renown'd at the javelin, alone by the Argives
 Left, nor did any beside him remain, fear seizing the army.
 Whereupon, inwardly groaning, he communed thus with his spirit :
 “ What will become of me ? Great the disgrace to myself were I
 flying,
 390 Frightened perchance by the crowd ; worse still if alone I am captured.

Zeus has with dread fear stricken the rest of the sons of Achaia.
 Why, howbeit, on these things commune thus in my bosom ?
 Knowing, as truly I know, that the cowardly shrink from the onslaught :
 Ay, to remain brave-hearted in battle 'tis needful at all times

395 Firmly to bear us, alike whether wounded, or wounding another."

While in his bosom Odysseus was these things calmly revolving,
 Hasting, the ranks of the shield-clad Trojans advancing, approach'd him,
 Circling him round, thus placing their state's great pest in the centre.
 Even as vigorous swains and their dogs rush forward on all sides,
 400 Hunting a boar ; still onward he comes from the darkening thicket,
 Whetting his huge white tusks in his jaws while boldly advancing :
 Round him they rush, upon which loud gnashing of teeth is distinctly
 Heard, and they keep far off, though still undismay'd at his aspect :
 So did the Trojans encircle Odysseus, beloved of Kronion.

405 Whereupon, foremost of all the unblameable Deïopites
 Right on the shoulder he smote with his sharp spear, springing upon him :
 Ennomos also he afterwards slew, and the valorous Thoön.
 Next, he Chorsidamas smote with his war-spear right on the navel,
 Under his boss'd shield, while he was down from his chariot leaping ;
 410 Whereon he fell, and the dust with his broad hand grasp'd in expiring.
 These now leaving, he then with his war-spear Hippasos' offspring,
 Charops, the brother of high-born Socos, incontinent wounded.
 Straightway Socos, the hero divine, made haste to assist him :
 Whereupon, near him approaching, he stood, and bespoke, and address'd
 him :

415 " O thou valiant Odysseus, unwearied in cunning and labours,
 Either to-day over Hippasos' two brave sons thou wilt boast thee,
 These two heroes renown'd having slain, and despoil'd of their arms, or,
 Dying, thy life thou shalt yield, struck down by my merciless javelin."

Thus having spoken ; he smote him at once on his round-shaped
 buckler ;

420 Right thro' the bright shield, onward the swift-wing'd weapon advancing,
 Stuck in the fine-wrought corslet, his skin underlying it, tearing.
 Pallas refused, howbeit, to suffer it enter his entrails.

Godlike Odysseus, on finding the wound he received was not mortal,
 Now drew back, and in these wing'd words brave Socos accosted :

425 " Ah ! vile wretch, now death and destruction, be certain, await thee.
 Me thou hast no doubt forced to abandon the fight 'gainst the Trojans ;
 This same day, notwithstanding, thy hours are assuredly number'd ;
 Slain by my javelin, to Hades thou goest, me glory according."
 Spoke ; and the other, to flight now turning, his course was beginning :

430 While in the act, howbeit, Odysseus, his spear at him hurling,
Struck him behind at his shoulders, impelling it through to his corslet ;
Crashing he fell, and Odysseus renown'd thus over him gloried :

“ Socos, thou son of the warrior Hippasos, tamer of horses,
Now has thy life's course run, here death has awaited thy coming.
435 Ah, wretch ! neither thy father nor much-loved matronly mother
Ever shall close these eyelids of thine, all dead as thou liest ;
Thee foul vultures, their black wings flapping, will tear : but when I die
Burial waits me, and friends will my obsequies celebrate nobly.”

Thus having spoken ; he pluck'd from his own flesh forth and his bossy
440 Buckler the huge ash spear of the offspring of Hippasos, Socos,
Whereon the blood gush'd out as he drew it, and tortured his spirit.
Then the magnanimous Trojans, on seeing the blood of Odysseus,
All each other exhorted, and rush'd on boldly against him :
Meanwhile, backward retreating, he shouted aloud to his comrades :
445 Thrice with a voice as intense as an earth-born mortal could raise it,
Shouted he. Brave Menelaus, on hearing the cry of the hero,
Listen'd, and going to Aias, at hand now standing, address'd him :

“ Brave Telamonian Aias, illustrious chief of the army,
Shouting I've e'en now heard in the distance, 'tis noble Odysseus,
450 Seemingly left by his comrades to combat alone, and the Trojans,
Cutting him off from retreat, all eagerly pressing upon him :
Come, let us forth straightway thro' the crowd to his aid, as behoves us.
Greatly I dread lest alone thus left, in the midst of the Trojans,
Him aught evil o'ertake, while much the Achaians require him.”

455 Spoke, and the way led : him then follow'd the valorous hero.
Soon they Odysseus descried, most dear to Kronion ; and round him
Cluster'd the Trojans, as round some antler'd monarch the tawny
Panthers, when wounded afar in some mountainous wood by an arrow,
Shot from his bow by a hunter ; the stag with rapidity bounds on,
460 Even as long as its blood keeps warm and its muscles of motion :
Soon, howbeit, subdued by the arrow, the carcase-devouring
Panthers attack, and destroy it in some dense thicket or jungle :
Chance brings thither at length, peradventure, a lion destructive,
Whereon the panthers in fear slink off, and the lion devours it.

465 Thus round wary Odysseus in strong bands cluster'd the Trojans,
Many and brave ; but the sage, with his bright brass javelin advancing,
Rush'd once more on his foes, and the merciless day disappointed.

Aias approach'd now, bearing his shield like a tower, and beside him
Stood ; and the Trojans, alarm'd, fled hither and thither in terror.
470 Then Menelaus himself took hold of his hand, and convey'd him

- Out from the crowd, 'till his charioteer drove forward his horses.
 Aias renown'd now sprung on the Trojans, and Doryclos valiant
 Slew, illegitimate offspring of Priam, and Pandocos wounded :
 Likewise Lysander he smote, and Pylartes, and Pyrasos gallant.
 475 E'en as a river o'erflowing its banks rolls on like a torrent
 Down from the high hills, bringing the rain of Kronion, and leaving
 Dry oaks many, and pines, there casting them into the ocean :
 So brave Aias pursued them retreating afar thro' the champaign,
 Slaughtering horses and men : nor as yet did illustrious Hector
 480 Know, for himself was engaged far off on the left of the battle,
 Close to the banks of the river Scamander, for there it was chiefly
 Lopp'd heads fell ; and a clamour immense meanwhile had arisen
 Round huge Nestor, and warlike Idomeneus, fighting like heroes.
 Hector 'mid these toil'd hard, with his spear and equestrian prowess
 485 Routing the phalanxes firm, and performing tremendous achievements.
 Nevertheless the illustrious Argives would ne'er have retreated,
 Had not the husband of fair-hair'd Helen, renown'd Alexander,
 Worst in combat Machaon, the shepherd and guide of the people,
 Shooting a three-barb'd shaft, on the right side wounding his shoulder.
 490 Trembled for gallant Machaon the firm-soul'd sons of Achaia,
 Fearing, the fight now lagging, they e'en peradventure might slay him ;
 Whereon, incontinent, warlike Idomeneus shouted to Nestor :
 " Nestor, of Neleus the son, great glory and boast of the Argives,
 Hasten, thy chariot mount, take warlike Machaon beside thee ;
 495 Off with thy firm-hoof'd horses with all speed towards the galleys :
 One who is practised in healing is equal to warriors many,
 Both for excision of shafts and applying the remedies needful."
 Spoke : nor did Nestor the warlike Gerenian chief disobey him.
 Promptly he mounted his chariot-seat, and Machaon the gallant,
 500 Son of the healer, the good Æsculapios, mounted beside him.
 Whereupon, lashing the horses, they flew not unwillingly onward
 Towards the wide-hull'd ships, urged on by their fiery spirit.
 Sitting beside brave Hector, Cebriones, seeing the Trojans
 Now had been put to the rout, thus forthwith spoke, and address'd him :
 505 " We too, Hector, have rush'd on here 'mid the host of Achaia,
 Far on the verge of the thundering battle ; the rest of the Trojans
 All meanwhile in confusion appear, both horsemen and horses ;
 Brave Telamonian Aias with huge strength routing them yonder :
 Him I discern by his broad brass shield. Come, haste, let us thither
 510 Instantly fly with our horses and chariot, where in the onslaught
 Horsemen and foot fight mingled, 'mid dreadful confusion and uproar."

Thus did he speak : then cracking his whip sharp-sounding, the full-
maned

Courers he lash'd on : feeling the stroke, thro' the Trojans and Argives
Forward they speedily flew, with the chariot rolling behind them

515 Trampling on corpses and shields ; blood-stain'd was the axletree under ;
Gore from the hoofs of the horses and wheel-tires spattered the carriage,
Up to the rim of the seat. But his brave heart panted to mingle
Straight 'mid the conflict of heroes, and break through, springing among
them.

Ruinous rout to the Argives he brought, not restraining his javelin :
520 Every quarter he ranged with his spear in his hand, and his falchion,
Stones too hurling, but brave Telamonian Aias avoiding.

High-throned Zeus now fear in the spirit of Aias excited :
Casting behind him his sev'n-fold bull's-hide shield he confounded
Stood ; then, struck with a panic, he, looking around him, retreated,
525 Like to a wild beast, knee after knee slow lifting, retiring.
Even as rustics and dogs drive off from the station of oxen,
Keeping a watch all night, some strong-tooth'd ravenous lion,
Suffering none of the cattle to fall as his victim ; the lion
Keen for their flesh, notwithstanding, approaches, but naught it avails him,
530 Many a spear being darted against him from daring and bold hands,
Many a torch too blazing, at which, though madden'd, he trembles ;
Nevertheless in the morning he stalks off, sullenly growling :
So brave Aias, unwilling, retired from the fight 'gainst the Trojans,
Sadden'd in spirit, alarm'd for the black-hull'd ships of the Argives.
535 E'en as a slow-paced ass which encroaches within an enclosure,
Eating the harvest, on whose hide many a stick has been broken ;
Him with their cudgels the boys still beat, tho' but puny their efforts,
Hardly availing, when sated with browsing, to drive him before them :
So the magnanimous Trojans, and warlike confederate allies,
540 Follow'd renown'd Telamonian Aias, pursuing him closely,
Striking his shield's bright disk with their well-aim'd missiles and weapon.
Aias at times wheel'd round, not unmindful of daring and courage,
Checking the phalanxes dense of the great, horse-conquering Trojans,
Turning again and again, and preparing for flight if surrounded.
545 Thus, by opposing, he hinder'd the foe from approaching the galleys,
Standing himself sole bulwark between brave Argives and Trojans ;
While of the spears, hurl'd forth by the hands of his valorous foemen,
Some stuck fast in his buckler, and some, of his flesh disappointed,
Fix'd themselves firm in the ground ere reaching the furious Aias.
550 Him on Evæmon's renown'd son seeing, Eurypylos gallant,

Thus press'd hard with the foes' dread missiles, advancing beside him,
 Firmly he stood, then took sure aim with his glittering javelin,
 Smiting renown'd Apisaon, the offspring of Phausias warlike,
 Right on the diaphragm, under the liver, relaxing his muscles ;
 555 Whereon Eurypylos hasten'd to strip from his shoulders his armour.
 Him thus eagerly busied divine Alexander perceiving,
 Instantly, bending his bow, 'gainst the hero directed an arrow,
 Striking him right on the thigh with his well-barb'd terrible weapon,
 Whereon the reed of the arrow at once broke, causing him anguish,
 560 Forcing him back to the ranks of his valorous comrades, escaping
 Dark fate : then loud shouting he thus call'd out to the Argives :
 " O dear friends, great leaders and chiefs of the Danai, rally,
 Stand now firm ; from the merciless day save valorous Aias,
 Whelm'd upon all sides round by the weapons, escape he will never
 565 Safe from the dreadful-resounding encounter, be certain ; so rally,
 Rally at once ! to the rescue of brave Telamonian Aias."

Thus did the wounded Eurypylos call as they gather'd around him,
 Lifting their war-spears up, and inclining their shields on their shoulders.
 Aias rejoiced when he saw them, and, turning about, when his comrades'
 570 Ranks he had reached, stood firm. Thus fought they like fire-flames
 blazing.

Meanwhile, foaming, his mares bore Nestor afar from the battle,
 Carrying, seated beside him, Machaon the guide of the people.
 Him as he came swift-footed Achilles descried as he looked forth,
 Gazing afar from the prow of his deep-sea-traversing galley,
 575 Marking with sorrow the toil and deplorable rout of the Argives :
 Whereon he spoke to his comrade Patroclus, to him from his galley
 Calling aloud ; who at once came forth upon hearing the summons,
 Looking like Ares, not knowing the call foreboded destruction.
 Him then first the illustrious son of Menoetios answer'd :
 580 " Wherefore the loud shout ? Why dost thou me thus summon,
 Achilles ? "

Whereupon Peleus' son, swift-footed Achilles, responded :

" Son of Menoetios, dearest by far of my cherish'd companions,
 Soon will the Argives as suppliants circle my knees for assistance,
 Yes, for necessity dire, no longer supportable, urges.
 585 Thou, meanwhile go, noble Patroclus, beloved of Kronion,
 Ask brave Nestor what man he is carrying wounded from battle ;
 Much he resembles Machaon behind, Æsculapios' offspring,
 Nathless the face of the hero I did not remark with attention,
 Seeing the horses which bore him along pass'd hurriedly onward."

- 590 Thus did he speak ; and Patroclus obey'd his belovèd companion ;
Hastening forward, he ran to the galleys and tents of the Argives.
Nestor had now come on to his tent with the wounded Machaon,
Where from their chariot-seats on the rich earth-loam they dismounted ;
Whereon Eurymedon, charioteer of the hero, the coursers
595 Loosed from the chariot ; they, meanwhile, from the sweat on their tunics
Ridding themselves, on the sea-shore standing inhaling the breezes :
Afterwards, entering in, both sat themselves down upon couches.
Fair Hecamede a choice draught mix'd meanwhile to refresh them ;
Her whom the brave old man erst over from Tenedos carried,
600 Even when godlike Achilles destroy'd it, the daughter of high-soul'd,
Gallant Arsinoös, giv'n to the sage for his wisdom in counsel.
Foremost, before them she placed a surpassingly beautiful table,
Steel-blue footed, and polish'd ; a brass tray also she brought in,
Laying it down on the table, and on it a relish of garlic,
605 Meant for the draught ; new honey besides, and the corn held sacred.
Likewise she set down near them a fine-form'd cup, which the old man
Brought from his home, all over with gold knobs tastefully studded :
Handles, besides, it had four, and around each separate handle
Two gold pigeons were feeding ; the cup moreover was twofold.
610 Most men, truly, had found it an effort to lift from the table,
Fill'd to the brim ; but the agèd Neleian accomplish'd it lightly.
This had been fill'd by the nymph, like a goddess in gait, with delicious
Pramnian wine, who had grated above it a portion of goat-milk
Cheese with a rasp, and with fine wheat-flour had besprinkled it over.
615 Mingled the beverage thus, she invited the heroes to drink it.
Then, having quaff'd of the cup, they discourse held, talking together :
Stood at the door of the tent meanwhile brave-hearted Patroclus.
Rose from his couch the revered old man upon seeing him standing,
Taking his hand, and conducting him in ; then bade him be seated.
620 Him, howbeit, Patroclus in these words answer'd, declining :
“ No seat, no, dear Zeus-bred sage, thou wilt never persuade me ;
Greatly revered, but irascible also, is he who despatch'd me
Forth to inquire who this man is whom thou carriest wounded.
Now I have seen 'tis Machaon the shepherd and guide of the people ;
625 Therefore I'll go, and report as I've seen to Peleides Achilles.
Well dost thou know, O Zeus-bred sage, how proudly he bears him,
Nursing his wrath : yes, him we shall soon see blaming the blameless.”
Whereon Gerenian Nestor the chief him speedily answer'd :
“ Why does Achilles renown'd feel grief for the sons of Achaia,
630 Even for those sore wounded in battle ? Not much of the sorrow

- All thro' the ranks of the army prevailing he knows, for the bravest
Lie in the black ships, smote in the near or the distant encounter.
Wounded is Diomede warlike, the far-famed offspring of Tydeus.
Smote is Odysseus the spear-famed hero, and King Agamemnon.
635 Struck has been also Eurypylos brave in the thigh with an arrow.
This man too, even now brought back from the terrible battle,
Wounded has been with a shaft from a bow : yet godlike Achilles,
Brave, howbeit, regards not the sons of Achaia, nor pities.
Keeps he aloof till the swift-keel'd ships moor'd near to the ocean,
640 Grievous, alas ! be consumed in the fire-flames kindled by foemen,
While we ourselves, one after the other, are slaughter'd ! for truly
Now are my muscles not such as they were in my vigorous manhood.
Would I indeed were again thus young, and for strength as distinguish'd
Even as then, when between the Eleians and us there was fighting
645 Over the oxen they carried away in a foray, when, driving
Off some herds in reprisal, the valiant Itymoneusslew I,
Son of Hypeirochos brave, who lived in the region of Elis.
He then, stoutly defending his herd, fell foremost of any,
Smote with a spear by my own hand hurl'd, and expired in the scuffle ;
650 Whereon on all sides fled in disorder his rustic companions.
Then we in haste drove off from the pastures abundance of booty,
Forty and ten good flocks of their sheep, droves fifty of oxen,
Large herds also of swine, and of goats from the mountains as many :
Light brown steeds, moreover, at least one hundred and fifty,
655 All of them mares too, many with young colts under them running.
All this booty we drove in the night-time safe to Neleian
Pylos, and into the city ; and Neleus' heart was delighted,
Seeing so much had to *my* lot fallen, a novice in warfare.
Then, on the morning appearing, the heralds incontinent summon'd
660 All to approach who had just debts owing in Elis productive.
Whereon the Pylian leaders assembling divided the booty,
Seeing the famous Epeians had large sums due to the city,
Where, as the people were few, they were easily whelm'd in misfortune :
Ay, for the prowess of Herakles coming upon us aforetime,
665 Caused great evils, and many were slain of the bravest among us.
Twelve bold sons we at one time were of illustrious Neleus ;
Yes, and of these I alone now live, for the others have perish'd.
Proud of their deeds the Epeians insulted us, evils devising.
Neleus the old man chose for himself some herds of the oxen :
670 Likewise of white-wool'd sheep three hundred he took, and their shep-
herds ;

- Seeing in Elis he also had just claims, even as others.
Four swift coursers victorious aye, and their chariots likewise,
Sent he away to the race, to contend for the prize to be run for,
Namely, a tripod; the steeds, howbeit, Augeas the monarch
675 Kept, but the charioteer sent home of his coursers defrauded.
Whereon the old man, angry at this foul act of injustice,
Chose for himself good store, and divided the rest 'mong the people,
So that, deprived of their due, none thence might depart discontented.
Thus we were busied, and sacrifice due were preparing to offer
680 All thro' the town to the blessèd Immortals, when lo ! on the third day
Out came all, in a close-set band, both people and horses,
Led by the two brave-hearted Molions begirded in armour,
Young tho' they were, and as yet inexpert in the practice of warfare.
Lying remote on the uttermost border of Pylos the sandy,
685 Built on a high hill named Thryoëssa, adjoining Alpheos,
Rises a city which these too longed to attack and dismantle.
Now when the whole wide plain they had passed, came Pallas Athena
Down from Olympus by night, commanding the people to arm them.
Neither, indeed, did she summon a people unwilling at Pylos ;
690 No, for they longed for the battle ; but Neleus, my reverend father,
Would not permit me to gird me in armour ; but hiding my coursers,
Said I was raw in the practice of war, and forbade me to join them.
Nathless, tho' young then, still I conspicuous shone 'mong the horsemen,
Even albeit, on foot, for Athena conveyed me to battle.
695 Well, at the fair Minyeios, a river which into the ocean
Flows at Arena, the Pylian horse grey morn rosy-fingered
Waited, but boldly the foot meanwhile pour'd forward in numbers.
Afterwards, safely we all came marching, arriving at mid-day,
Girded in bright brass-mail at the river Alphios the sacred.
700 There, having sacrificed suitable victims to mighty Kronion,
Likewise a bull to Poseidon, and one to the river Alpheos,
Also to blue-eyed Pallas Athena a heifer ungoaded,
Banded in troops, we our night-meal ate, all over the army :
Then lay down in our armour and slept on the banks of the river.
705 Now the Epeians surrounded the city, desirous to raze it,
First, they behoved, howbeit, to work at a labour of Ares :
Seeing so soon as the bright sun rose fierce blazing above us,
Praying to Zeus and Athena divine, all rushed into battle.
Now when the combat began, first slew I the warrior famous,
710 Moulíos named ; and his firm-hoof'd war-steeds captured beside him.
Moulíos gallant was son-in-law loved of the monarch Augeas,

- Spouse of his first-born daughter, the fair, bright-hair'd Agamede,
Every simple who knew which the wide earth yields in abundance.
Him as he rush'd straight forward to meet me I smote with my javelin,
715 Hurling him down in the dust ; upon which, springing into his carriage,
Drove I at once to the van. Soon after, the frighten'd Epeians,
Trembling, on all sides fled, on beholding their champion fallen :
Him who was chief of their horse, and the bravest by far in their army.
Black as a cloud by a whirlwind driven, advancing, I fifty
720 Chariots took ; and from each two warriors fell to my javelin.
Then had I cut down both of the brave young brothers Molion,
Actor's supposed sons, had not their sire, wide-ruling Poseidon,
Closely enwrapp'd them in dark thick haze and convey'd from the battle.
Zeus having now given courage and strength to the Pylian army,
725 Over the wide plain, cover'd with bucklers and helmets, we chased them,
Slaying on all sides round ; and collecting abundance of armour,
Far as the rich wheat-lands of Buprasion drove we our horses,
E'en to the rugged Olenian rock, and Alesion distant,
Known as Kolone divine ; where Pallas arrested our people.
730 There with my own hand slaying the last of the foemen I left him ;
While the Achaians their steeds from Buprasion homewards conducted.
Then unto Zeus all praise the Immortals in glory accorded ;
Men unto Nestor ; and such as I've said, I was then among mortals.
Ay, but Achilles his valour restrains for himself ; he will deeply
735 Grieve hereafter, methinks, when the people have wretchedly perished.
O dear friend, bear ever in mind what Menoetios told thee,
That same day when he sent thee from Phthia to King Agamemnon.
Noble Odysseus and I, being near, heard all his instructions,
Seeing we both had arrived at the well-fill'd palace of Peleus,
740 Thither despatch'd to recruit for the army in fertile Achaia.
There we the hero Menoetios found in the palace, and thee too,
Godlike Achilles, besides : but the agèd equestrian Peleus,
Found we without, there burning the thighs of an ox to the dreadful
Thunderer Zeus, in his hand at the same time holding a gold cup,
745 Pouring the dark wine over the sacrifice blazing beside him.
You twain, while we ourselves were detain'd in the vestibule standing,
Work'd outside round the flesh of the ox ; but Achilles, astonish'd,
Leaped up, leading us in by the hand, and desired us be seated,
Setting before us the usual guest-meal offer'd to strangers.
750 Then when the hunger and thirst which we felt were appeased with the
viands,
Soon I began to exhort you twain, to persuade you to join us ;

Willing ye were, and your two sires gave much good admonition.
 First, old Peleus his loved son counsell'd to show himself ever
 Bravest of all men, over his fellows conspicuous shining.

755 Thee thus counsell'd the offspring of Actor, Menœtios warlike :

‘ Godlike Achilles to thee is superior, doubtless, in lineage,
 Stronger as well, dear son ; notwithstanding, in birth thou art elder,
 Therefore do thou him often admonish and warily counsel,
 Touching his good, for to thee he will surely obedience render.’

760 Thus then counsell'd thy sire ; but in vain, it would seem : notwith-
 standing,

Name it again to Achilles divine ; he perchance will obey thee :
 Wisely advising, his mind thou may'st move, if the gods are propitious :
 Ah ! who knows ? The advice of a friend is not seldom accepted.
 If, howbeit, his mind is disturbed by an omen, or haply

765 Something from mighty Kronion, his matronly mother has told him,

Then let him thee send forth ; and along with thyself let the other
 Myrmidons follow ; if aid thou wouldst render the sons of Achaia.

Ay, let him give thee besides his magnificent armour, to carry

Forth to the fight ; peradventure, the Trojans deceived will mistake thee

770 Even for him, and the Danaad warriors, weary with fighting,

Breathe for a space. Thou, fresh, wilt with ease drive back to the city,
 Men all weary with fighting, afar from the tents and the galleys.”

Thus did he speak, and inspired new spirit and strength in his bosom :
 Hastening, he ran to the ships of renown'd swift-footed Achilles.

775 Now when Patroclus arrived at the galleys of godlike Odysseus,

Running in all haste, where they had rear'd the tribunal of justice,

Where they the altars, besides, to the blessèd Immortals had planted,

There the illustrious son of Evæmon, Eurypylos met him,

Wounded, and lame in the thigh with a bow-shaft limping from battle :

780 Sweat ran copiously down from his head, and his back, and his shoulders,

Black blood oozed from his wound : but composed was his mind notwith-
 standing.

Him on beholding the high-souled son of Menœtios pitied ;

Whereupon grieving in spirit, in these winged words he addressed him :

“ Men, most wretched ! commanders and chiefs of the sons of Achaia,

785 Oh are ye doomed far off from your friends and the land of your fathers,

Early to satiate swift-limb'd dogs of the Trojans with fatness ?

Come, now, tell me, thou Zeus-nursed hero, Eurypylos noble,

Tell me, I pray, will the Argives repel this Hector, or will they

Now be destroy'd past help, by his war-spear vanquish'd in battle ?”

790 Whereon in turn thus cautious Eurypylos speaking address'd him :

- “ No, Zeus-nurtured Patroclus, indeed no aid to the Argives
More will arrive, they will all ere long fall back on their galleys :
Ay, for already the bravest by far lie stricken or wounded,
Down by the ships, by the hands of the Trojans, whose valour increases.
795 Come, me save howbeit, and lead me away to my galley.
Cut out kindly the shaft from my thigh, and foment it with water
Warm, and the black blood wash from the wound ; the emollient simples,
Afterwards over it sprinkle, which folks all tell us Achilles
Taught thee the use of, by Chiron informed, most just of the Centaurs.
800 Both the physicians, brave Podalirios, also Machaon,
Now are engaged ; one lies at the tent with a wound, they inform me,
Needing a blameless physician himself, no doubt ; and the other
Waits on the wide-spread plain the attack of the forces of Troia.”
Him in reply the illustrious son of Menœtios answered :
805 “ How shall we bear us, perplex’d as we are ? What course shall we
follow,
Warlike Eurypylos ? Now I depart to deliver a message
Given to myself by Gerenian Nestor for godlike Achilles :
Even for this, howbeit, I will not abandon thee helpless.”
Ended Patroclus : and throwing his arms round the guide of the people,
810 Holding him fast by his belt, to the tent he conveyed him, his henchman
Likewise assisting, who speedily spread bull’s-hides underneath him.
Thus laid down, with his sharp knife gallant Patroclus the arrow
Cut from his thigh, and the black blood washed with emollient water ;
Then rubbed in pain-easing appliances, roots from the woodlands,
815 Soothing his pangs : and the wound soon drying arrested the bleeding.

BOOK TWELFTH.

- THUS was detain'd at the tents of the Argives Menœtios' brave son,
Healing Eurypylos' wound. Meanwhile the Achaians and Trojans,
Crowded together, continued to fight : nor indeed was the deep ditch
Raised by the Danaï destined to prove any longer a bulwark ;
5 No, nor the wide wall rear'd by its side in defence of the galleys.
Circling the wall this deep fosse stretch'd to enclose in its compass
Galleys and stores, where safe they might lie ; but upraised in defiance
E'en of the gods, the immortal, and hecatombs none being offer'd,
Long it remain'd not efficient to ward off danger or capture.
10 Still, while Hector renown'd yet lived, and Achilles was wrathful,
While stood, baffling the foe, unravaged, the city of Priam ;
So long stood these powerful defences, a notable bulwark :
Nathless so soon as the bravest and best of the Trojans had fallen,
Many as well of the Danaad host, though many survived still ;
15 Then in the tenth long year of the siege, when the city of Priam
Wholly was sack'd, and the Argives return'd to the land of their fathers,
Phœbus Apollo resolved, and the great earth-shaking Poseidon,
All these works to destroy, by submerging them under the rivers,
Even as many as flow to the sea from the mountains of Ida,
20 Namely the Rhesos, Caresos, Heptaporos, Rhodios rural,
Simois, turbid Æsepos, Granicos, and lovely Scamander ;
Where lay heav'n-born chiefs in the dust with their helmets and bucklers.
All these rivers with reflux current had Phœbus Apollo
Turn'd on the rampart and wall full nine long days ; and Kronion
25 Ceaselessly rain'd, that the walls might the sooner be overwhelm'd in the
ocean.
Holding the trident himself in his hands, earth-shaking Poseidon
Led them afar ; then wholly upheaved 'mong the turbulent billows
All the foundation of beams and of stones which the Argives had toil'd at :

Leaving the lands on the arrowy Hellespont level as whilom ;

- 30 Covering all the immense wide shore with the sands of the ocean,
After destroying the wall. Then lo ! in their channels the rivers
Turn'd he again, where erst they had gather'd their beautiful waters.

Such was the end which the great earth-shaker and Phœbus Apollo
Meant from the first ; but tremendous the din and confusion of battle

- 35 Raged meanwhile round the wall, and the tower-joists crack'd, and
resounded.

Worsted in fight was the Danaad host by the scourge of Kronion ;
Close pent up by their deep-sea-traversing galleys, and hemm'd in,
Fearing the prowess of Hector, inspirer of rout and confusion,
Seeing he fought, as he ever was wont, like the furious whirlwind.

- 40 Ev'n as a lion or boar, when by fierce dogs follow'd, and hunters,
Proudly exults in his strength as they form dense bands to assail him,
Gathering closer as arrows in showers fast thicken around him :
Firmly he stands undismay'd, in his stout heart never despairing ;
No fear enters his breast, but his life he courageously forfeits :
45 Often he turns round, trying the close-form'd bands of the hunters ;
These give way wherever his rush and attack are directed :
So brave Hector, advancing along thro' the crowd, moved onward,
Urging his comrades to cross the embankment ; but none of the horses
Dared with their swift feet : standing, they eyed the precipitous margin,
50 Neighing aloud, by the broad fosse scared wide yawning before them.
Even when reach'd, still easy it was not to leap it, or pass through,
Seeing precipitous banks upon both sides rose, overhanging :
Sharp palisades, moreover, were fix'd by the sons of Achaia
Over it ; powerful and close-set stakes, to repel the invader.

- 55 Thither a horse, with a swift-wheel'd carriage, could hardly, advancing,
Enter ; but eager the foot ranks felt this feat to accomplish.

Whereon Polydamas, standing beside brave Hector, address'd him :

“ Hector, and all ye leaders renown'd of the Trojans, and others,
Rashly, in sooth, we endeavour to drive thro' the trench with our horses ;

- 60 Difficult is it to pass ; palisades sharp-pointed are standing
Thick in the deep trench ; ay, and beyond is the wall of the Argives :
So 'tis in vain for the horse to essay to descend, or to combat :
Narrow the place is, and many who enter'd, I fear, would be wounded.
Truly, if thundering Zeus, dire evils devising, the Argives
65 Dooms to destruction and death, and designs giving aid to the Trojans,
Would that his fiat already were issued, and ruin o'ertook them
Now, that they all might inglorious die far distant from Argos !
If, howbeit, they rally, and we are ourselves from the galleys

- Forced to retire, and become in the deep trench fairly entangled,
 70 Hope we could hardly in such plight cherish, a messenger even
 Back might return to the city, escaping the sons of Achaia.
 Nevertheless, let us all be persuaded, and do as I dictate :
 Come, let the horses be held at the trench by our several henchmen ;
 Then let us all, in our armour equipp'd, upon foot, in a body
 75 Hector accompany : never indeed will the sons of Achaia
 Dare to await us if dark-wing'd death broods over their army."
 Ended Polydamas : Hector his counsel sagacious adopted.
 Straightway down from his carriage he leap'd on the ground in his armour.
 Neither indeed did the rest in their chariots stay on beholding
 80 Glorious Hector on foot, but they leapt down, joining their hero.
 Then each combatant order'd his henchman to see that his horses
 Firmly be rein'd in close by the deep-dug trench and the rampart.
 Whereon dividing, and drawing themselves up boldly in order,
 Marshall'd in five strong columns they march'd, each under his leader.
 85 Many illustrious Hector, and many Polydamas, follow'd :
 These were the bravest, and greatest in number, the men who desired most,
 After the strong-built wall they had broken, to fight at the galleys.
 Follow'd Cebriones, leading the third band ; Hector, the meanwhile,
 Leaving his chariot under the care of a man undistinguish'd.
 90 Some bands Paris commanded, Alcathoës some, and Agenor.
 Helenos went with the third, and Deïphobos, sons of the monarch
 Priam, whom Hyrtacos' brave son, Asios, join'd as commander :
 Forth from delightful Arisbe he came, on the Selleïs river,
 Borne upon fiery red-hair'd coursers of pedigree noble.
 95 Godlike Æneas conducted the fourth band, son of Anchises.
 Under Æneas, as chiefs, were the two bold sons of Antenor,
 Acamas one, and the other Archilochos, skilful in warfare.
 Gallant Sarpedon himself the illustrious allies commanded,
 Taking, to share his command, brave Glaucos, and Asteropæos,
 100 Reckoning none save only himself so brave and heroic.
 Now when themselves they at length with their ox-hide bucklers had fitted,
 On they courageously march'd 'gainst the Danaad host, nor expected
 Less than to find them escaped from the field, and entrench'd by their
 galleys.

- Thus did the Trojans and far-off-summoned confederate allies,
 105 Ardent, obey the advice of their leader, Polydamas blameless :
 Save brave Asios only, the leader of warriors many :
 Scorning to leave at the rampart his charioteer and his horses
 Idle, he caused them advance to the swift sea-traversing galleys :

- Foolishly brave ! no more he was destined to come from the battle,
110 Borne by his swift-limb'd steeds on his chariot-seat from the galleys,
Victor as whilom, away to the wind-swept city of Troia.
Him, ah hapless, indeed ! dire Destiny foremost entangled,
Giving him up to be slain by Deucalion's valorous offspring.
Rushing, he press'd to the left of the ships, where hasting, the Argives
115 Back from the plain with their horses and chariots now were returning :
There he his chariot drove, and his horses, nor found he the gateway
Closed, nor the long bar up ; but the valiant heroes who held them
Kept them unclosed, to receive at the galleys their flying companions.
Thus straight forward he guided his steeds, and his men with a loud shout
120 Follow'd, supposing the Argives could now no longer withstand them,
Thinking, perchance, in their flight to the black-hull'd ships they would
perish :
Foolish alas ! for they found two heroes renown'd at the portal.
Both were the high-soul'd sons of the race of the Lapithæ warlike,
One was the son of Pirithoös brave, the renown'd Polypœtes,
125 Equal to great man-slaughtering Ares, the other Leonteus.
These two men then stood in the front of the towering gateway.
Even as tall oaks facing the wind, and the rain, on the mountains,
Season on season, secured by their roots wide-spreading beneath them :
So these stout hearts, trusting alone in their hands and puissance,
130 Fled not dismay'd, but awaited illustrious Asios' coming.
Forward the troops went, lifting their well-dried bucklers before them,
Straight for the strong wall making, and shouting aloud in advancing ;
Asios leading them on, and Iamenos, gallant Orestes,
Acamas, Asios' offspring, Cœnomaos warlike and Thoön.
135 Those two brave souls, station'd within, meanwhile were exhorting
Loudly the well-greaved sons of Achaia to fight for the galleys ;
Now, howbeit, perceiving the Trojans advance to the rampart,
Rushing, and flight all round, and despair, 'mong the sons of Achaia,
Out both darted at once to the combat in front of the portal.
140 Even as two wild boars which await in the mountainous woodlands
Hunters and dogs as they rush straight on in tumultuous uproar :
Furiously raging, obliquely the two come, breaking the saplings
Short by the roots, and their teeth fierce grinding are heard at a distance,
Even till some one bent on their death takes aim, and destroys them :
145 So, on their breast-plates smitten, the brass, bright-glittering, sounded ;
Dauntlessly fought they, their brave hearts trusting, and those on the ram-
part.
These hurl'd hand-stones down from the well-built wall, and defended

- Bravely themselves and their tents, and the swift sea-traversing galleys.
 Even as snow-flakes fall on the earth, which the wind, in its fury,
 150 Breaking the shadowy clouds, pours fast on the fertile enclosures :
 So poured thick from the hands of the Trojans and Argives the weapons ;
 Helmets and shields all bossy, with large stones smitten, resounding,
 Loud, dull-sounding. And now brave Asios, Hyrtacos' offspring,
 Striking his two thighs, groaning in soul, cried loudly in huge wrath :
 155 " O great thundering Zeus, false e'en to the core thou hast shown thee ;
 Thought I had none in my breast that the valorous sons of Achaia
 Long would resist our invincible hands, or abide our encounter :
 Ah ! but as ring-streak'd wasps, or as wild earth-bees, who their dwellings
 Build by the rough hill paths, and who leave not their hive, but without
 fear
 160 Wait the attack of the robber, to fight in defence of their offspring :
 So these heroes are loth, of a truth, to retire from the gateway,
 Even tho' two men only, till slain in the combat, or captured."
 Ended the hero ; but moved not the mind of the thundering godhead,
 Bent upon showering glory alone on illustrious Hector.
 165 Others at different gates meanwhile fought fiercely as ever.
 Hard were it, saving to some high power, in language befitting
 Each great feat to relate they achieved 'mid the shower of projectiles
 Thrown from the walls, where, grieving, the Danai fought for their galleys,
 Urged by necessity dire : while all the Immortals lamented,
 170 Even as many as favour'd the sons of Achaia in battle.
 Foremost the Lapithæ boldly advanced to the terrible conflict :
 Whereon the son of Pirithoös brave, the renown'd Polypœtes,
 Damasos smote on his brass-cheek'd casque, with his javelin attacking :
 Brass-plate-cover'd albeit, the blow it withstood not, but through it
 175 Enter'd the keen blade, crushing the temples and brain of the hero.
 Thus he subdued him ; and Ormenos slew thereafter, and Pylon.
 Further, Leonteus, descended from Ares, Hippomachos wounded,
 (Son of Antimachos he) with his brass spear striking his girdle.
 Afterwards, drawing his sharp sword-blade from the scabbard, he rush'd on
 180 Right thro' the masses, Antiphates brave first grappling, and smote him :
 Whereupon, fell'd to the ground, he supine lay, looking to heaven.
 Next he Iamenos bold, and Orestes, and valorous Menon,
 All laid low on the corn-rich earth, one after the other.
 While these heroes were stripping their foes of their radiant armour,
 185 Such of the numerous youths as were held most brave, and above all
 Firm resolution evinced in their breasts to demolish the rampart,
 Burning the ships, now follow'd Polydamas warlike, and Hector,

- Standing the while in the trench, much troubled, consulting together.
 Leftwards an omen to them had appeared while eager to enter,
 190 Namely, an eagle aloft, sky-piercing, the armies dividing,
 Bearing a blood-stain'd serpent immense fast clutch'd in his talons,
 Panting, indeed, and alive, nor as yet of resistance forgetful,
 Seeing it wounded the bird on the breast at the neck, as it backwards
 Writhed ; upon which he allow'd it to drop to the ground from his
 pounces,
 195 Tortured with sharp pangs, letting it fall in the midst of the armies :
 Instantly clanging his wings, he afar fled, borne by the breezes.
 Shuddered the Trojans beholding the blood-stain'd serpent extended
 Right in the middle, an omen from ægis-upholding Kronion.
 Whereon Polydamas, standing beside brave Hector, address'd him :
 200 “ Hector, thou ever art wont me highly to censure in council,
 Even tho' wise words speaking ; 'tis doubtless a thing unbefitting
 Ever for citizens, either in war, or when met in assembly,
 Thee to oppose ; they should rather thy power uphold to the utmost :
 Nevertheless, as appears to me best, I again will address thee.
 205 Well, let us go no more 'gainst the Argives to fight for their galleys ;
 No, it will end as the omen has shadow'd which came to the Trojans,
 Eager to cross ; for the bird high-flying, dividing the armies,
 Bearing aloft in his talons a blood-stain'd serpent enormous,
 Living, before to its eyrie it came, there suddenly dropp'd it ;
 210 Failing to bring the desired prey home to bestow on its fledglings :
 So with ourselves, if we even the gates and the wall of the Argives
 Now with our powerful forces destroy, and repulse the defenders,
 Never the same way, marshal'd again, shall we come from the galleys,
 No, but shall leave full many a Trojan behind, whom the Argives
 215 Fighting their fleet to retain, with their bright brass javelins will slaughter.
 Thus, of a surety, the seer, or diviner, who knows in his spirit
 Omens to read, would interpret ; and all no doubt would obey him.”
 Him, then sternly regarding, address'd plume-helmeted Hector :
 “ Gallant Polydamas, counsel to me unpleasing thou givest ;
 220 Well do I know far better advice thou couldst give if thou choosest.
 Counsel like this if thou meanest in serious mood to be taken,
 Then, I must needs deem, thee have the great gods robb'd of thy
 reason
 Seeing thou me hast admonish'd, the counsel which mighty Kronion
 Deign'd to bestow, to forget, though aiding himself in its issue.
 225 Ay, and thou me hast exhorted the wing-spread eagles of heaven,
 Even to heed, though their movements I little regard or consider,

- Whether they speed on their course to the right, to the sun and the
east, or
Leftward bending their wings, to the west, now settling in darkness :
Rather, indeed, let us yield up freely our hearts to Kronion,
230 Sov'reign supreme, great ruler alike of Immortals and mortals.
One true omen I know, 'tis the noblest, to fight for our country.
Why dost thou fear dread war, and the blood-stain'd battle of heroes ?
Even albeit the rest of us fall, laid low by the galleys,
Cause for alarm none know I that thou peradventure wilt perish ;
235 No ; for thy heart's pulse beats not for war, and the battle thou shunnest.
Now, if thou darest withdraw from the fight, or persuade with thy smooth
words
Haply another, thou diest, be sure, struck down by my javelin.”
Ended, and led on ; whereupon all with a shout which the air rent,
Follow'd : and mighty Kronion, the great loud-thundering godhead,
240 Raising a whirlwind, hurl'd it anon from the mountains of Ida,
Dust-clouds bearing direct to the galleys ; and weaken'd the courage
Hitherto strong in the Argives, and glory conferr'd upon Hector ;
So that relying alone on their own great strength, and on omens
Given by Zeus, they endeavour'd to force the Achaian defences.
245 Then they the tower's nich'd bastions tore down, forcing the breastworks :
Next they the buttresses outward projecting upheaved with their levers,
Those which the Argives with labour had reared as a basis to build on.
These they anon tore down, and expected to break thro' the rampart ;
Nevertheless the Achaians withdrew not as yet from the combat,
250 Filling with ox-hide shields the embrasures, and safe from behind them
Smiting the foe, while under the screen of the rampart advancing.
Both of the brave-soul'd Aiases rush'd on hitler and thither
Cheering the Argives, and rousing their spirit and strength to the utmost :
Some they with soothing expressions encouraged ; and others with anger
255 Chid, whomsoever they saw, base-minded, declining the combat.
“ Comrades, whoever among you excels, or in prowess is second
Only accounted, or third, mayhap (for in war, of a surety,
All are not equal in deeds), now, now is the time for decision ;
This ye yourselves well know : let not one be persuaded to turn back
260 Towards the galleys, because he may hear this champion, Hector ;
No, but advance now on, and exhort each other, if haply
Mighty Kronion, the high, far-thundering god, will vouchsafe us,
After repelling the foe, to pursue him as far as the city.”
Thus, loud shouting, the Argives they cheer'd on, leading them forward.
265 Even as snow-flakes falling in winter in rapid succession,

- Shed by beneficent Zeus, when displaying his weapons to mortals ;
 Lulling the winds into rest, he the white shower pours unremitting
 Down till he covers the far-off peaks of the loftiest mountains,
 Covers the lotus enclosures, and well-till'd fields in the valleys,
 270 Covers the havens and shores of the hoary, re-echoing ocean,
 Only the billows themselves as they roll on staying its progress ;
 All things else being whelm'd 'neath the vast snow-fields of Kronion :
 So flew frequent the stones upon both sides forth from the hurlers,
 Some 'gainst the Trojans, and some from the Trojans again 'gainst the
 Argives,
- 275 Uproar and tumult exciting as far as the rampart extended.
 Nathless the Trojans renown'd, led on by illustrious Hector,
 Never the gates of the wall and the long bolt fairly had master'd,
 Had not at length far-seeing Kronion aroused 'gainst the Argives,
 Ev'n as a lion 'gainst crook-horn'd oxen, Sarpedon, his own son.
 280 Whereon before him his buckler he held up, equal on all sides,
 Smooth, ornamented with brass, by a skilful artificer fashion'd ;
 Under it ox-hides sewing with fine gold wire interwoven.
 Forward he then went, two spears brandishing, screen'd by the buckler.
 Like to a lion from mountainous regions, which long has been hungry,
 285 Eager for flesh, and whose daringly bold heart urges him onward
 Even the well-fenced fold to attempt, and the sheep in its shelter ;
 There, tho' he finds both shepherds with javelins and dogs at the sheep-
 fold
- Watching, he will not desist till the fold he at least has attempted :
 Springing within, one either he carries away, or himself is
 290 Wounded at once by a hand well skill'd in the use of the javelin :
 So was the godlike Sarpedon impell'd by the spirit within him
 Boldly the wall to attack, and to burst the opposing entrenchments.
 Whereupon Glaucos, the son of Hippolochos, thus he accosted :
 “ Glaucos, declare whence comes it that we are in Lycia foremost
 295 Honour'd with well-fill'd goblets, and best guest-seat at the banquets ?
 Why, moreover, as gods are we held in the eyes of the people ?
 Why do we also possess on the banks of the Xanthos enclosures
 Fair and extensive, alike well suited for tillage and vineyards ?
 Sure it behoves us to march in the van of the Lycian army,
 300 There to remain, and ourselves bear boldly the brunt of the battle.
 So some one of the close-arm'd Lycian host, peradventure,
 Thus will exclaim—‘ Not alone do our kings wield Lycia's sceptre
 Nobly, the fat sheep eating and sweet wine drinking, but likewise
 Great is their valour, they fight in the foremost ranks of our heroes.’

305 O dear friend, were it so, that, escaping the war, we were destined
 Old age too to escape, and to live hereafter immortal,
 Never in such case would I myself go fight in the vanguard,
 Neither indeed would I thee send forth to the glorious battle :
 Now, howbeit, since deaths ten thousand are pressing upon us,
 310 Equally vain for a mortal to think of avoiding or flying—
 On to the fight ! there glory to gain, or confer upon others.”

These were his words : nor did Glaucos renown'd disobey him or falter.
 Both straight forward advance, strong bands of the Lycians leading.
 Seeing them nearer approach, brave Peteos' offspring, Menestheus,
 315 Shuddering, trembled ; for his was the band these marched to extirpate.
 Then he in haste look'd over the line of the Argives, if haply
 There he might some chief mark to assist in the danger which threaten'd :
 Whereon the Aiascs both he descried, keen ever for battle,
 Standing, and Teucer, who now from his tent close by was approaching.
 320 Vain, howbeit, the effort he made, loud shouting for succour,
 Such was the din : and the crash of the gates, and the clashing of horse-
 hair

Helmets and casques, and of bucklers on brass shields, rose to the heavens :
 Many the ramparts essay'd to assault, while others, their comrades,
 Boldly attempted their end to accomplish by forcing the portals.
 325 Whereon he now sent forward the herald Thoötes to Aias :
 “ Noble Thoötes, away ; haste, run, call Aias, or rather,
 Both we indeed would prefer, as of all things most to be wished for ;
 Yes, for before long havoc unheard-of will show itself yonder ;
 There press forward the Lycian chiefs with a vigour unwonted,
 330 They who were even before dread foes and intent on the contest.
 If, howbeit, the battle is imminent there, and the labour,
 Then bring hither at least brave-soul'd Telamonian Aias.
 Likewise let Teucer, in archery well skill'd, instantly follow.”

Thus did he speak ; and the herald at once, having listen'd, obey'd him .
 335 On by the wall of the brass-greaved Argives he ran, and advancing,
 Stood by the Aiascs both, and incontinent speaking, address'd them :
 “ O ye Aiascs, chiefs of the brass-greaved sons of Achaia,
 Zeus-bred Peteos' much-loved son most earnestly calls you,
 Even tho' only a short space staying, to join in his labour.
 340 Both he indeed would prefer, as of all things most to be wish'd for ;
 Yes, for before long havoc unheard-of will show itself yonder,
 Where press forward the Lycian chiefs with a vigour unwonted,
 They who were even before dread foes, and intent on the contest.
 If, howbeit, the contest is imminent there, and the labour”

- 345 Then bring hither, at least, brave-soul'd Telamonian Aias,
Likewise let Teucer, in archery well skill'd, speedily follow."
Spoke : nor did huge Telamonian Aias refuse, but obey'd him.
Whereupon these wing'd words he address'd to the son of Oileus :
" Aias, do thou, here standing, as also the brave Lycomedes,
350 Boldly the Argives exhort, while yonder I go and the battle
Meet ; but I'll erelong hither return, them once having succour'd."
Thus having spoken, renown'd Telamonian Aias departed ;
Teucer, his brother, from one sire sprung, him thereupon follow'd :
Speedily follow'd Pandion, his bent bow bearing for Teucer.
- 355 Now when arrived at the strong-built tower of Menestheus the high-soul'd,
Quickly they enter'd the wall, where, hard-press'd, stood their companions :
There the illustrious Lycian chiefs and commanders were mounting
Up on the breastworks, looking like some death-threatening whirlwind,
Whereon they rush'd to the onslaught dread amid clamour and carnage.
- 360 First, Telamonian Aias a man slew, friend of Sarpedon,
High-soul'd Epicles, striking him down with a stone of immense size,
Rugged, which lay high up 'gainst a tower, inside of the breastworks :
No man, such as we now-a-days find, could have lightly the huge mass
Lifted with both hands even ; but Aias, sustaining it, whirl'd it
365 Down on the foe, and it sunder'd the four-coned crest of his helmet,
Smashing the bones of his skull : then Epicles like to a diver,
Fell from the high tower top, and the spirit deserted its dwelling.
Teucer, besides, struck Glaucos, Hippolochos' son, with a javelin,
While he was rushing with fury along 'gainst the towering rampart,
- 370 Striking his arm where bare, thus causing him cease from the struggle.
Down from the rampart he stealthily lighted, that none of the Argives
Him thus wounded might see, and upbraid in opprobrious language.
Grief seized hold of Sarpedon on seeing the chieftain departing
Wounded, but this notwithstanding, he still of the battle was mindful.
- 375 Taking a sure aim, hurling, he struck with his javelin Alcmaon,
Offspring of Thestor, extracting the javelin ; he, dragg'd by the weapon,
Soon fell prone, and his brass-wrought arms clank'd, sounding around him.
Whereon Sarpedon with strenuous hands tugg'd hard at the buttress,
E'en till it fell, and a wide chasm yawn'd, thus forming a passage.
- 380 Aias an aim now taking, and Teucer, the one with an arrow
Struck him, the beautiful belt of the shield from his shoulders suspended
Guarding his stout frame, hitting, but Zeus interposing, averted
Fate from his son, that he should not be slain at the sterns of the galleys.
Whereupon Aias his shield next struck, forth springing upon him,
- 385 Piercing him through, him causing recoil, how eager soever ;

Wounded, he now fell back from the buttress, but only a little,
Still great hopes in his spirit indulging of glory achieving.

Whereupon, turning, the god-like Lycians thus he encouraged :

“ O ye Lycians, why thus slack in impetuous valour ?

390 Difficult truly it is for myself, how daring soever,
Bursting alone through the rampart, a passage to form to the galleys.
Follow along, howbeit, success is secured by the many.”

Ended : on which all, paying regard to the words of the ruler,
Press'd more eagerly forward, their sage king boldly surrounding.

395 Inside, too, the Achaians their phalanxes strengthen'd in all haste,
Seeing a great work now stood waiting their strenuous efforts.

Neither, indeed, could the Lycian heroes, a road thro' the rampart
Forcing, their way make good to the black-hull'd Danaad galleys ;

Nor could the warlike Achaians the Lycians drive from the rampart,
400 Even since first they approached it. As two men, holding a measure,
Stand up, over the boundary-line of their property wrangling,
Each for his own just right to a small spot keenly contending :

So did the buttress divide them, and each struck hard on the ox-hide
Round-shaped shield of the other, and ofttimes even the corslet.

405 Many were struck in the fight with the merciless brass on the body,
Some when the back, turn'd round, was exposed, thro' the buckler itself
some :

Everywhere round were the towers and buttresses plenteously sprinkled
Over with blood of the heroes on both sides, Trojans and Argives :
Still, no force could compel the Achaians to flight to betake them.

410 Ev'n as a woman who deals just weight with her hands, and the scales
holds,

Poising the weight and the wool, until both she at length equalizes,
Gaining in this way, haply, a slender support for her children :
So did the hard-fought fight long equally hang in the balance ;
Even till mighty Kronion superior glory accorded

415 Priam's renown'd son, Hector, who first, overleaping the Argive
Rampart, with loud voice shouted, and thus called out to the Trojans :
“ Press now on, ye horsemen of Troia ; the wall of the Argives,
Haste, burst through : hurl fire fierce-blazing at once 'gainst the galleys.”

Thus he exclaim'd, while cheering them on ; and the combatants hearing,
420 Numbers at once rush'd forth 'gainst the wall, and the battlements mounted,
Bearing their sharp spears. Then brave Hector a stone in his hand seized,
Tapering off from its broad flat base to a point, which by two men,
Even the strongest by far of the people, as now-a-days men are,
Scarce could be raised from the ground on a wain, and which lay at the
portal

- 425 Right in the front : this, seizing he easily swung unassisted,
Seeing Kronion the stone made light in the hands of the hero.
Ev'n as a shepherd when taking a ram's fleece home to his dwelling,
Bears it on one hand only, nor feels it a burden oppressive :
So brave Hector, the huge stone bore 'gainst the beams which imparted
430 Strength to the twofold, lofty, and well-wrought gates of the rampart :
Fasten'd with one strong bolt, and with transverse bars intersected.
Thither advancing, he now drew up, and exerting his vast strength,
Standing with feet set widely apart, in the centre he struck them,
So that the blow of the weapon, the huge stone, might not be futile.
435 Instant the hinges he tore, and the missile was forced with its great weight
Fairly within ; and the strong gates all round crashing, the cross-bars
Broke ; and the two beams, rent by the blow, were divided and splinter'd.
Whereon illustrious Hector anon rush'd forward, in aspect
Looking like night, but the armour which girded his body, afar seen,
440 Glitter'd with brass, and he held in his hands two spears which he brandished :
Him, too, none could restrain, save only the gods the immortal,
Once he was fairly within ; and his eyes gleam'd ev'n as a furnace.
Then, as he turn'd round, loud to his comrades he cheer'd, and the Trojans
Urged the defences and wall to ascend, and they, hearing, obeyed him.
445 Part leapt instantly over the wall, while others their ingress
Made by the well-wrought gates ; and the sons of Achaia were beaten
Back to the deep-hull'd galleys, 'mid infinite tumult and carnage.

BOOK THIRTEENTH.

- ZEUS having thus brought down to the galleys the Trojans and Hector,
Left them to war's dread work, and to bear toils vast and incessant :
Backward his glorious eyes meanwhile from the war he averted,
Looking on wide horse-pasturing Thrace, and the Mysian heroes,
5 Famed all round at the close-hand fight, and the brave Hippomolgi,
Nourish'd on mares' milk, frugally living, and justest of people ;
Turning his glorious eyes no longer to loftiest Troia,
Seeing he no fear felt, or imagined that any Immortal
Thither would now go either to aid the Achaians or Trojans.
- 10 Neither in vain watch'd over the war earth-shaking Poseidon :
Sitting aloft on the peak of the dense Samothracian woodlands,
Gazing, he look'd on the strife and the battle ; for thence he could Ida
Plainly behold, and the Danaad ships, and the city of Priam.
There, from the sea having risen, he sat down, mourning the Argives
15 Quell'd by the Trojans ; and fierce wrath nursing 'gainst mighty Kronion.
Soon, howbeit, he down from the rock-strewn mountain descended,
Rapidly striding along upon foot ; and beneath the immortal
Feet of the great earth-shaker the huge hills quaked and the forests.
Three strides only he took, with the fourth step coming to Ægæ,
20 Where was his destined goal. There mansions of golden effulgence,
Never decaying, were rear'd for the god in the depths of the ocean.
Reaching his palace, his brass-hoof'd horses he yoked to his carriage,
Fleetest of foot, and with gold manes flowing dishevell'd around them :
Next, he apparell'd himself in a vestment of gold ; and his golden
25 Lash, for its workmanship famed, then seizing, he mounted his carriage.
Over the billows he drove, while, leaving their cavern, the ocean
Monsters around him on all sides gamboll'd, aware of their monarch.
Rose upon each hand, joyous, the sea, as he over it bounded
Rapidly forward, nor wet was the bright brass axle beneath him.
30 Thus his caparison'd steeds him bore to the ships of the Argives.
Spacious and lofty, a cave, far down in the ocean recesses,
Midway between rough, rock-girt Imbros and Tenedos, lieth ;

There then stopping his steeds, and at once from the chariot loosing,
Mighty Poseidon, the great earth-shaker, ambrosial fodder

35 Gave them to eat ; and with chains irrefragable, golden, unyielding,
Fetter'd their feet, that immovable there they might wait till their monarch
Thither return'd ; then forth to the Danaad hosts he departed.

Meanwhile, even as flames or a whirlwind, bands of the Trojans,
Furious, rushed on, following Hector with ardour untiring,

40 Mingling their shouting and cries, all hoping the ships of the Argives
Promptly to capture, and slay the Achaians who stood to defend them.
Whereon the great earth-shaker, Poseidon, the ruler of nations,
Now having come from the depths of the sea, stirr'd up the Achaians,
Loud-voiced Calchas' figure and tone for the purpose assuming.

45 Foremost the Aiases twain he addressed, though eager already :

“ O ye Aiases twain, your accustomed puissance remember,
Think not of flight : so best will ye succour the host of Achaia.
Elsewhere nothing I dread of the power of the valorous Trojans,
Even albeit they've mounted the great wall, crowding its summit ;

50 Seeing the brass-girt sons of Achaia will bear themselves nobly :

No apprehension I feel of repulse, no bodings of evil,
Save where Hector himself like a flame leads forward the Trojans,
Boasting himself as the son of the thunderer, mighty Kronion.
Would that, indeed, some one of the gods may inspire you with courage

55 Boldly yourselves to sustain, and to rouse all others around you !

Him should we thus force back, how ardent soever in battle,
Far from the swift-keel'd galleys, tho' urged on e'en by Kronion.”

Spoke earth-shaking Poseidon ; and, striking the twain with his sceptre,
Fill'd them with great might, nerving their limbs, and their hands when
they raised them.

60 Then as a fleet-wing'd falcon, which darts from a precipice rugged,
Beetling aloft, when impelled on its swift flight after its quarry,
Ready to pounce down, chasing the bird far over the meadow :
So earth-shaking Poseidon away from the Aiases darted.

Meanwhile, first of the two, swift Aias, the son of Oileus,

65 Him recognised, and bespoke forthwith Telamonian Aias.

“ Aias, since some of the blessed Immortals who dwell in Olympus,
Lik'ning himself to an augur, exhorts us to fight by the galleys,
(Calchas he is not, nor seer, for I him that moment he left us
Knew by the prints of his feet, for the high gods soon are distinguished,)

70 So is the soul in my breast more eager for war than aforetime
Ever, my hands and my feet underneath me desire it with ardour.”

Whereupon him thus answer'd in turn Telamonian Aias :

“ So are my own hands strengthen'd, my spear feels lighter to handle,
 Roused is my courage, my two feet under me hurry me forward,
 75 Even alone, I am eager to meet this Hector in battle,
 Offspring of Priam, who rages insatiate over the champaign.”

Thus they address'd each other ; the glorious prospect of battle
 Filling their souls with delight, by the god pour'd into their bosoms.
 Meanwhile, mighty Poseidon, the rearward ranks of the Argives,
 80 Likewise aroused, by the black-hull'd galleys, their spirits reviving,
 Seeing their limbs were relax'd with the toil they had suffer'd, and sorrow
 Now was oppressing their souls on beholding the hosts of the Trojans,
 Many of whom had with tumult surmounted the wall and the rampart.
 Viewing them there, big tears came rolling from under their eyebrows ;
 85 Nothing expecting but death and destruction : but mighty Poseidon,
 Coming among them, the wall-like strength of the phalanxes rallied.
 First, he to Teucer and Leitos came, these loudly exhorting ;
 Then to Deïpyros, Thoas, and Peneleus famed for his valour,
 Warlike Meriones too, and Antilochos skilful in battle :

90 Whereupon these he, in swift-wing'd accents addressing, encouraged :
 “ O shame, shame to you all, young men, moreover Achaians,
 Fondly I hope that our ships will be saved to us still by your fighting ;
 If you are slack, howbeit, at last in the terrible battle,
 Then has our last day risen, the day of our end by the Trojans.

95 O ye gods, I behold with my own eyes surely a wonder,
 Dreadful to view, which I never expected to see, that the Trojans
 Here should approach close up to our ships, who were heretofore ever,
 Even as poor, weak stags, to be preyed on by pards of the forest,
 Lynxes and wolves, fear-stricken, and all unfit for the battle :
 100 So had the Trojans before scarce courage to face the Achaians.
 Now, howbeit, they fight at the ships, far off from the city,
 Even because of the obstinate bent of our chief, and the army's
 Slackness, which, occupied ever disputing with him, is unwilling
 Boldly their black-hull'd galleys to guard, and are slaughter'd beside them.
 105 True tho' it be that the hero Atreides is blameable only,
 E'en Agamemnon, dishonouring brave, swift-footed Achilles ;
 Still 'tis indeed no duty of ours to withdraw from the combat :
 Rather the breach let us heal, for the brave are appeasable ever.
 Noble it is not, in truth, to relax your impetuous valour,
 110 None in the host being braver than ye : that man I should never
 Think of upbraiding, who, conscious of weakness, retires from the conflict ;
 No, but with you of a truth, from my heart's core O ! I am wrathful :
 This inactivity surely will cause more terrible evils,

O ye effeminate ! Each of you think of the shame you occasion,
115 Ponder it over, for now has a wide-spread contest arisen :
Valorous Hector, renown'd at the war-shout, fights at the galleys,
Yes, he has burst thro' the gates, and the long bar even has broken."
Ended Poseidon, the great earth-shaker, exhorting the Argives.
Then round the Aiases twain firm phalanxes rallied, which even
120 Ares himself had not dared to impugn, if descending amongst them,
No, nor Athena, the army-exciter ; for there were the bravest
Standing, the chosen, awaiting the Trojans and conquering Hector.
Spear was with spear interwoven anon, bright buckler with buckler,
Helmet and shield press'd helmet and shield, man man, in the onslaught :
125 Radiant ridges of plume-capp'd helmets were nodding, and frequent
Touch'd each other; so closely the wedged ranks waited impatient :
Speeding their devious path in the skies met glittering javelins,
Launch'd from the hands of the brave as they eagerly long'd for the
onset.

Foremost, the Trojans advanced, led on by impetuous Hector,
130 Joined by the allied ranks. As a stone rolls down from a mountain,
Loosen'd by violent rains from the rock where safely it rested,
Bearing destruction around while down the declivity leaping ;
Bounding along, right onward it goes, and the trees underneath it
Crash and resound, as it rolls straight on, all barriers scorning,
135 E'en to the plain, where, losing its impetus, slowly it settles :
So did illustrious Hector his threat seem almost fulfilling
On to the ocean to come, at the galleys and tents of the Argives
Many to slay ; but the firm-set phalanxes now he encounter'd,
Whereon he stopt as he came close up ; for the sons of Achaia,
140 Meeting, repulsed him, with falchions and two-edged javelins attacking.
Then he was forced to withdraw, and exclaim'd thus loud to the Trojans :
“ Lycians, Trojans, and close-rank-fighting Dardanians, listen :
Stand to your arms, for the sons of Achaia not long will resist me,
Even albeit they've drawn themselves tower-wise up to confront us.
145 Soon at the sight of my spear they will quail, if the first of the great gods,
Mighty Kronion, the husband of Hera, has hither impelled me.”

Thus having spoken ; the prowess and valour of each he excited.
Warlike Deiphobos, high-soul'd offspring of Priam, advanced first,
Holding his ox-hide shield upon all sides equal before him,
150 Walking with light step, under the screen of his buckler proceeding.
Whereon Meriones now took aim with his glittering javelin ;
Nor did he miss, but the bull's-hide buckler on all sides equal
Struck he, but pierced not ; the great long-shadowèd spear being broken

- Through at the joint ; but Deïphobos brave now lifted his ox-hide
155 Buckler to screen him, afraid of the spear of Meriones warlike.
Then this champion back to the ranks of his comrades retreated,
Wroth in his bosom alike for the loss of his spear and the battle.
Therefore he now pass'd quick by the galleys and tents of the Argives
Forth from his tent to convey a reserved spear left on departing,
160 Leaving the others to fight meanwhile 'midst the tumult and uproar.
First Telamonian Teucer, a hero renown'd for his valour,
Slew brave Imbrios, offspring of Mentor, a breeder of horses :
Ere the Achaians' arrival at Troia he dwelt in Pedæos,
Wedded to Medesicaste, the spurious daughter of Priam ;
165 Nevertheless when the well-poised ships of the sons of Achaia
Bore upon Ilium, back he return'd, and was famed 'mong the Trojans,
Living with Priam, who honour'd him even as one of his offspring.
Under the ear him Teucer a blow now struck with his javelin,
Drawing the blade out ; prostrate he fell like an ash on the topmost
170 Ridge of a mountain, conspicuous seen from afar, with its tender
Foliage strewn on the ground, cut down by the axe of the woodman :
Thus did he fall ; and his brazen accoutrements sounded around him.
Then rush'd Teucer against him to strip him in haste of his armour,
Whereupon Hector his glittering war-spear hurl'd upon Teucer ;
175 Seeing it coming along, howbeit, the spear he avoided,
Hardly escaping with life. Then forth went Hector and wounded
Right on the breast with his spear as he join'd in the furious battle
Warlike Amphinachos, Cteatos' offspring, descended from Actor ;
Whereon he fell with a crash, and his arms clank'd, ringing around him.
180 Then rush'd Hector again, from the head of Amphinachos warlike
Promptly the helmet to tear which the temples adorn'd of the hero ;
Aias anon, howbeit, at Hector advancing, his javelin
Hurl'd forth ; nathless it touch'd not his skin, for impervious armour
Girded his body : it struck, however, the boss of his buckler,
185 Him with immense force shaking, when back he recoil'd, and retreated :
Whereon the Danai snatch'd both bodies, relinquish'd by Hector.
Straightway noble Menestheus and Stichios, chiefs of the warlike
Band of Athenians, carried Amphinachos' corse to the Argives ;
Imbrios brave, howbeit, the two famed Aiases carried.
190 Even as two strong lions a goat bear off in the coppice,
Snatching it up from the sharp-tooth'd dogs as they hold it above them :
So did the Aiases brave, those two famed heroes, his armour
Strip from his corse ; but the son of Oileus, renown'd for his valour,
Greatly enraged on account of Amphinachos, Cteatos' offspring,

195 Sever'd his head from his delicate neck, and away thro' the army
 Ball-like he sent it till reaching the feet of illustrious Hector.
 Then was the great earth-shaker indeed sore grieved in his spirit,
 Seeing his grandson, warlike Amphimachos, cruelly slaughter'd ;
 Whereon he hasten'd along by the galleys and tents of the Argives,
 200 Rousing them up, and preparing calamities new for the Trojans.
 Him spear-famous Idomeneus met as he came from a comrade,
 One who had lately been brought to his tent from the furious battle,
 Where he a wound in the hand had received from the brass of a javelin,
 Whom his companions had thither convey'd, and the chief having given
 205 Needful commands to the skilful physicians, again was retiring,
 Greatly desirous to bear part still with his friends in the battle.
 Whereupon him then promptly the great earth-shaker accosted,
 Lik'ning himself as to voice unto Thoas the son of Andræmon,
 Even Andræmon who govern'd Pleuron and Calydon lofty,
 210 Where the Ætolians dwelt, and was honour'd by all as a godhead :
 " Counsellor great of the Cretans, Idomeneus, whither have vanish'd
 Those proud words which the Danai used when they threatened the
 Trojans ? "

Whom in return thus answer'd Idomeneus chief of the Cretans :
 " None, O Thoas, as I am inform'd, can at present be reckon'd
 215 Blameable ; no, for we all are alike well fitted for warfare.
 Neither does fear, that spirit-subduer, detain from the battle,
 Any, nor, yielding to sloth, do any withdraw ; but it doubtless
 Greatly will gratify mighty Kronion that, distant from Argos,
 Here the unfortunate sons of Achaia inglorious perish.
 220 Come, then, Thoas, for brave thou wert certainly ever aforetime,
 Others inciting, when seeing them slack, or neglecting the battle ;
 Therefore desist not thyself, but exhort each man to arouse him."

Whereupon him earth-shaking Poseidon incontinent answer'd :
 " Warlike Idomeneus, never may that man homeward from Troia
 225 Safely return, but as food for the vultures and dogs let his body
 Yonder be cast, who would now intermit his laborious efforts.
 Therefore to arms, and away to the field, for it truly is needful
 All to prepare, and, albeit we only are two, let us forward !
 Even the strength of the weak is of use if exerted in concert ;
 230 Ay, and for us, we indeed know well with the bravest to combat."

Thus having spoken ; he sought once more the laborious battle.
 Whereon Idomeneus brave, when his well-made tent he had enter'd,
 Girded himself in his armour, and two spears afterwards seizing,
 Hasten'd away like the fleet-wing'd lightning which mighty Kronion,

235 Holding aloft in his hands, darts forth from effulgent Olympus,
 Showing a sign unto mortals ; and bright is its wing as it flashes :
 Thus shone, dazzling, the brass on his breast, while forward advancing.
 Near to his well-made tent then met him his faithful attendant,
 Gallant Meriones, going a spear to procure, and accosted :

240 “ Warlike Meriones, swiftest of foot, brave offspring of Molos,
 Dear to my soul, why, quitting the fierce fight, comest thou hither ?
 Say, art thou hurt ? Does the point of a spear cause anguish ? Or
 haply,

Camest thou carrying tidings of weight ? For myself I desire not
 Idle within my pavilion to sit, but I long for the battle.”

245 Whereon in turn him gallant Meriones answer'd discreetly :
 “ Counsellor sage of the brass-greaved Cretans, Idomeneus warlike,
 Hither I came for a javelin, to take it, if any are still left
 Here in thy tents ; for the one which I wielded before in the battle
 Shiver'd is now, having broke on the shield of Deïphobos savage.”

250 Him in return thus answer'd Idomeneus, chief of the Cretans :
 “ Well, thou wilt find in my tent, if thou wishest to look, and select them,
 Twenty and one spears, laid 'gainst the glittering walls ; from the
 slaughter'd

Trojans I took them, for know, I contend not with foes at a distance :
 Therefore I've javelins enow, shields bossy, and helmets and corslets.”

255 Him in return thus gallant Meriones prudently answer'd :
 “ Many a spoil I have too, at my black-hull'd ships and pavilions,
 Ta'en from the Trojans ; but these are not near, so that reach them I
 cannot.

Truly of valour and daring, I think, I am never forgetful,
 Certainly never, for hear I the din of the furious onslaught,

260 Foremost I stand, where war has arisen or terrible battle.
 Haply, by some unnoticed I pass, when engaged in the combat,
 Aiding the well-greaved Argives ; by thee, howbeit, I'm well known.”

Him in return thus answer'd Idomeneus, chief of the Cretans :

“ Doubtless, thy valour I know ; but of these things wherefore remind me ?

265 Yea, if the bravest of all at the galleys were pick'd for an ambush,
 Where the impetuous courage of heroes is chiefly apparent,
 Where at a glance full lightly the dauntless is known from the dastard,
 (Seeing the hue of the face of the dastard for ever is changing,
 Rest without trembling he cannot, his heart in his breast is uneasy ;
 270 Ever he sits on his hams, low crouching, and changing his posture ;
 Quick too palpitates ever the heart in his breast as he tarries,
 Trembles his whole frame, chatter his teeth, death darkly foreboding :

- Otherwise 'tis with the brave, no change comes over his colour,
 Neither alarm does he feel when he sits in the ambush with heroes :
- 275 Burns his impetuous soul for the onslaught, chiding the moments ;)
 No one in that case ever would challenge thy daring and valour ;
 No, wert thou struck in the close hand-fight when engaged in the battle
 Haply, or wounded when fighting the foe at a distance, the missiles,
 Javelin or arrow, thy back would not touch, nor thy shoulders, but
 doubtless
- 280 Only thy breast or thy stomach would pierce, as thou eagerly rushedst
 On to the foremost ranks of the host in the dreadful encounter.
 Come, no more let us prate about these things, standing like beings
 Stripp'd of their reason, lest some one or other, perchance, may reproach us ;
 Go thou away to the tent, howbeit, and choose thee a javelin."
- 285 Ended Idomeneus : whereon Meriones, equal to Ares,
 Swift in the race, now promptly a brass spear took, as directed,
 Straightway following warlike Idomeneus, eager to combat.
 Even as fierce, man-slaughtering Ares advances to battle,
 Follow'd by Terror, his own dear son, amid danger undaunted,
- 290 Quelling alike both courage and strength in the warrior's bosom :
 (These came girded from Thrace to the Ephyri bold and the high-soul'd
 Phlegyan host, and invoked by the twain give honour and glory
 E'en as they deem most fitting and meet, to the one or the other :)
 So did Idomeneus brave, and Meriones, leaders of armies,
- 295 Forth to the battle advance in their bright brass glittering helmets.
 Whereon in these words warlike Meriones spoke to his comrade :
 " Son of Deucalion, where dost thou purpose to enter the battle ?
 Say, on the right shall it be, or the centre ? or left, peradventure ?
 Seeing that nowhere else do the long-hair'd sons of Achaia
- 300 Lack our assistance so much, as I judge, in the toil of the battle."
 Him in return thus answer'd Idomeneus, chief of the Cretans :
 " Well, 'mong the ships in the centre, in truth, there are others to aid
 them ;
 Both of the Aiases warlike, and Teucer, of all the Achaians
 Best at the bow, and renown'd at the close fight too for his valour :
- 305 Hector they'll harass enow, to satiety even, albeit
 Eager above all others for glory, and famed for his daring.
 Difficult Hector will find it, tho' yearning in soul for the battle,
 Ay, and successful in quelling their strength and invincible prowess,
 Danaad galleys to give to the flames if Kronion the mighty
- 310 Cast not a torch 'mid the swift-keel'd ships, bright-flaming to fire them.
 Brave Telamonian Aias will never succumb to an earth-born

Mortal, who eats of the fruits of the earth, and is subject as others
Wounds to receive from the sharp brass javelin or stones of the foeman.
No, in a close-fight even to warlike Peleides Achilles
315 Never indeed would he yield, tho' in swiftmess he prove not his equal :
Therefore at once lead on to the left, where soon we shall find out
Whether we glory achieve for ourselves, or confer it on others."

Ended Idomeneus : whereon Meriones, equal to Ares,
Swift in the race, led on, soon joining the phalanxes warlike.
320 Soon as the Trojans Idomeneus saw, like a flame in its fierceness
Coming, and warlike Meriones too, both shining in armour,
Hasten'd they on their advance to oppose, each other exhorting.
Struggle severe meanwhile had been rife at the sterns of the galleys.
E'en as a storm sweeps onward by shrill winds driven, when highways
325 Lie thick cover'd with dust, large clouds upraising before it :
So these now came on to the fight soul-eager for battle,
Everywhere bent each other to slay with the brass of their javelins.
Bristled the dread man-slaughtering combat around with the long spears,
Keen, flesh-rending : anon from the bright brass glittering helmets
330 Nodding with horse-hair, corslets of steel new furbished, and bucklers
Numerous, clashing, resound ; and the eyes of the gazers were dazzled.
Brave-soul'd truly would that man be who, beholding their efforts,
Still could rejoice in his mind, nor perturb'd feel viewing the combat.

Kronos' two sons, each on his own side favour conferring,
335 All these labours matured, deep grief to the combatants bringing :
Zeus, on the one hand, victory will'd to the Trojans and Hector,
Purposing thus great glory to give to Achilles, but wish'd not
Wholly to ruin the sons of Achaia at Troia, but only
Honour to Thetis to give, and her son, brave godlike Achilles :
340 While on the other, Poseidon encouraged the Argives, in secret
Coming from out old ocean, and rage 'gainst Kronion and sorrow
Swell'd in his breast when he saw these quell'd by the hand of the Trojans.
Both were indeed of the same race sprung, and in lineage equal ;
Elder was Zeus, howbeit, and greatly exceeded in wisdom.
345 Therefore Poseidon refrain'd from according them open assistance,
Covertly rousing them up thro' the army, disguised as a mortal.
Over the two hosts these great rulers alternately stretch'd out
War's strong cord of destruction, alike 'gainst the one and the other,
Dread, irrefragable, powerful ; relaxing the muscles of many.
350 Then, tho' with age half hoary, Idomeneus rush'd on the Trojans,
Putting them all to the rout, while loudly exhorting the Argives,
Slaying Othryoneus brave, who had come from Cablesos to Troia.

- Thither he came upon hearing the rumour of war, and demanded,
Loveliest far as to form, of the daughters of Priam, Cassandra,
355 Dowry for her none giving ; but promising much to accomplish,
Namely, to drive from before wide Troia the sons of Achaia.
Priam the aged consented, and promised to give him his daughter,
Therefore Othryoneus, trusting his pledge, went forth to the battle.
Now as he march'd vain-glorious forward, Idomeneus, aiming,
360 Hurl'd forth, flashing, his spear, him striking ; in vain did the brazen
Corslet resistance present, for the spear stuck fast in his bowels.
Reeling, he fell with a crash, when the other exultingly call'd out :
 " Truly, Othryoneus, thee will I praise if thou now wilt accomplish
All thou didst vow unto Priam, who promised to give thee his daughter
365 Well, we also will promise thee such things, ay, and fulfil it,
Even the loveliest daughter of King Agamemnon we'll give thee,
Bringing her hither from Argos, if only thou'lt promise to join us
Now in destroying the well-built populous city of Troia.
Come, then, follow me e'en to the deep-sea-traversing galleys :
370 There the espousals we'll celebrate soon, good portion bestowing."
- Thus having spoken ; the hero Idomeneus straight thro' the battle
Dragg'd him away by the foot : but in front of his steeds to avenge him,
Pacing along, came Asios forward (the steeds his attendant
Charioteer kept ever beside him), and yearned to attack him ;
375 Him, howbeit, Idomeneus brave first struck with his javelin
Under the chin, on the throat, and the brass drove through to the shoulders.
Prostrate he fell, as when some white poplar, or oak, or aspiring
Pine-tree falls, which the woodman with new-set glittering axes,
High on the brow of a mountain, has fell'd, fit mast for a galley.
380 There stretch'd out in the front of the horses and chariot lay he,
Gnashing his teeth, fierce clutching the blood-red dust in his struggles.
Then of his senses bereft, no longer, as erst, recollecting,
Thought not the charioteer of escape from the hands of the foemen ;
Thought not of turning his horses : but warlike Antilochos struck him,
385 Fixing the spear in his chest ; but a feeble resistance the corslet
Offer'd, for right in the stomach the bright brass weapon transfix'd him :
Panting, he fell from his well-made chariot-seat in a moment,
Wherein Antilochos, son of magnanimous Nestor, the horses
Drove from the Trojans away to the well-greaved sons of Achaia.
390 Warlike Deïphobos now, in a rage on account of his comrade
Asios, drew on, straight at Idomeneus hurling his javelin.
Watchful, Idomeneus saw it in front, howbeit, and shunn'd it,
Hid 'neath his bull's-hide shield, upon all sides equal, before him

- Carried by two stout handles, with bright brass shining refulgent.
 395 'Neath it he shelter'd himself, and the spear flew, glittering, past it,
 Grazing obliquely its edge, when it clank'd with a sound as of timber.
 Nevertheless, not in vain did Deïphobos hurl it against him,
 Seeing it wounded Hypsenor Hippasides, guide of the people,
 Under the breast bone, right on the liver, relaxing his muscles.
- 400 Whereupon loudly Deïphobos over him boasted, exclaiming :
 " Surely by no means now unavenged lies Asios ; rather
 Deem I indeed he will greatly exult in his soul, altho' going
 Hades' strong-barr'd portals to pass, since a guide I have sent him."
 Ended : and deep grief seized the Achaians on hearing his boasting ;
- 405 Warlike Antilochos' soul it above all greatly afflicted :
 Nevertheless, though grieved to the core, he forgot not his comrade ;
 Running in haste to his rescue, he shielded him under his buckler.
 Him, then, promptly his two brave comrades, the gallant Mecisteus,
 Echios' valorous offspring, assisted by noble Alastor,
- 410 Bore off both, deep groaning the while, to the ships of the Argives.
 Meanwhile warlike Idomeneus, burning with fury and valour,
 Fought like a man bent either on sending some Trojan to Hades
 Haply, or, falling himself while death from the Argives repelling.
 Gallant Alcathoös much loved son of renowned Æsyetes,
- 415 Son-in-law too, of Anchises, whose daughter the hero had wedded,
 Hippodamia, alike by her father and mother belovèd,
 Even so long as she lived unwedded an inmate among them,
 Seeing she all of her age outshone in accomplishments, prudence,
 Beauty, and form, now wife of the man most famous in Troia :
- 420 Him by Idomeneus' prowess the great earth-shaker, Poseidon
 Conquer'd, his eyes having dimmed and his fair limbs fetter'd beneath
 him,
 So that he neither could fly nor aside turn, even tho' trembling.
 Him then, ev'n as a column, or huge tree loftily-branching,
 Motionless standing, the hero Idomeneus struck with a javelin,
- 425 Right on the front of his breast, and the brass mail shatter'd in pieces,
 One which had erewhile oft kept dread death back from the hero.
 Shivered, it now crack'd, breaking with harsh sound, struck by the javelin.
 Reeling he fell with a crash, and the javelin was fixed in his breast-bone,
 Which, as his heart beat fast, to the farthest extremity quiver'd.
- 430 There as it quiver'd, at length its impetuous force was exhausted.
 Whereon Idomeneus gloried in soul, thus loudly exclaiming :
 " What does Deïphobos think, that he this vain boasting indulges ?
 Say, is it fitting or right, that for one man three should be slaughter'd ?

Wretch that thou art, stand forth, and encounter my strength if thou
darest ?

- 435 List to my lineage noble, who hither have come to the leaguer ;
Minos from high Zeus sprang, and was sovereign guide of the Cretans ;
Minos Deucalion after begat, son honoured and blameless,
Blameless Deucalion me, now ruler and king of the far-spread
Races of people in Crete. Now hither the galleys have brought me,
440 Both to thyself, and thy father, a scourge, and the people of Troia."

Spoke ; but Deïphobos paused, two views in his spirit debating,
Whether to fall back, joining himself unto some of the high-soul'd
Trojans not distant, or rather alone now venture to fight him.

Whereupon after debating awhile, he considered it wisest

- 445 Gallant Æneas to seek, whom he found in the rear of the army
Standing, for great indignation he felt 'gainst illustrious Priam,
Seeing he him had not honoured enow, though bravest of heroes :
Nearer approaching, in these winged accents he spoke and address'd him :

" Counsellor high of the Trojans, Æneas, it greatly behoves thee,

- 450 Succour to lend to thy brother-in-law, forthwith if thou lov'st him.
Follow, thy brother-in-law, high-minded Alcathoo's rescue,
Seeing he thee in his own halls nourished when only a stripling
Thou : now slaughter'd he lies, by Idomeneus valorous conquered."

Thus he addressed him, and roused up strength in his breast : upon
which he,

- 455 Longing to fight, and encounter Idomeneus, going, obey'd him.
Nothing of fear, howbeit, Idomeneus felt, as it seizes
Some mere boy, but he stood like a boar on the hills, in his prowess
Confident, waiting the terrible tumult of hunters against him
Coming in some lone spot, when his back he immediately bristles ;
460 Whetting his white teeth, boldly he stands, while every moment,
Fire gleams bright in his eyes, as the hounds he repels and the hunters :
So spear-famous Idomeneus stood, now waiting Æneas,
Swift in the din of the battle, advancing against him, nor trembled.
Calling aloud to his comrades, Ascalaphos, Aphareus warlike,
465 Gallant Meriones, skilful Antilochos, warriors famous,
Also Deïpyros : these he in winged words roused and exhorted :
" Hither, my friends, and assist me, alone here threatened, for greatly
Dread I Æneas the swift, now rushing, and towards me coming :
Powerful he is, and his hand slays many a hero in battle,
470 Now in his youth's prime vigour besides, chief stay of the stalwart,
Were we indeed of the same age both, with the spirit within me,
Onc or the other would glory achieve ere long, be ye certain."

Thus he address'd them : and all, to a man, were resolved in their spirits ;

Standing beside him, their bucklers at once they inclined on their shoulders.

- 475 Meanwhile, also Æneas aroused his companions to action,
Looking to Paris, Deïphobos warlike, and noble Agenor,
All well known as himself, brave chiefs of the Trojans. The people
These all followed, as sheep from their pasture the ram when to water
Leading them on ; and the shepherd who tends them rejoices in spirit :
480 So did the spirit of gallant Æneas exult in his bosom,
Seeing a body of heroes like these at his summons attending.
These with their spears for Alcathoös' corse now mingled in close fight ;
While loud sounded the horrible brass on their breasts as, surrounded,
Each man now took aim : two men, howbeit, above all,
485 Gallant Æneas, and warlike Idomeneus, equal to Ares,
Longed with the pitiless brass each other to lacerate, piercing.
Foremost, Æneas, his spear hurl'd forth 'gainst Idomeneus warlike ;
Seeing it opposite coming, he bent, howbeit, and shunned it,
Whereon the spear of Æneas the bare earth, quivering, enter'd,
490 Wholly in vain hurl'd forth from the stalwart hand of the hero.
Warlike Idomeneus thereon CEnomaos struck in the stomach ;
Cleaving the lowermost curve of the corslet, it entered his bowels,
Drinking, and falling anon in the dust he convulsively grasped it.
Quickly Idomeneus first pluck'd out from his body the javelin,
495 Vainly essaying as well, of the rest of his beautiful armour,
Girt on his shoulders, to spoil him ; by numerous shafts interrupted :
Agile and firm no more were his sinewy feet as aforetime,
Either to follow his own, or escape from the shaft of another :
Therefore it was, in the close-fight only he best could defend him,
500 Seeing his feet him fail'd if compell'd to retire from the combat.
Then, as he slowly retreated, against him his glittering javelin,
Warlike Deïphobos bent, for a rooted aversion he bore him.
Him, however, he miss'd, but Ascalaphos, offspring of Ares,
Struck with his weapon, and drove the immense spear through to his
shoulders,
505 Then in the dust low falling, with outstretch'd arms he embraced it.
Never as yet had the vehement-roaring impetuous Ares
Heard that his offspring had fall'n in the onslaught dread of the battle ;
Idly he sat on the summit of lofty Olympus, 'neath golden
Clouds, by the will of Kronion himself shut out from the battle ;
510 Where sat also the rest of the gods, the immortal, excluded.
Those meanwhile in a close ring fought round Ascalaphos' body :

- Warlike Deïphobos tore from his temples his glittering helmet,
Whereon Meriones equal to Ares with nimbleness springing,
Struck him a blow with his spear on the arm, and the glittering helmet,
515 Falling anon from his hand on the ground, loud rang and resounded.
Gallant Meriones leaping upon him in haste, like a vulture,
Pluck'd from his arm's tough sinew the spear, and retreated,
Back to his bands : but Polites advanced to Deïphobos' rescue ;
Throwing his arm round his body, he carried him forth from the battle
520 Dreadfully sounding, till reaching his own fleet coursers, awaiting
Rearward his coming, beyond the confusion and din of the combat.
There he his charioteer soon found with his radiant carriage :
Him, then, heavily groaning the while, and distressed, to the city
These now bore, with his hand all bleeding, so recently wounded.
525 Still, meanwhile, 'mid unquenchable clamour the battle continued :
Rushing on Aphareus, valorous son of Caletor, Æneas
Him on the throat now smote with his spear, while turning to face him :
Then with his head on the one side bent, and his buckler and helmet
Sideways hung, black death, life's horrid disseverer, veiled him :
530 Whereon Antilochos Thoas espied just turning, and, rushing,
Wounded him, cutting the large neck-vein to the shoulder extending :
This having cut right through, in the dust he incontinent prostrate
Fell ; upon which he extended his hands to his trusty companions.
Looking around him, Antilochos now sprang forth, and the armour
535 Stript from his shoulders for meanwhile some of the Trojans around him,
Struck with their weapons his buckler with fine carved work ornamented ;
Vainly indeed, for they could not, with every effort, the tender
Skin of Antilochos, screen'd by his broad shield, graze with their javelins,
Seeing the great earth-shaker on all sides shielded the much-loved
540 Offspring of Nestor, the numerous shafts of the foe notwithstanding.
Ne'er was Antilochos far from the foe, but he everywhere hasten'd :
Idle his spear ne'er slept, but on all sides round him he waved it,
Aye on the outlook either to hurl it with vigour at some one
Far off standing, or rush, peradventure, on some one beside him.
545 Occupied thus, he escaped not the keen-eyed glance of the gallant
Adamas, Asios' son, who a blow on the front of his buckler
Struck him at once with his javelin, in close-fight making the onset ;
Mighty Poseidon, the blue-hair'd god, howbeit, preserved him,
Rendering harmless the spear ; but a portion remain'd in the buckler,
550 E'en as a stake half-burned ; but the rest fell splinter'd beneath it.
Death he escaped meanwhile, by retiring amid his companions.
Him howbeit Meriones follow'd in haste, with his javelin

- Striking him right 'tween the navel and groin, where man by malign Fate
Ever pursued feels those wounds most on the body inflicted :
- 555 There then enter'd the weapon, and falling, he panted and struggled,
Tortured with fierce pain, e'en as an ox on the mountains when cowherds
Bind him with cords well twisted, and drive him unwillingly forward.
Thus he with deep wounds writhed, but he sunk ere long, for the weapon
Warlike Meriones pluck'd from the wound, and his eyes were o'ershadow'd.
- 560 Helenos, close by standing, the gallant Deïpyros next smote,
Right on the forehead, cutting his three-coned glittering helmet,
Dashing it off, when it fell to the ground, and a warrior Argive
Lifted it up, as it roll'd to his feet, and the hero in death sunk.
Then grief seized Menelaus Atreides, renown'd in the war-cry,
- 565 Whereupon instantly, forward advancing, he Helenos menaced,
Brandishing high his immense sharp spear, as the other his bow bent.
Eager they met, each other attacking, the one his severe shaft
Meaning to launch from the bow, and his pine-wood javelin the other.
Helenos him now speedily smote on the breast with the arrow,
- 570 Striking the concave part of his corslet, of steel, but the weapon
Sidewards glanced. As a winnower's fan makes leap from the barn-floor,
Raised by the force of the wind, firm beans black-coated and vetches,
So from the corslet of Atreus' glorious son, Menelaus,
Fairly repell'd, far off the severe sharp arrow rebounded.
- 575 Then Menelaus Atreides, renown'd in the tumult of battle,
Struck with his spear his antagonist's hand while holding his smooth bow ;
Piercing his hand through, fix'd it became in the bow ; when he promptly
Fell back, joining the crowd of his friends, death gladly escaping,
Hanging his hand by his side on retiring, and trailing the javelin.
- 580 Speedily warlike Agenor extracted the torturing weapon,
Binding his hand in a sheep's-wool sling, well twisted together,
One which his faithful attendant had brought for the guide of the people.
Sprang now fiercely on brave Menelaus the hero Pisander,
Lured to destruction and death by malign Fate, leading him forward ;
- 585 Even by thine hand, brave Menelaus, to perish in battle.
So as they rush'd to the combat, and near each other were drawing,
Atreus' son miss'd aim, for aside was the javelin directed,
Whereon Pisander the bright shield smote of renown'd Menelaus ;
Fail'd notwithstanding the javelin to penetrate right thro' the buckler,
- 590 Seeing the broad disc parried it off, and the point of the javelin
Broke : still greatly the hero exulted, for victory hoping.
Atreus' brave son quickly his sword, bright studded with silver,
Now drew, springing at once on Pisander, on which he a brazen

- Well-wrought glittering war-axe lifted from under his buckler
595 (Fitted it was upon each side too with an olive-tree handle,
Polished and long), and again, each other attacking, contended.
Straightway Pisander the helmet of Atreus' offspring, with horse-hair
Crown'd, now hew'd from its base ; but renown'd Menelaus, approaching,
Him a severe blow struck on the nose where joining the forehead ;
600 Whereon the bones all crash'd, and his blood-red eyes at his feet fell
Low on the ground in the dust ; upon which fierce writhing he struggled.
Brave Menelaus, his heel on his breast now placing, despoil'd him
Next of his armour, and, boasting aloud, thus spoke and address'd them :
 " Trojans, insatiate ever of battle, and breakers of treaties,
605 So shall ye fly from the ships of the fleet-steed-owning Achaians,
Other disgraces and guilt, moreover, ye lack not, profane dogs !
Evils enow to myself have ye done, and have scornfully treated
Great, high-thundering Zeus, the protector of guests, nor his anger
Heeded, who shortly your high-built city will utterly ruin.
610 Ye, who my beautiful bride bore off, unprovoked, in your galleys,
Much wealth taking, albeit by her entertain'd with distinction :
Now you desire, too, greatly the deep-sea-traversing galleys
All to destroy in the flames, and to slay full many an Argive.
Curb'd ye shall ere long be, how eager soever for battle.
615 O great Zeus ! thee first we acknowledge in wisdom and prudence,
First among men and Immortals, yet all these wrongs are thy working.
O how much dost thou lean to the side of the arrogant Trojans,
Men bent only on violent deeds and unjust, and who ever
Glory in battle and war, though bloodshed bringing on mortals.
620 All things else to satiety lead, sleep, dalliance, dancing
Blameless in kind, sweet singing ; with all these men can their longing
Fully indulge ; but the Trojans of war are insatiate ever."
- Ended ; and now having stripp'd from his corse the accoutrements gory,
Brave Menelaus bestow'd them anon on his friends in attendance ;
625 While he himself rush'd forward and mingled again with the foremost.
Warlike Harpalion, son of the monarch Pylæmenes far-famed,
Onward who came with his much-loved sire to the leaguer of Troia
(Back, howbeit, he never return'd), now sprang on the hero.
Standing beside him, he struck Menelaus' shield with his javelin
630 Right in the centre, but fail'd thro' the strong brass plates to compel it ;
Whereon he soon shrunk back 'mong the crowd of his comrades, avoiding
Dread fate, looking on all sides round lest any should pierce him :
Warlike Meriones quickly at him, on retiring, an arrow
Pointed with brass now shot, on the right hip instantly striking ;

635 Under the bone thro' the bladder it pierced to the opposite buttock.
Sinking anon on the spot, in the arms of his faithful companions,
Breathing his life forth, ev'n as a worm on the ground he extended
Lay, while 'neath him the earth became wet with his blood as it flow'd
forth.

Round him the brave Paphlagonian heroes were occupied meanwhile ;
640 Turning, they lifted him up on a carriage and bore him to sacred
Ilium, grieving ; his sire, tears shedding, along with him going :
Nevertheless, for his now dead son no vengeance was taken.

Then brave Paris, for him thus slain, in his soul was indignant,
Seeing a guest he had been in his palace with various other
645 Brave Paphlagonians ; therefore an arrow he shot at a venture.
Now Polyides the augur who dwelt in the city of Corinth,
Wealthy and brave, had a son who was call'd by the name of Euchenor :
This man, knowing his dire fate well, had arrived in a galley,
Seeing the good old man Polyides, the augur, had often
650 Said he would die in his halls of a loathsome disease, or would perish,
Quell'd by the Trojans themselves, 'mong the ships of the sons of Achaia.
Therefore he sought to avoid the disease, and the mulct which the Argives
Levied, and haply escape the distress they would cause to his spirit.
Under the ear and the jaw him Paris at once with his arrow
655 Smote, and his soul from its tenement fled, night him overtaking.

Thus these foes like a fire fierce-flaming contended in battle.
Meanwhile Hector, to Zeus most dear, knew naught of the havoc
Made on the left of the ships, where many were slain by the Argives :
Victory there seem'd ready to turn and abandon the Trojans.
660 Such was the strength which the great earth-shaker, Poseidon, the Argives
Gave : moreover, himself with his vast power came to the rescue.
Hector advanced still on, notwithstanding, against the Achaians
Girt in their shields, where first he had sprung thro' the gates and the
rampart,

Breaking the close-knit ranks of the brass-mail'd shielded Achaians ;
665 Where were the black-hull'd galleys of Aias and Protesilaiis
Safe drawn up on the shore of the hoary vociferous ocean ;
Low was the strong-built wall of defence in their front, and above them.
Here it was then that themselves and their horses were furiously fighting.
There the Bœotians, Phthians, and valorous Locrians labour'd,
670 There the Epeans, and kirtled, renown'd Iæonian heroes,
Him, as he rush'd fierce on, all trying to keep from the galleys ;
Hector like fire, howbeit, they could not succeed in repelling.
Vanward stood the Athenian army by warlike Menestheus,

- Peteus' bold son, led ; and along with him Stichios follow'd,
675 Phidas, and Bias : the gallant Epeans by Meges were marshall'd,
Phyleus' offspring, and famous Amphion, and Dracios warlike.
Medon commanded the Phthians, and, steady in battle, Podarces ;
Medon, indeed, was the spurious offspring of godlike Oileus ;
Thus he was brother to Aias renown'd, and in Phylace dwelt he,
680 Far, far off from the land of his sires ; for a man he had slaughter'd
Comely Eriopis' brother whom warlike Oileus had wedded ;
Iphiclos famous of Phylace fair was the sire of the other.
These were in arms in the van of the high-soul'd army of Phthians,
Fighting among the Boeotian people, defending the galleys.
685 Meanwhile Aias, the swift-limbed son of Oileus the monarch,
Left not at all Telamonian Aias, not even a moment.
Even as two dark steers, well matched as to strength, in a fallow
Draw on jointly a well-made plough, while copious sweat breaks
Forth round the roots of their horns ; and the yoke, all shining with polish,
690 Only divides them, the one from the other, as onward advancing
Over the field, and the plough turns all into tilth from the bottom :
So these twain stood closely united together in battle.
Many and brave troops too, now join'd Telamonian Aias,
Going as friends, of his buckler, when tired with the labour of fighting,
695 Ready to ease him, or succour when sweat poured over his body.
Fought not the Locrian bands by the side of the son of Oileus,
No, for their hearts though brave in the close-fight frequently fail'd
them,
Seeing they neither had helmet of strong brass crested with horse-hair
Waving around them, nor ash-tree spear, nor circular buckler.
700 Him they to Ilium follow'd, relying alone on their bows, and
Well-twined sheep-wool slings, which they used full often in battle,
Breaking the ranks of the Trojans in firm-form'd phalanxes marshall'd.
Leading their forces, the Aias twain now fought in their armour
Variously-wrought, against brass-greaved Hector and many a Trojan ;
705 While, at the same time frequent the Locrians shot from an ambush,
Far in the rear ; and the shaft-gall'd Trojans abandon'd the combat.
Then, no doubt, would the Trojans discomfited, all have retreated
Back from the galleys and tents to the high-built city of Troia,
Had not Polydamas warlike addressed brave Hector, exclaiming :
710 " Thee to persuade by advice seems wholly impossible, Hector ;
Think'st thou because some god has in war thee greatly distinguished,
More than the others, forsooth thou must also surpass them in council ?
Vain 'tis to think thou hast skill all matters with ease to accomplish.

- No, unto one man courage and prowess in battle are given,
 715 Skill in the dance, or command of the harp and the voice to another ;
 So in the breast of another again far-sounding Kronion
 Prudence implanteth, of which full many derive the advantage,
 Seeing it cities preserves, and its great worth knows the possessor.
 Hear, for I speak as appears to myself most needful and fitting :
 720 E'en as a fiery circle on all sides battle surrounds us,
 Now that the high-soul'd Trojans have push'd on over the rampart ;
 Some, no doubt, keep standing aloof in their armour, but others
 Fight on, scatter'd throughout the encampment, the few 'gainst the many :
 Therefore, withdraw now hence, call hither the various leaders,
 725 Then we can better discuss and adjust fit plans for the future,
 Whether to rush on seizing the well-benched ships, if Kronion
 Deigns us success, or retreat to our walls uninjured ; for truly,
 Greatly I fear lest the Argives their last day's loss will repay us,
 Seeing a hero of battle insatiate still to the galleys
 730 Clings, who, methinks no longer will now keep back from the conflict.”
 Ended Polydamas ; Hector his excellent counsel approving :
 Whereon he leapt from his chariot-seat on the ground in his armour,
 Speaking in these wing'd accents Polydamas warlike addressing :
 “ All those reckon'd the bravest, Polydamas, keep thou beside thee,
 735 While I myself will away, and commands give forth to the army,
 Afterwards, that being done, I'll return thence speedily hither.”
 Ended he : then as a snow-clad mountain conspicuous rush'd on,
 Shouting aloud as he flew thro' the ranks of the Trojans and allies.
 Meanwhile all had in haste round warlike Polydamas crowded,
 740 Offspring of Panthos, on hearing the voice of illustrious Hector.
 Seeking the prowess of Helenos brave, and Deiphobos, also
 Asios, Hyrtacos' offspring, and Adamas, Asios' own son,
 Hector, advancing, as far as the vanward combatants hasten'd.
 Some, he descried, no longer, indeed, uninjured, but living ;
 745 Others again lay low by the sterns of the Danaad galleys,
 There having fallen in fight, all slain by the hands of the Argives :
 Others besides lay wounded, or struck in the rampart's enclosure.
 Soon he discover'd, not far to the left of the terrible conflict,
 Brave Alexander, the husband of fair-hair'd Helen of Argos,
 750 Cheering his friends and companions, and urging them on in the battle ;
 Whereupon, standing beside him in these winged-words he reproach'd him :
 “ Paris accursed, fair only in form, famed women-seducer,
 Where is Deiphobos ? where the puissance of Helenos royal ?
 Where is the offspring of Asios, Adamas ? Hyrtacos' brave son,

755 Asios, where? Where also Othryoneus? Truly the lofty
Ilium perishes now, and thy own fate too is determined."

Whereupon him in return thus answer'd illustrious Paris :

"Hector, since me thou art eager to blame, how blameless soever,
Some days later mayhap thou wilt find I'll abandon the battle.

760 Now, howbeit, I'll fight, for my mother a warrior bore me,
Witness our deeds from the time thou thy loved friends led to the battle
Here at the galleys ; from that time forth we have fought with the
Argives,

Ceaselessly : those, thy companions have fallen, for whom thou inquirest.
Only Deiphobos daring in danger, and Helenos royal,

765 Wounded have been in the hand with the long sharp spears, and with-
drawn them

Now from the battle ; but Zeus has preserved them from utter destruction.

Come, lead on, wherever the soul in thy bosom incites thee,

Follow we shall, and with resolute spirits, nor do I imagine,

Valour and strength will be lacking, so far as withal we're possessed of,

770 No one can fight, however courageous, beyond his puissance."

Thus having spoken, he soon soothed Hector, his valorous brother,

Whereon they both went forth to the place where fiercest the contest :

Gathering round Cebriones brave, and Polydamas gallant,

Phalces, Orthæos, as also the god-like, brave Polyphætes,

775 Likewise Ascanios, Palmys, and Morys, Hippotion's brave sons ;

All who the previous day from the fertile Ascanian region,

Hither had come as supports, whom great Zeus sent to the battle.

These all march'd like the boisterous wind when it sweeps from the moun-
tain

Down on the plain, urged forth by the thunder of Father Kronion,

780 Casting itself on the sea with tremendous confusion and uproar,

Lifting the waves of the loudly resounding tumultuous ocean,

Boiling, and hoary with foam, wave following wave in succession.

So moved boldly the Trojans, the way some marshalling onward,

Others again, all shining in bright brass, followed their leaders.

785 Priam's renown'd son, Hector, like great, man-slaughtering Ares,

Led the advance guard, holding before him his buckler on all sides,

Equal, of thick skins fashioned, with brass plates manifold covered.

Nodded his glittering casque, as he march'd, high over his temples :

Striding aside, he the various phalanxes round him attempted,

790 Trying to force them, himself by his bull's-hide buckler protected :

Nevertheless undismay'd were the souls in the breast of the Argives.

Foremost of all strode Aias renown'd, forth, Hector defying :

“Come, draw near, why, why dost thou deem thou canst frighten the
Argives

Thus ? We sons of Achaia are skilful in battle, albeit
795 Quell'd it may be for a time by the baleful designs of Kronion.
Doubtless the soul in thy breast now hopes these galleys to plunder ;
Know, howbeit, our hands are prepared forthwith to repulse thee.
Long ere then shall thy populous city be ta'en and demolish'd,
Ay, and to thee I declare, and the time draws onward, when, flying,
800 Father Kronion thou'lt pray, and the other Immortals, to aid, and
Grant to thy full-maned steeds speed fleetier than fleetest of falcons,
While they are bearing thee forward to Troy, dust raising behind thee.”

E'en while speaking a bird flew over his head to the rightward,
Loftily soaring, an eagle ; when shouted the sons of Achaia,
805 All by the omen encouraged ; but Hector illustrious answer'd :
“Aias, thou vain, proud boaster, and fool, what words hast thou spoken ?
Would that I were but as sure of becoming the son of the mighty,
Ægis-upholding Kronion, and Hera, his heavenly consort,
Honour'd as Pallas Athena herself, and as Phœbus Apollo,
810 Even as now it is sure universal destruction the Argives
Meet this day ; and thyself shall be slain among others, if, daring,
Here thou abidest my huge long-shadowèd spear, which shall tear thee,
Pamper'd albeit thou art, and the vultures of Troia thy body
Soon will devour in its fat, when thou fall'st by the ships of the Argives.”
815 This having said, he at once led on ; and they eagerly follow'd,
Shouting aloud as they march'd, and their shouts by the rear were re-
echoed.

Likewise the Argives a loud shout raised, and remember'd their valour,
Waiting with calmness the charge of the bravest by far of the Trojans :
Mingling, their shouts reach'd Zeus on his throne in the high empyrean.

BOOK FOURTEENTH.

PASS'D not unheeded by brave old Nestor, tho' quaffing the goblet,
This loud shouting, who thus Æsculapius' offspring accosted :

“ Noble Machaon, consider what all this bodes to the people ;
Louder the shouts of the vigorous youths at the galleys are waxing,
5 Nevertheless, sit here, and the dark wine drink till the fair-hair'd
Dame Hecamede a bath makes ready, to cleanse thee of war-slime ;
While I myself ascertain from the watch-tower why they are shouting.”

Thus having spoken ; he lifted the well-wrought shield of his own son,
Brave Thrasymedes, the tamer of horses, with brass all shining,
10 Lying within the pavilion (his sire's he had formerly taken) ;
Then he a stout spear lifted, with sharp brass pointed, and, standing,
Straightway forth from the tent, saw strange deeds passing before him.
Broke were the Danaad ranks, the imperious Trojans behind them
Routing the host ; and the Danaad wall moreover had fallen.
15 E'en as when noiseless the wine-dark waves rise, rolling on ocean
Stretching afar, of the shrill-voiced blasts the unerring precursors
Ere they descend, and the billows as yet roll doubtfully tossing
Hither and thither, till swept by the blast sent down by Kronion :
So, two views entertaining, the old man anxiously ponder'd,
20 Whether to go to the fleet-horsed sons of Achaia, or forthwith
Hasten to King Agamemnon Atreides, the guide of the people.
After considering well, howbeit, it seem'd to him wisest
Forward in search of Atreides to hasten. The combatants meanwhile
Ceased not to slay all round, and the firm brass girding their bodies
25 Rang as they fell, struck down with the two-edged javelins and falchions.
Leaving the galleys, the Zeus-bred kings, while homeward advancing,
Met brave Nestor, as many indeed as the brass had disabled,
King Agamemnon Atreides, Tydides, and prudent Odysseus.
Drawn were their dark-hull'd ships well up on the shore of the hoary

- 30 Ocean, aloof from the combat ; the first had been dragg'd by the people
 Even as far as the plain, and their sterns by a wall were defended.
 This they had done for the shore was indeed too narrow their galleys
 All to accommodate, broad as it was, and the army was crowded :
 Therefore they drew them in rows far up, one close to the other,
 35 Filling the whole shore, even as far as enclosed by the headlands.
 Then, on their war-spears leaning, the three walk'd forward together,
 Anxious to witness the stir of the battle ; and grieved were their spirits.
 Meeting with Nestor, the souls in their brave breasts trembled with terror ;
 Whereon in these words him first King Agamemnon accosted :
- 40 " Noble Gerenian Nestor, the glory and pride of the Argives,
 Leaving the dread, man-slaughtering fight, why camest thou hither ?
 Greatly I fear this furious Hector his words will accomplish,
 Even as once, when haranguing the Trojans assembled, he threaten'd
 Never again to return from the ships to the city of Troia
 45 Ere he our galleys had burn'd, and ourselves slain, fighting among them.
 Thus he aforetime threaten'd, and all things now are fulfilling.
 Gods ! O surely the rest of the well-greaved sons of Achaia,
 Ay, and Achilles as well, nurse wrath in their bosoms against me.
 Neither indeed are they willing to fight at the sterns of the galleys."
- 50 Whereon Gerenian Nestor the knight, him speedily answer'd :
 " Certainly these threats now are in active fulfilment ; not even
 Great high-thundering Zeus could himself interpose to prevent them :
 Even the wall, which we trusted would prove an impregnable bulwark
 Both to ourselves and our deep-sea-traversing galleys, has fallen.
 55 There by the swift-keel'd galleys a furious contest is raging
 Uninterruptedly : look as thou mayest, thou canst not distinguish
 Whether the Argives, dismay'd, to the right or the left have been routed ;
 Such dire slaughter prevails, and the shouts rise even to heaven.
 Come let us ponder, and see how all these matters are likely
 60 Now to result, if there's wisdom in counsel, although I advise not
 Joining the fight ; for the wounded may well be excused, and repose
 them."

Whereupon him in return thus answer'd the King Agamemnon :

" Nestor, since down by the sterns of the swift-keel'd ships they are
 fighting,

- Where, nor the ditch nor the well-built rampart avail which the Argives
 65 Form'd with severe toil, hoping the while an impregnable bulwark
 Aye it would prove henceforth at the siege, for themselves and their
 galleys ;

Surely it must be because 'tis the pleasure of mighty Kronion

Here that the Argives inglorious fall, far distant from Argos.

Well was it known to myself when he aided the Argives aforetime ;

70 Now, too, know I as well that he glory accords to the Trojans,
Them as the high gods raising, but us in our courage depressing.
Come, howbeit, let each, as admonish'd, obedience render.

Foremost of all, those ships which are drawn up closely together

Down let us drag as before, then afterwards launch in the ocean :

75 There let us anchor them safe in the deep, until night with its shadows
Closes around, when the Trojans mayhap will retire from the combat,
Then we the rest of our galleys can quietly drag to the ocean.
Shame there is none in escaping from ills under cover of darkness ;
Better from evil to fly, and in flying escape, than be taken."

80 Him then sternly regarding, address'd thus prudent Odysseus :

" Offspring of Atreus, what accents are these thou hast ventured to utter ?

Weak lost man, thou shouldst rule some army of dastards, and never

Us once think to command, us, destined by mighty Kronion

Ceaselessly, even from youth until age, in laborious warfare

85 All to engage, until each, one after the other, shall perish.

Dost thou indeed wish wide-way'd Troia at last to abandon ?

Troia, for whose sake such sad numerous woes we have suffer'd ?

Hush, I entreat thee, lest some of the Argives should listen to counsel

Such as indeed no man should have utter'd who knows in his spirit

90 Wisely to speak, who a sceptre besides bears, governing people

Many and brave-soul'd, even as many as thou 'mong the Argives.

Much I indeed disapprove the advice thou hast ventured to give us,

Seeing thou biddest us, e'en while rages the furious battle,

Towards the ocean the well-bench'd galleys to drag, that the better

95 Thus we fulfil the desire of the Trojans, victorious truly

Even already, that ruin may seize us ; for surely the Argives

Never will stand, and the conflict maintain, while seeing the galleys

Dragg'd to the sea, but will all look back, and withdraw from the combat.

So would they rue thy advice indiscreet, O guide of the people."

100 Whereupon him thus answer'd the monarch of men Agamemnon :

" Much I am touch'd, yea, e'en to the soul, with thy cutting invective,

Noble Odysseus ; and yet the Achaians I never commanded

Down to the ocean their well-bench'd galleys to drag, if unwilling.

Would that indeed some man more competent, youthful or hoary,

105 Better advice would bestow in our need ; much pleased I would hear it."

Next brave Diomedes, great in the war-shout, rose and address'd them :

" Well be assured that man is at hand, not to seek, if you'll only

Willingly listen, nor each find cause of offence in your anger,

- Merely because I by birth am the youngest of any among you ;
 110 Seeing I boast myself sprung of a race whose sire was distinguish'd,
 Tydeus his name, whose ashes the earth-mound covers at Thebæ.
 Well, unto Porthæus were three sons born, who in Calydon lofty
 Dwelt, and in Pleuron beneath, all men of renown in the region ;
 Agrios first, next Melas, and third, high-spirited Ceneus,
 115 Sire of my own sire, more than the others esteem'd for his valour.
 Ceneus remain'd in his home, but my father inhabited Argos,
 Living in exile ; for so Zeus will'd, and the other Immortals :
 There he espoused soon one of the daughters of famous Adrastus,
 Living at ease in a well-stock'd house, which was rich in resources ;
 120 Fields for the plough he possess'd, and plantations in rows had around
 him ;
 Vast herds also of cattle he held, and excell'd at the javelin
 All the Achæians. But this you will hear if indeed I the truth speak.
 Therefore despise not the counsel I now give freely among you,
 Cautiously speaking, nor me base-born or unwarlike consider.
 125 Come, then, urged by necessity dire, let us forth to the battle
 E'en with our wounds, but let none of us mix too close in the combat,
 No, but the weapons avoid, lest wound upon wound be inflicted.
 Those we will now urge on and encourage who, hitherto, eager
 Only their own souls' good to regard, keep back from the battle."
- 130 Thus he address'd them : and him they obey'd, having willingly listen'd.
 Forward they therefore advanced, led on by the King Agamemnon.
 Nor was a vain watch kept by the great earth-shaker Poseidon :
 Feigning himself a sedate old man, he approach'd the Achæians :
 Taking the right hand first of renown'd Agamemnon Atreides,
 135 Speedily thus he bespoke him, in these wing'd accents addressing :
 " Offspring of Atreus, the bosom revengeful and fierce of Achilles
 Doubtless rejoices, beholding the slaughter and rout of the Argives,
 Seeing his heart no feeling possesses, not even a little.
 Perish let this man ! O may the gods him infamous render !
 140 Nevertheless with thyself the Immortals are not so indignant ;
 Soon will the leaders and chiefs of the Trojans the dust on the wide plain
 Doubtless again raise, then peradventure thou'lt see them escaping
 Towards the city, pursued in their flight from the tents and the galleys."
- Thus having spoken : he, shouting aloud, rush'd over the champaign.
 145 Even as men nine thousand in number, or ten, when in battle
 Mingling, vociferous shout, so shouted the mighty Poseidon,
 Strong resolution infusing in every heart of the Argives,
 Ceaselessly there to continue the war, and advance to the combat.

- Standing aloft on the summit of snowy Olympus, the gold-throned
 150 Hera beheld with her eyes, as she look'd forth, peering, her brother
 (Brother-in-law he was likewise), and him forthwith recognising,
 Labouring hard in the glorious fight, she exulted in spirit :
 Zeus she beheld too, sitting aloft on the summit of rill-fed
 Ida, and him, as afar she beheld, in her bosom she hated.
 155 Whereon the ox-eyed goddess, august, with anxiety ponder'd
 How to deceive with her wiles great ægis-upholding Kronion.
 This upon due thought seem'd to her wisest, to hasten to Ida,
 First having put on fitting attire, if the god, peradventure,
 Yearning might feel to enjoy with herself love's sweetest caresses ;
 160 Lying beside her, when genial sleep she would pour on his eyelids,
 Causing oblivious slumber, and lulling his vigilant spirit.
 Thereon she went to her chamber, the one which Hephaistos, her dear son,
 Form'd for her own use, fitting the thick-cased doors with a secret
 Bolt to the lintel ; a door no other Immortal could open.
 165 Entering forthwith in, she immediately closed the refulgent
 Doors, having first with ambrosial oil from her beautiful body
 Every stain wash'd off, and anointed herself with an unguent
 Sweet with ambrosia, pleasant and rich ; odoriferous fragrance
 Yielding, whose perfume, when shook on the brass-floor'd halls of the
 mighty
 170 Thunderer Zeus, rose over the earth, and ascended to heaven.
 Duly anointed her skin, and her hair with her fingers adjusted,
 Over her heavenly head she arranged her ambrosial tresses :
 After, around her she threw an ambrosial robe, which Athena
 Wrought with her own fair hands, all over with needlework broider'd ;
 175 This rich robe with a pure gold clasp to her bosom she fasten'd.
 Next she encircled her waist with a girdle, adorn'd with a hundred
 Fringes, and hung in her ears her elaborate luminous pendants,
 Triple begemm'd, and she moved with a radiant beauty around her.
 Next the divinest of goddesses cover'd herself with a thin veil,
 180 Beautiful, new, flower-tissued, as bright as the sun in the heavens.
 Last, on her feet, all shining, she fasten'd her elegant sandals :
 Thus ornamented with jewels and finely apparell'd, she issued
 Straight from her chamber, and fair Aphrodite apart from the other
 Gods having beckon'd, in these wing'd accents she spoke and address'd
 her :
 185 “ Me wilt thou truly obey, dear child, in the thing I command thee ?
 Tell me, or wilt thou refuse, in thy soul still wroth that I succour
 Give to the Argives, thyself meanwhile aid lending the Trojans ? ”

Whereupon her thus answer'd the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite :

“ Hera, divinest of goddesses high, great daughter of Kronos,
190 Speak whatsoever thou thinkest, for greatly my bosom impels me
Such to fulfil, if fulfil it I can, or fulfil it can any.”

Whereon, intent upon guile, thus answer'd imperial Hera :

“ Me that power, O give, of inspiring desire which thyself hast,
Potent alike to subdue, at thy will, both men and Immortals ;
195 Seeing I go forthwith to survey all ends of the fertile
Earth, and Oceanos, sire of Immortals, and Tethys the mother,
Me who received in their halls and with great care nurtured and cherish'd,
Taking me forth from the hands of terrestrial Rhea, when great Zeus
Cast down Kronos himself 'neath earth and the harvestless ocean :
200 These, then, go I to visit, and end their eternal dissensions :
Long it is truly since heart-deep wrath took hold of their bosoms,
Ay, and from conjugal rites they refrain, each other detesting.
Oh if my words were but useful in reaching their hearts, and persuading
Back to their couch once more to return, and unite in embracing,
205 Then I should ever be call'd by themselves both good and belovèd.”

Her then answer'd in turn Aphrodite, delighting in laughter :

“ None thy request may refuse, for thou sleep'st in the arms of Kronion.”
Spoke Aphrodite ; and loosed from her bosom her cestus embroider'd
Over with various hues, where all her allurements were hidden :
210 Bound up there were desire, sweet love, soft speeches seductive,
Things which the heart take captive of all, ay, even the wisest.
This having placed in her hands, she anon thus spoke, and address'd her :
“ Take this cestus divine, all broider'd, and place in thy bosom,
Potent its charm, and I judge, that thou wilt not return from thy mission
215 Balked of thy suit, whatsoever it be in thy mind thou desirest.”

Thus she address'd her ; on which large ox-eyed, matronly Hera
Smiled, and in smiling accepted the gift, which she placed in her bosom.
Then Aphrodite, the daughter of Zeus, went forth to the palace.
Hera anon too hasten'd, and quitted the top of Olympus.

220 Passing Pieria now, and the fertile Emathian region,
Over the snow-clad summits of Thrace, far-famed for her coursers,
Hasten'd she forward, not touching the ground with her feet as she glided.
Next she from Athos descended anon to the billowy ocean,
Thence to the city of Thoas divine, and the island of Lemnos.
225 Here having come, she with soft Sleep met, Death's brother, and, clinging
Fast by his hand, she in these wing'd words now spoke, and address'd
him :

“ O Sleep, thou who art king undisputed of men and Immortals,

- O if thou ever didst listen before to my urgent entreaty,
 Now be persuaded, and bind me to thee henceforth as thy debtor :
 230 Seal up speedily under his eyelids the eyes of Kronion
 After connubial rites : in return I will give thee a golden
 Throne, incorruptible, ever-enduring, as recompense fitting :
 Limping Hephaistos, my son, will adorn it aright, and a footstool
 Under thee place, for thy glittering feet at the banquet to rest on."
- 235 Whereon in turn thus sweet Sleep answer'd, the goddess addressing :
 " Hera august, great daughter of Kronos supreme, it were easy
 Doubtless for me all other Immortals to lull into slumber,
 Even the flowing of rapid Okeanos, parent of all things ;
 Kronos' son, howbeit, I could not approach, nor with slumber
 240 Quiet, at least not unless he himself first issued the order.
 Once he, in truth, has already by threats me terribly frighten'd,
 That same day when his son left Ilium, after the sacking :
 Then all gently my power I exerted, and lull'd into slumber
 .Egis-upholding Kronion, thyself meanwhile 'gainst his offspring
 245 Evils devising, arousing the fierce winds over the ocean :
 Afterwards him into Oke, well-peopled, thou carriest forward,
 Far from his kindred : but Zeus, when he woke, gave vent to his anger,
 Hurling about his abode the Immortals ; and me he above all
 Sought, and would surely have thrown down, lost and forgotten, from ether
 250 Into the deep, had not Night, of Immortals and mortals the queller,
 Saved me, to whom I had fled : and his wrath he restrain'd, tho' indignant
 Still in his soul, for he fear'd to displease swift Night, or disturb her :
 Now, dost thou ask me again this perilous deed to engage in ?"
 Him in return thus answer'd the ox-eyed matronly Hera :
 255 " O Sleep, why dost thou think in thy mind such things as thou speakest,
 Canst thou suppose far-sounding Kronion is minded the Trojans
 Now to befriend as his own son Heracles erst he befriended ?
 Come, do this, howbeit, and thereupon one of the younger
 Graces I'll give thee to wed, to be known henceforth as thy consort,
 260 Even Pasithea fair, whom daily thou fondly desirest."
- Thus she address'd him : and, Sleep, much pleased, soon answer'd the
 goddess :
 " Come, then, swear to me now by the Stygian waters, the holy,
 Touching with one hand, e'en while solemnly swearing, the marble
 Sea, and the nourishing earth with the other, that all the Immortals,
 265 Kronos surrounding above and beneath, may be witnesses ever,
 One of the Graces, the younger, thou'lt promise to give me as consort,
 Even Pasithea fair, whom daily I've eagerly longed for."

Spoke : nor did Hera the white-arm'd goddess divine disobey him ;
 Whereon she swore as commanded, and named each god in succession,
 270 All who beneath dark Tartarus dwell, named Titans by mortals.
 Now when the oath she had sworn and had even begun to perform it,
 Both moved onward, in thin haze mantled, the cities of Lemnos
 Leaving and Imbros, and speedily came to the mountain of Ida,
 Threaded with rills, famed mother of wild beasts, even to Lectos,
 275 Where first quitting the ocean the dry land swiftly they traversed,
 Under their feet as they hasten'd the tops of the woods being shaken.
 There Sleep stood, lest Kronion perchance with his eyes should behold him,
 Climbing a fir-tree lofty, the highest that grew upon Ida,
 One which the thin clouds piercing above rose even to heaven.
 280 There Sleep sat now screen'd all over with branches of fir-tree,
 E'en as the shrill-voiced bird which inhabits the mountainous woodlands
 Call'd by the great gods Chalcis, but known among men as Cymindis.

Hastily Hera her way held onwards to Gargaros, Ida's
 Loftiest peak, where mighty Kronion the thunderer saw her ;
 285 Saw, and the sight that moment inflamed warm passion within him,
 Even as first it arose in their breasts when, unknown to their parents,
 Eager he led her away to the couch to embrace her in secret.
 Whereupon standing before her, he forthwith spoke and address'd her :
 " Why hast thou come from Olympos, in this guise hastening hither ?
 290 Steeds I behold not nor chariot bright here waiting thy guidance."

Deep guiles scheming, the goddess august him thereupon answer'd :
 " Forth to the uttermost ends of the green earth go I to visit,
 Hoary Oceanos, sire of the gods and the matronly Tethys,
 Me who received in their halls, and with great care nurtured and cherish'd,
 295 These now go I to visit and end their unceasing contentions.
 Long it is truly since heart-deep wrath has invaded their bosoms,
 So that the tender embrace they decline, each other detesting.
 Close to its base, on the pastures of rill-vein'd beautiful Ida,
 Stand all ready my steeds over water and land to convey me,
 300 Hither I've come, notwithstanding, for *thine* own sake from Olympos,
 Fearing lest haply so soon as thyself hadst discover'd my going
 Stealthily off to the halls of Oceanos rage should possess thee."

Her in return thus answer'd the great cloud-urging Kronion :
 " Hera, thy journey thou after a time mayest thither accomplish :
 305 Come, howbeit, to dalliance now let us turn, and delight us :
 Never before did the love of a goddess divine or a woman
 Pour such warmth on the soul in my breast, and so wholly subdue me ;
 Neither when seeing the wife of Ixion, and seeing I loved her,

Gallant Perithoös, peer of the gods as to wisdom, who bore me.

- 310 Neither when Danaë beautiful-ankled, Acrisios' daughter,
 Perseus who bore me, of all men far most valiant and famous,
 No, nor when Phoenix's daughter I loved, the renown'd for her beauty,
 Minos who bore me, and like an Immortal, renown'd Rhadamanthos :
 Neither when lovely Alcmena of Thebæ, who Heracles bore me ;
 315 Neither when Semele bore me the joy of mankind, Dionysos :
 No, nor when loving Demeter, the queen with the beautiful tresses ;
 No, nor when glorious Leto I loved : nor thy sweet self Hera,
 Now as I love thee when warmest desire takes hold of my bosom."

Guiles still scheming, the goddess august him thereupon answer'd :

- 320 " O most shameless Kronion, what accents are these thou hast spoken,
 Say, canst thou wish love's rites to enjoy on the summit of Ida ?
 Open to view as it lies ? Then what should betide us, if any
 God of Olympus should see us, and, going, reveal it to others ?
 I for my own part, never could enter thy palace on leaving
 325 Love's couch thus ; for by all it would surely be held unbecoming.
 If, howbeit, thou greatly desir'st in thy soul to embrace me,
 Suitable chamber thou hast, by thy much-loved offspring Hephaistos,
 Made for thyself, with secure doors form'd, fix'd fast to the lintels.
 Thither at once let us hie and repose since it seemeth thy pleasure."

- 330 Her in return thus answer'd the great, cloud-urger Kronion :
 " Fear not, my own loved Hera, that any should ever behold us,
 Man or Immortal : ourselves in a thick, soft cloud I'll envelope,
 Golden, that even the Sun, though piercing his eye, shall not see us."

Thus did he speak ; in his arms fast locking the goddess, his consort.

- 335 Whereupon teem'd the divine earth sudden beneath them with herbage,
 Lotuses sparkling with dew, and the hyacinth drooping and crocus ;
 Close and deliciously soft, from the hard ground gently uplifting.
 There they reclined, and themselves veil'd round with a beautiful golden
 Cloud, which with dew-drops lucid that fell from it glitter'd resplendent.
 340 Calmly the sire thus lay, on the summit of Gargaros lofty,
 Claspings his spouse in his arms, with delight overpower'd and with
 slumber.

Sweet Sleep hasten'd away meanwhile to the ships of the Argives,

Tidings to bear to the ear of divine earth-shaking Poseidon :

Whereon approaching, in these winged accents he spake and address'd him :

- 345 " Now give powerful aid to the sons of Achaia, Poseidon,
 Deigning them glory, at least for a time, while mighty Kronion
 Slumbers, since him in a veil of serene soft sleep I've enveloped,
 Hera herself him lulling to slumber with love, to deceive him."

- Thus did he speak ; and again went forth 'mong the nations of mortals.
350 While he the more urged mighty Poseidon to aid the Achaïans :
Far to the van then springing, the great earth-shaker address'd them :
“ Danai, victory O do we yield once more unto Hector,
Priam's renown'd son, even that seizing the ships he may glory?
Such fond hopes he indulges, and boasts of it, seeing Achilles
355 Still by the deep-hull'd galleys remains, in his breast wrath nursing.
Help at his hand none ere would be ask'd, I imagine, if only
All were inspired each other to aid by a mutual effort.
Haste then, come, let us promptly obey, as myself shall advise you :
Come, let the bravest and best of the army in glittering bucklers
360 Gird them, and casques, and their huge long-shadowèd spears in their
hands take,
Then let them forward advance, and myself will be leader, and Hector,
Keen howbeit for battle, I judge will not venture to meet us.
Those who are stout and courageous, who bear on their shoulders but
bucklers,
These let them give to the weaker, and large shields take to defend
them.”
- 365 Thus did he speak : and they listen'd, obedience readily yielding.
Whereon the rulers Tydides, Odysseus, and brave Agamemnon,
Atreus' son, then marshall'd the heroes, their wounds notwithstanding,
Making a just distribution of arms through all the encampment,
Giving the bravest the best, and the weak the inferior armour.
370 Now when the brass all glittering bright they had girded around them,
Forth they began to advance, led on by the great earth-shaker,
Holding a tapering sword in his hand, as the bolt of Kronion
Dreadful to view, and which no man mingling in battle might ever
Dare to encounter, for even the sight makes warriors tremble.
375 Hector renown'd on the opposite side then marshall'd the Trojans.
Now was the struggle of dread war seen in its fearfullest aspect,
Under the guidance of Hector and dark-hair'd mighty Poseidon,
Hector the Trojans conducting, the great earth-shaker the Argives.
Now rush'd forward the sea on the galleys and tents of Achaia,
380 While from the foes as they met rose mingling the clamour of battle.
Roars not the ocean so loud, when impell'd by the Borean tempest,
Forth from the deep it is driven, on the mainland rolling its surges ;
Roars not the fire in the glen of a mountain so loud when it crackles,
Blazing afar ; as it skyward rises, consuming the forest ;
385 No, nor the wind when the uppermost boughs of the oak-trees swaying,
Where, when it blows in its wrath, men hear it below at its loudest :

No, not so dreadful are these as the shout which the Trojans and Argives
Raised as they rushed on, eagerly bent upon mutual slaughter.

First brave Hector at huge-limbed Aias, when turning to meet him,
390 Took sure aim with his glittering spear ; nor, indeed, did he miss him ;
Right on the breast, where, meeting, the leathern belt of his shining
Shield cross'd that of his falchion bestudded with silver, he struck him ;
Screen'd by the twofold belting the flesh of the hero it touch'd not.
Wrath seized Hector on seeing his swift shaft bootless escape him,
395 Whereon he fell back, death to avoid, 'mong the crowd of his comrades.
Straight, then, huge Telamonian Aias at him on retiring
Threw an immense stone, many of which lay scatter'd around him,
Rolling about at the feet of the combatants, props for the galleys :
One then lifting, he struck him a blow on the breast at the neck-bone,
400 Over the buckler, the stone like a top twirling round as it struck him.
Even as under a mighty concussion from Father Kronion,
Falls uprooted an oak, and a fume as of sulphur arises,
Filling the bosom of some chance traveller passing beside it
Full of alarm on account of the terrible bolt of Kronion :
405 So on the ground, in the dust low fell the puissance of Hector ;
Dropt from his hand his immense strong spear, and his buckler and helmet
Over him lay ; and his brass-wrought armour resounded around him.

Then rush'd forward the sons of Achaia, tremendously shouting,
Hurling their javelins, and hoping to drag him away from his comrades :
410 Him, notwithstanding, nor spear in the close-hand struggle, nor arrow
Shot from a distance could wound, for the stoutest and best of his
comrades,

Gallant Æneas, Polydamas noble, and godlike Agenor,
Valiant Sarpedon, the Lycian chief, and unblameable Glaukos,
Threw themselves round him at once : nor forgetful the others, but many
415 Holding their orb-shaped bucklers before him, protected ; and promptly
Lifting him up in their arms bore out of the fray, till his swift-limb'd
Horses they reach'd, which were waiting their lord in the rear of the battle,
Where stood likewise his charioteer, and his glittering carriage :
Him, then, towards the city they drove, deep-groaning in spirit.
420 Now when at length they arrived at the foot of the rapidly flowing
Waters of eddying Xanthus, which Zeus the supreme had begotten,
Him they removed from the carriage, and laid on its margin, with water
Laving his temples, when once more breathing, he lifted his eyelids,
Then sat up on his limbs, dark blood which oppress'd him disgorging.
425 Soon he again fell back on the ground, and his eyes were in darkness
Shadow'd, for, suffering still from the blow, subdued was his spirit.

- Now, when the well-greaved Danai saw brave Hector retiring,
Fiercely they rush'd on, pressing the foe, and were mindful of battle.
Foremost of all, brave Aias, the son of Oileus, advancing,
430 Leapt with his pine-spear forward, and instantly Satnios wounded,
Enops' son, whom a Naiad, of nymphs the divinest, to Enops
Bore, when he tended his white-wool'd flocks on the river Satnœis.
Aias, the spear-famed son of Oileus, approaching him, wounded
Right on the flank, upon which he supine fell, whereon around him
435 Trojans and Argives engaged forthwith in a furious contest.
Panthos' renown'd son, spear-famed, gallant Polydamas, straightway
Rush'd to avenge him, and smote Areïlochos' son, Prothoënor
Full on the shoulder, the right, and the stout spear pass'd thro' his body :
Whereon he fell, and the dust in his hands clench'd, writhing with torture.
440 Loud then boasted Polydamas, over his victim exclaiming :
" Ah, not in vain has the shaft from the sinewy hand of the high-soul'd
Offspring of Panthos escaped : no, some stout Danaad hero
Wounded has been in the flesh ; and, methinks ere long it will serve him
Well as a staff when he downward descends to the mansions of Hades."
445 Thus he exclaim'd ; upon which great grief in the souls of the Argives
Rose at his boasting, but chiefly renown'd Telamonian Aias
Roused was to anger ; for close by his side Prothoënor had fallen :
Wherefore at him, on withdrawing, his glittering spear he directed.
Fate, howbeit, the hero Polydamas shunn'd for the moment,
450 Springing aside, but Archilochos, son of Antenor, escaped not ;
Seeing the gods, the immortal, had him then doom'd to destruction :
Striking his spine at the neck, he dissever'd the joint, and his nostrils
Came to the ground much sooner, I wot, than his knees or his body.
Whereupon Aias in turn call'd out to Polydamas gallant :
455 " Weigh it, Polydamas, well ; and declare if thou canst, is not this man
Meet to be slain as a victim instead of renown'd Prothoënor ?
Dastard he seems not in sooth, no, no, nor descended from dastards ;
Brother he seemeth, methinks, of the brave, horse-taming Antenor,
Ay, or a son, peradventure, for him he resembles in figure."
460 Spoke thus, him well-knowing ; on which grief seized on the Trojans.
Acamas next, as his brother he stalk'd round, struck with his javelin
Promachos brave, the Bœotian chief, while dragging the fallen.
Whereupon boasting aloud thus Acamas call'd and address'd them :
" Danai, men of the bow, not sword, yet insatiate boasters,
465 Comes not alone war's griefs upon us, you likewise shall perish :
See how Promachos sleepeth, your hero, subdued by my javelin,
Even that long unavenged the demise of my brother remain not :
Man should a brother desire to be left of his house to avenge him."

- Ended : and grief seized hold of the Argives on hearing his boasting ;
470 Peneleus more than the rest felt wroth at the warrior's accents ;
Whereon he rush'd upon Acamas warlike, who stood not awaiting
Peneleus' charge, but Ilioneus, brave-soul'd, mortally wounded,
Phorbas' bold son, wealthy in flocks, whom Hermes above all
Loved of the Trojans, and gave, moreover, extensive possessions ;
475 Warlike Ilioneus, too, was the one son borne by his mother.
Him then under the eye-brow wounding, he started the pupil
Out from the socket, and right through the eye pass'd onward the javelin
E'en to the back of the head ; and he sat down stretching his two hands
Out : when his sharp sword Peneleus drew and incontinent smote him,
480 Right on the neck, in the middle, and helmet and head on the ground fell,
Both lopt off, but the spear still stuck in the eye, upon which he
Holding them up like the head of a poppy, exclaim'd to the Trojans :
 " Tell, in my stead, to the parents beloved of Ilioneus valiant,
Father and mother, that now in their halls they may mourn and bewail
 him.
485 Neither again shall the wife of illustrious Promachos, warlike
Son of renown'd Alegenor, with smiles hail gladly her husband,
Home when he comes, with the Argives returning from Troy with the
 galleys."
Thus he address'd them : and pale fear seized upon all when they heard
 him,
Each man looking about, that death to escape which impended.
490 Tell me, ye Muses divine, who the lofty Olympus inhabit,
Who of the Danaad host first gore-stain'd spoils from the battle
Bore, when Poseidon, the tide now turning, befriended the Argives.
First, Telamonian Aias renown'd slew Gyrtias' offspring,
Valorous Hyrtios, chief of the far-famed Mysian armies.
495 Gallant Antilochos, Phalces and Mermeros spoil'd of their armour ;
Warlike Meriones Morys despatch'd and Hyppotion valiant ;
Teucer the valorous Prothaön slew, and renown'd Periphetes,
Prince Menelaus the offspring of Atreus the famed Hyperenor
Smote on his flank with his spear, and the blade pierced e'en to his entrails ;
500 Lifeless he lay, and his soul from the wound wide gaping departed.
None, howbeit, could equal the swift-limb'd son of Oileus,
Aias, who far outstripp'd all others pursuing the foemen,
Flying from danger, when Zeus with his frown sent terror among them.

BOOK FIFTEENTH.

- Now when the fugitive Trojans had cross'd both wall and entrenchment,
Many the while having fall'n by the hand of the Argives, the remnant
Came to a halt, where, close by their chariots, trembling, they waited
Pale with alarm. Then Zeus, from the rill-fed summits of Ida,
5 Soon upstarting, beheld as he stood the Achaians and Trojans ;
These in confusion already, and those in pursuit unresisted,
Cutting them up in the rear ; and among them the monarch Poseidon.
Stretch'd on the plain he beheld brave Hector, his comrades around him
Sitting, the hero himself sore panting for breath, and in stupor,
10 Red blood vomiting forth ; for the Argive who smote him was stalwart.
Touch'd with compassion was Zeus on beholding the plight of the hero ;
Whereon he Hera address'd, thus speaking, in accents reproachful :
 " Obsolete Hera, in wiles deep-versed, by thy cunning invention
Hector to flight has been put, and been forced to withdraw him from
 battle ;
15 Ay, but perchance thou thyself shalt be first, for thy base machinations,
Just retribution to meet, when with well-earn'd stripes I chastise thee.
Hast thou forgotten the time when I swung thee aloft in the heavens,
Weights to thy two feet fixing, and binding thy hands in a golden
Chain irrefragable ? There thou didst hang 'mong the clouds in the ether,
20 Pitied by all the Immortals on snow-peak'd, lofty Olympus ;
Still, no aid could they lend thee, tho' standing around, for whoever
Proffer'd thee help, him caught I, and hurl'd from the threshold of heaven
Down to the earth, scarce breathing. Nor quell'd was the bitter resent-
 ment
Roused by the grief in my bosom for Heracles, no, nor abated ;
25 Him whom thou, dark deeds scheming, didst send far over the barren,
Harvestless ocean, the Borean blasts having urged to abet thee ;
Afterwards, driving to populous Cos, far out of his bearings.
True, him thence I deliver'd, and after unparallel'd labours
Brought back safe and uninjured to rich, steed-nourishing Argos.
30 These things now I recall to thy mind, that thou cease thy devices,

Learning at last that the dalliance in which thou hast wooed me to mingle
Coming apart from the gods to deceive me, will nothing avail thee."

Thus he address'd her : when matronly, ox-eyed Hera, astounded,
Shudder'd with fear, and in these wing'd accents bespake and address'd
him :

- 35 "Witness thou earth, and thou infinite heaven above, and thou dreadful
Stygian water beneath earth gliding, whose stream the Immortals
Tremble themselves to adjure, as of all oaths greatest and highest :
Witness thy hallowèd brow, our connubial couch too, witness,
Things I would never adjure, O Ægis-upholder, with rashness.
40 Never, I swear, have I stirr'd up great earth-shaking Poseidon,
Hector to hurt and his Trojans, or succour accord the Achaians :
No, be assured, 'tis his own great spirit inspires and impels him ;
Pity he felt for the Argives on seeing them quell'd at the galleys.
Him, O great cloud-urging Kronion, I even would counsel
45 Whithersoever thou deignest to order that there he betake him."

Artful she thus spoke : whereon the Father of men and Immortals,
Smiling benign, her answer'd in swift-wing'd accents, addressing :

- "O that thou, henceforth, heavenly, ox-eyed Hera, wouldst only
Deign 'mong the godheads to sit, and agree with myself in thy counsels,
50 Then would Poseidon indeed, though now far otherwise minded,
Alter his purpose at once, and submissively bend to our wishes :
So, if thou speakest the thoughts of thy heart in sincerity, hasten,
Forth to the council assembled on high of the blessèd Immortals,
Summoning hither the god of the silvery bow, and the goddess
55 Iris, that hence she repair to the brass-greaved Argives, and order
Mighty Poseidon from battle to cease, and withdraw to his palace.
Phœbus command, howbeit, to rouse huge Hector to battle,
Breathing puissance again in his soul, and oblivious wholly
Making of all those tortures and pangs which afflict him. The Argives
60 Back let him chasc, on their vast host bringing a panic disgraceful :
Flying, let these fall back on the well-bench'd ships of Achilles,
Pelcus' brave son. Then let him rouse his belovèd companion,
Faithful Patroclus, whom valorous Hector shall slay with his javelin,
Fighting before fair Troia ; Patroclus himself having laid low
65 Many a youth, and among them my own son, noble Sarpedon :
Peleus' son, howbeit, shall slay crest-flourishing Hector.
Truly from this time forth I will ceaselessly aid thy devices,
So that the Trojans shall all be repulsed from the ships, and the Argives,
Counsell'd by Pallas Athena, shall high-tower'd Ilium capture.
70 Nathless the rage in my breast I will never relinquish, nor suffer

One of the blessèd Immortals to succour the sons of Achaia,
 No, not till Peleus' offspring his wish see fully accomplish'd,
 Even the promise I gave, with my head when I nodded concurrence,
 That same day when my knees the divinest of goddesses Thetis
 75 Touch'd, as she urged me to honour the city-destroyer Achilles."

Spoke : nor did white-arm'd Hera divine disobey him unheeding :
 Soaring, she went from the mountains of Ida to lofty Olympus.
 Swift as a thought comes flashing across some man who has traversed
 Many a land, of his course long doubtful, and wavering ever :
 80 So to the skies updarted at once fair ox-eyed Hera.
 Reaching the summit of snow-peak'd lofty Olympus, she enter'd
 Where the Immortals were met in the halls of Kronion, who forthwith
 Rose on beholding her come, and with full cups hail'd her, and welcomed.
 Heedless of many who proffer'd her cups, she accepted a goblet

85 Only from Themis, who first came running to meet her, and thus spoke :
 " Why hast thou come, O Hera, in such dread fear and confusion ?
 Say, has Kronion, thy spouse, caused all this great consternation ?"
 Whereupon white-arm'd Hera in these words answer'd the goddess :

" Heavenly Themis, on these things me do not venture to question ;
 90 Well dost thou know the tyrannical spirit of Zeus : but preside thou
 Now at the well-spread board in the halls of the blessèd Immortals.
 Soon wilt thou hear those things with the other Immortals in heaven,
 What dread evils he threatens : if rightly my spirit inform me,
 Neither shall gods nor the races of men feel longer within them
 95 Equal delight, though gaily the while full many are feasting."

This having said ; sat down fair, ox-eyed matronly Hera.
 Then were the gods sore grieved in the courts of Kronion. But smiling,
 Only indeed with her lips, for her dark brow over her eyebrows
 Show'd no symptom of joy, she indignantly spoke, and address'd them :
 100 " Foolish are we, and our labour is vain to be wroth with Kronion !
 Truly, we wish, if at all in our power, to approach and restrain him,
 Either by force or persuasion ; apart unconcern'd he is sitting,
 Wholly unmoved, for himself he proclaims of the blessèd Immortals
 Greatest by far, unapproach'd by the others in power and puissance.
 105 Therefore endure all evils which Zeus deems fitting to send you,
 Each for himself, for already has Ares, I ween, been dishonour'd,
 Seeing his son, most cherish'd of mortals, has perish'd in battle,
 Warlike Ascalaphos, own'd as his son by impetuous Ares."

Thus she address'd them : when Ares, incontinent smiting his sturdy
 110 Thighs, as his hands dropt down, thus spoke, and in sorrow address'd them :
 " Ye who possess the Olympian heights, me culpable deem not,

Even albeit I go forthwith to the ships of the Argives,
 Praying my son's dread death to avenge, ay, even if fated,
 Smote by the thunder of Zeus, to be laid 'mong the carnage and corses."

- 115 Thus did he speak, and commanded Dismay and his follower Horror
 Harness his coursers ; himself in his glittering armour equipping.
 Then, had in sooth far other resentment and dread indignation,
 Mingled with some strange vengeance, befallen the gods, by Kronion
 Inly decreed, had not Pallas Athena, in fear for her compeers,
 120 Leaving her throne, upstarted, and straight thro' the vestibule hasten'd ;
 Snatching the casque from his brows, and the shield from his shoulders
 gigantic.

Straight she the bright brass spear from his stout hand forced, and re-
 placed it

Firm in its rest, and reproved fierce Ares in accents reproachful :

" Madman ! infatuate fool ! are thy ears then useless for hearing ?

- 125 Lost is thy reason ? Is shame eke utterly lost that thou hearest
 Naught of the tidings which white-arm'd Hera the goddess has told us ?
 Dost thou not know that Olympian Zeus had commission'd her hither ?
 Wishest thou rather indeed, having borne full many misfortunes,
 Back to return to Olympus, constrain'd by necessity direful,
 130 Evils unnumber'd besides to the other Immortals creating ?
 Yes, for he doubtless will leave both Trojans and noble Achaïans,
 Coming himself to oppose us, disturbing the peace of Olympus,
 Seizing alike both guiltless and guilty, ignoring distinction.
 So I exhort thee to stifle thy wrath for thy son, for already
 135 Many, perchance his superiors far in puissance and prowess,
 Either have fallen, or sure, hereafter will fall, for the effort
 Truly were idle to rescue from fate man's race that is mortal."

Thus having spoken : she placed on his throned seat fiery Ares.

Hera in haste now summon'd Apollo divine from the palace,

- 140 Iris as well, the accredited lieger of all the Immortals :
 Whereupon afterwards, speaking in these wing'd words she address'd them :
 " Zeus now orders you twain forthwith to betake you to Ida.
 There, when arrived, and the face you have seen of puissant Kronion,
 All things do whatsoever he deems most fit to command you."

- 145 Thus having spoken : the matronly, ox-eyed Hera retreated,
 Seating herself on her throne ; but the twain now hastening, darted
 Forward, arriving at rill-fed Ida the mother of wild beasts.
 Sitting afar on the summit of Gargaros high they discover'd,
 Circled with clouds odoriferous round, far-seeing Kronion.

- 150 Whereupon, now in the presence of Zeus, great, thundering godhead,

Pausing they stood ; nor at all in his mind was the thunderer wrathful
 Seeing them come ; for they came as commanded by Hera his consort.
 Speaking in these wing'd accents, he first fair Iris accosted :

- “ Haste, swift Iris, begone, tell all these things to the ruler,
 155 Great, earth-shaking Poseidon, and no false messenger prove thou.
 Order him war to relinquish, and once having ceased from the battle,
 Either to join the assembled Immortals, or hie him to ocean.
 These the commands which I give should he dare disobey, contradicting,
 Tell him to meditate well in his innermost bosom, lest haply,
 160 Powerful and strong however, he prove notwithstanding unable
 Me to oppose when against him I come ; for I boast me as stronger,
 Elder besides ; yet they say he declares he is even as ruler
 Equal to me, unto me, who am dreaded by all the Immortals.”

- Thus did he speak : nor did wind-swift Iris refuse to obey him.
 165 Down from the mountains of Ida she hasten'd to Ilium sacred.
 Even as snow or congeal'd rime falling from clouds in the heavens,
 Driven about by the strong north wind, great vapour-dispeller :
 So flew swift-wing'd Iris unceasingly onward with ardour.
 Standing before him, she great, earth-shaking Poseidon accosted :
 170 “ Mighty Poseidon, cerulean-hair'd, I have hasten'd, a message
 Weighty of import bearing from ægis-upholding Kronion,
 Bidding thee war to relinquish, and once having ceased from the battle
 Either to join the assembled Immortals or hie thee to ocean :
 Threatening further, if thou disobey his commands, contradicting,
 175 Hither himself he will forthwith hasten to meet thee in combat.
 Thee he advises his powerful hands to avoid, as the stronger,
 Elder as well ; for thy heart does not fear, notwithstanding, to boast thee
 Equal to him, unto him, who is dreaded by all the Immortals.”

- Her then answer'd, with hot rage fired, earth-shaking Poseidon :
 180 “ Ah ! how powerful soever, with arrogance, sure, he has spoken,
 Thinking, forsooth, me, high-born even as he, to admonish.
 Three full brothers we were, all born unto Kronos by Rhea,
 Zeus and myself, and the king of the regions below, dread Pluto :
 Tripart division was made, and to each his domain was allotted.
 185 Me did the lots make ruler supreme of the boisterous ocean,
 Ever my dwelling ; to Pluto were given the regions of darkness.
 Zeus had for *his* share heav'n with the vast clouds rolling in ether :
 Common to all was the earth, howbeit, and lofty Olympus.
 Therefore I never shall live as the subject of Zeus, but advise him,
 190 Great howsoever in might, with his own third share to content him.
 Never let him once think as a dastard to treat me, and frighten :

No, let him rather his sons and his daughters with threatening language
Venture to chide and rebuke, ay, those whom himself hath begotten ;
These, by necessity urged, no doubt, will obedience render."

195 Whereupon him thus wind-swift Iris incontinent answer'd :
" O shall I bear back, god of the dark blue tresses, Poseidon,
Harsh and opprobrious words like these unto mighty Kronion ?
Soften them haply thou may'st ; for the minds of the prudent are yielding ;
Ay, and thou knowest that over the first-born hover the Furies."

200 Her in return thus answer'd the great earth-shaking Poseidon :
" Iris divine, these words thou hast utter'd are good and becoming :
Ay, it is well when a lieger discreet words knows to deliver :
Nathless the heart in my breast is aroused, stirr'd up with resentment,
Seeing that me, his co-equal by birth, and his peer by decreed fate
205 Named, he would venture to chide in his wrath, and reproachfully
threaten.

Nevertheless, tho' with good cause wroth I will yield for the present.
This I declare, howbeit, and no mere threat will he find it :
Resolute still if he keep in despite of myself and Athena,
Hera and Hermes, conjoin'd with the monarch immortal Hephaistos,
210 Ilium lofty to spare, nor shall wish in his soul to destroy it,
Giving indeed great honour and glory to all the Achaians :
Then let him know, fierce feud is between us, and hatred eternal."

Ended Poseidon ; and leaving the Danaad army, he forthwith
Plunged into ocean, the chiefs meanwhile much missing his presence.

215 Whereupon thus cloud-urging Kronion accosted Apollo :
" Go, loved Phœbus Apollo, to brave, brass-helmeted Hector,
Seeing already hath great, earth-circling Poseidon departed,
Ay, and has plunged into ocean to shun our expected displeasure :
Else had the gods who inhabit the nethermost regions surrounding

220 Mightiest Kronos, beyond doubt heard of the contest between us.
Good it will prove for himself, and for me too better it may be,
Doubtless, that wrathful albeit he yet has my vengeance avoided,
Else had the contest between us without sweat never been settled.

Take in thy hands, howbeit, the famed, fringed ægis terrific,
225 Shake it, and put to the rout the renown'd of the sons of Achaia.
Chiefly thyself, Far-darter, have care of illustrious Hector ;
Rouse the puissance and powers in his breast so long as is needful,
E'en till the fugitive Argives the Hellespont reach, and their galleys.
Plans I will later mature once more to inspire them with courage."

230 Thus did he speak : nor did Phœbus Apollo refuse acquiescence :
Down he descended amain with a swoop from the mountains of Ida,

Ev'n as a falcon, the swiftest of birds, dread pigeon-destroyer.
Soon he descried brave Hector, illustrious offspring of Priam,
Sitting, not lying as erst, now conscious, his swoon having left him,
235 All his companions around recognising : the sweat and oppression
Likewise had ceased, since Kronion, the Ægis-upholder, had roused him.
Whereupon, standing beside him, the great Far-darter address'd him :

“ Why, O Hector, of Priam the offspring, apart from the others
Sittest thou, feeble of knee ? Some sorrow anew has befallen.”

240 Him then languidly answered renown'd, crest-flourishing Hector :
“ Tell me, divinest of gods, who frankly accosts me and questions ?
Hast thou not heard that, the brave in the war-shout, terrible Aias,
Me on the breast-bone smote with a stone, and impetuous valour
Caused me abandon when slaying his friends by the Danaad galleys ?
245 Verily thought I that breathing my dear life forth I should this day
Even the mansions of Pluto behold, and the spirits departed.”

Whereupon him then answer'd in turn far-darting Apollo :
“ Come, take courage, so great a defender has mighty Kronion
Now sent forth from the mountains of Ida to aid thee and stand by,
250 Phœbus himself of the falchion of gold, who am wont, as thou knowest,
Thee to defend in thy wrongs, and the city of Ilium lofty.
Come, howbeit, encourage thy numerous army of horsemen
Forwards their swift-paced coursers to push to the numerous galleys,
While I myself, in advance now going, will level the highway,
255 Making it smooth, and will ere long put to the rout the Achaians.”

Thus did he speak : and infused great strength in the guide of the
people.

Even as some proud steed, well-fed at the manger on barley,
Snapping the halter with which he is tied, breaks over the champaign,
Making the dull earth sound underneath him, to plunge in the river ;
260 Joyous, he tosses his head in the air, while over his shoulders
Wantons his full mane freely, and, trusting alone in his beauty,
Lightly his firm knees bear him afar to the mares on the pastures :
Thus brave Hector his feet and his knees moved lightly, the horsemen
Rousing anew to exertion, on hearing the voice of Apollo.
265 Nathless as peasants pursue with the dogs, peradventure, an antler'd
Stag, or a wild goat, screened howsoever it be by the tangle
Growing on high-piled rocks, no destined prey of the hunters,
Seeing, aroused by their shouts, in their way darts forward a shaggy
Lion, and turns them incontinent back, though keenly pursuing :
270 Thus the Achaians in force kept hurrying on to the combat,
Striking on this side and that with their two-edged javelins and falchions.

Soon as they Hector beheld, howbeit, the army of heroes
Joining, the courage of all fell prone at their feet, and they trembled.

Whereupon high-soul'd Thoas the son of Andræmon address'd them,
275 Bravest of all the Ætolian race, well-skill'd in the javelin,
Brave at the close fight too ; and but few of the Argives excell'd him
Even in speech, for the palm he for eloquence bore 'mong his compeers.
Rising, he wisely advised, and in these words spoke, and address'd them :

“ Dreadful ! I surely behold with mine eyes some prodigy mighty,
280 Seeing again, dire Fate having shunn'd, brave Hector has risen.
All were persuaded, or seem'd, for they hoped that the hero had fallen,
Slain in the fight by the hands of renown'd Telamonian Aias :
Some of the gods, howbeit, has shielded illustrious Hector,
Saving the life of the man who already the knees of Achaians
285 Many and brave has relax'd, and will ere long more : for he stands not
Burning in front of the battle unaided by mighty Kronion.
Come, do ye all now follow my counsel, obedience yielding ;
Issue commands that the youths to the black-hull'd galleys withdraw them ;
Only let those who consider themselves as the best of the army
290 Stand to their post, that by early confronting, we haply may stem them,
Raising our spears ; and I deem huge Hector, albeit he rages,
Fear in his bosom will feel at the onslaught dread of the Argives.”

Thus he address'd them : and all, having listen'd attentive, obey'd him.
Those who surrounded the Aias twain and Idomeneus warlike,
295 Meges, the rival of Ares, Meriones gallant, and Teucer,
Calling their brave chiefs in, now marshall'd their numerous armies,
Facing the Trojans and Hector : the crowd meanwhile in the rearward,
Speedily back to the black-hull'd ships of the Argives retreated.
Forward the Trojans in close-pent ranks now march'd, and with long
strides

300 Hector the way led, Phoebus Apollo advancing before him ;
Girt were his shoulders with clouds, and he bore in his hands the terrific
Ægis immense, rough-fringed, all glittering bright ; which Hephaistos
Gave to the thunderer Zeus, to be borne for the routing of mortals.
Holding aloft in his hands this ægis, the army he guided.
305 Stood, meanwhile, close-pent the Achaians : and shrilly the war-cry
Both sent forth. Swift arrows from bowstrings bounded, and javelins
Many from bold hands ; some stuck fast in the bodies of striplings,
Others again, tho' insatiate bent on the flesh of the heroes,
Fell ere they reach'd half-way, in the loam soil firmly embedded.
310 Even as long as Apollo with firm hand wielded the ægis,
So long only the shafts reached both sides, carrying slaughter :

- Soon as he looked, howbeit, the swift-horsed sons of Achaia
 Full in the face, high raising the dread war-shout, and the ægis
 Brandishing, faint they became, and forgot their impetuous valour.
- 315 Even as two wild beasts in the dead of the night on a sudden
 Rush upon oxen or sheep and disturb when the keeper is absent :
 So the discouraged Achaians were routed ; for Phœbus Apollo
 Fill'd them with terror, and glory conferr'd on the Trojans and Hector.
 Man upon all sides man now slew in confusion terrific.
- 320 Hector himself slew Arcesilaos and Stichios gallant,
 One being chief of the warlike Bœotian band, and the other
 Faithful companion and friend of the high-soul'd, gallant Menestheus.
 Medon and Iasos both by Æneas were slain in the combat.
 Valorous Medon was spurious son of the monarch Oileus,
- 325 Like to the gods, and was brother of Aias ; in Phylace dwelt he,
 Far from the much-loved land of his sires, for a chief he had slaughter'd,
 Brother of fair Eriopis, the spouse of his father Oileus :
 Iasos famed was the chief of the gallant Athenian armies,
 Reckon'd the offspring of Bucolos' son, the illustrious Spheilos.
- 330 Gallant Mecisteus was slain by Polydamas brave, and Polites
 Echios slew in the van, stout Klonios fell by Agenor.
 Paris Deïochos struck from behind on the shoulder and wounded,
 While 'mong the fore ranks flying, and right through darted the weapon.
- While the victorious Trojans were thus these spoiling, the Argives
- 335 Meanwhile hither and thither were flying, and into the deep trench
 Many were thrown, and necessity drove them within the embankment :
 Whereupon, shouting with loud voice, Hector commanded the Trojans,
 Leaving the blood-stain'd spoils, to advance right on to the galleys :
 " Yes, and be sure whomsoever I see far off from the galleys
- 340 Linger, him, there standing, I slay with my spear, and his kindred,
 Female or male, no funeral pyre shall erect o'er his ashes ;
 No, but the vultures and dogs shall devour him in front of the city."
- Speaking ; he lash'd on the shoulders the horses, and, driving them
 straightway
- Right on the ranks of the foe, cheer'd loud and encouraged the Trojans ;
- 345 Then these shouting in concert directed their chariot horses
 Forward with roaring and tumult ; and Phœbus Apollo before them,
 Push'd with his feet to assist, and with ease broke down the embankment,
 Casting it into the centre, and bridged for the Trojans a causeway
 Wide and extended, as far as the cast of a spear, which a hero
- 350 Throws from his hand, when essaying his strength, and the length he can
 hurl it.

Thus, then, onward in bands they proceeded, Apollo before them
 Holding the much-prized ægis. The wall of the sons of Achaia
 Lightly he then brought down, as a boy does the sand on the sea-shore
 Oft when amusing himself in his puerile pleasure, his plaything
 355 Making it, only again with his hands and his feet to demolish.
 Thus, O Archer Apollo, the labour and toil of the Argives
 Lightly thyself didst destroy, dread fear, too, raising among them.
 Here they remain'd, pent closely together in front of the galleys,
 Where each other they tried to encourage, and, lifting their hands high,
 360 Each in the hearing of all made vows to the blessèd Immortals.
 Chiefly Gerenian Nestor, the guardian high of the Argives,
 Pray'd loud, stretch'ing his hands to the stars bright shining in heaven :
 " Father Kronion, if any in corn-rich Argos aforetime,
 Burning to thee fat thighs, peradventure, of sheep or of oxen,
 365 Pray'd that he safe might return, and a promise thou gavest assenting,
 O be mindful of these, and the day of destruction avert thou,
 Mightiest Zeus, nor permit that the Trojans should conquer the
 Argives."

Praying he thus spoke : then loud thunder'd in answer Kronion,
 Hearing the prayers of the grey-hair'd chieftain Gerenian Nestor.
 370 Then when the Trojans were ware of the will of the ægis-upholder,
 Still more fiercely they rush'd on the Argives, remembering valour.
 E'en as a billow immense of the wide-spread boisterous ocean
 Dashes on high, on the sides of a ship, when the strength of the tempest
 Urges it forward (for this above all things rouses the billows) :
 375 So with a loud shout mounted the Trojans alert on the rampart.
 Urging their steeds on; man fought man close grappling together,
 Fighting with two-edged spears at the stern of the galleys ; the one side
 Firm on their chariots standing, the other aloft on their galleys,
 Using the stout long poles of the ships which they quickly had mounted,
 380 Fashion'd for fighting by sea, brass-tipp'd, well fitted together.

Warlike Patroclus, so long as the Trojans and Danaï outside,
 Fought by the wall of the swift-keel'd ships at the tent of the valiant,
 Dread war-loving Eurypylos, sat, his companion delighting,
 Both with his talk, and by easing his wounds with emollient simples :
 385 Soon as he saw, howbeit, the Trojans had burst the embankment,
 Entering in, and the Argives in flight and tremendous confusion,
 Groaning he smote both thighs with his hands, bent down, and lamented :
 " O my Eurypylos, now that a dread close contest has risen,
 Longer I cannot remain thee aiding, tho' much thou dost need me.
 390 Here let thy friendly attendant abide in thy tent to assist thee,

While to Achilles, I forthwith hasten and urge him to join us.
 Who can indeed know whether, the gods me aiding, I haply
 Him may persuade in his soul, for a friend's admonition is useful?"

Him thus speaking his feet bore off. Meanwhile the Achaians
 395 Firmly withstood the attack of the Trojans, but still were unable
 Back from the galleys to drive them, tho' fewer the Trojans in number :
 Neither, 'tis true, could the Trojans, albeit they broke the Achaian
 Phalanxes, thoroughly penetrate into the tents and the galleys.
 E'en as a shipwright skill'd in his craft, by the aid of his plummet
 400 Featly the planks for his vessel adjusts, by Athena instructed :
 So stretch'd over the conflict was dread war equally balanced.
 Some fought fiercely contending round one ship, some round another,
 While brave Hector himself rush'd on against glorious Aias.
 These meanwhile for the same ship fought, and the one was unable
 405 Wholly the other to conquer, in fire-flames burning the galley :
 Nor could the other repulse his opponent beloved by Apollo.
 Then smote Aias renown'd on the breast with his javelin Caletor,
 Clytios' son, while bearing a torch in his hand to the galley :
 Whereupon sounding he fell, and the torch from his quivering hand slipp'd.
 410 Now when illustrious Hector perceived with his eyes that his kinsman
 Close by the galleys had fallen, and lay in the dust, to the Trojans
 Boldly he called, and the Lycian host, thus loudly exclaiming :

"Trojan and Lycian friends, close-fighting Dardanian heroes,
 Think not in this strait pass of withdrawing yourselves from the contest :
 415 Haste to the rescue of Clytios' son, lest the Argives despoil him,
 Seizing his armour, for close to the ships he has fallen in battle."

Speaking : he took good aim with his glittering javelin at Aias :
 Him notwithstanding he struck not, but Lycophron offspring of Mastor,
 Servant of Aias, he smote, a Cytherian fugitive blood-stain'd,
 420 Seeing a man he had slaughter'd who dwelt in delightful Cythera :
 Him, as he stood near Aias, he struck on the head with his javelin,
 Over the ear, upon which in the dust from the stern of the galley
 Prostrate he fell, and his limbs were relaxed. Then glorious Aias,
 Shuddering greatly, in these words spoke, and accosted his brother :
 425 "Much loved Teucer, alas ! our companion, the offspring of Mastor,
 Him, whom although in Cythera he sojourn'd, we treated with honour,
 Equally e'en as our own dear parents who dwell in the palace ;
 Hector has him struck down with his spear. O where are thy death-
 wing'd

Arrows, alas ! and thy bow erst given by Phœbus Apollo ?"

430 Spoke thus Aias ; and Teucer incontinent hastening stood near,

Holding his bent bow firm in his hand, and the quiver his arrows
 Bearing, on which 'mong the hard-press'd Trojans his shafts he directed ;
 Instantly Clitos he struck, the illustrious son of Pisenor,
 Friend of Polydamas gallant, the far-famed offspring of Panthous,
 435 While he was holding the reins in his hands, there tending the horses.
 Thither the steeds he had led, where many a band in confusion
 Lay, thus pleasing the Trojans and Hector : but evil o'ertook him
 Early, which no one indeed could avert, how eager soever.
 Right in his neck from behind the severe shaft pierced, and the hero
 440 Fell to the ground, when the horses, alarm'd, both started in terror,
 Causing the war-car rattle : Polydamas, seeing it empty,
 Hasten'd away, and the fear-struck steeds soon seizing arrested.
 These he consign'd to Astynoös brave, Protiaon's renown'd son,
 Earnestly bidding him keep them beside him, and ever within reach ;
 445 While he himself went back, in the front ranks mingling in battle.
 Teucer again forthwith against brass-greaved Hector another
 Shaft now drew, and would surely have forced him at once to relinquish
 Fighting the foe at the galleys, if only the arrow had reach'd him.
 Prudent Kronion's regard, howbeit, illustrious Hector's
 450 Guardian god, it escaped not, who glory denied unto Teucer,
 Telamon's son, and the well-twined strong cord broke on the harmless
 Bow ; while Teucer was aiming at Hector, the bow from his fingers
 Fell, and the brass-shod arrow aside sprung, devious flying.
 Whereupon, shuddering, Teucer bespoke and accosted his brother :
 455 " O ye Immortals ! a deity mighty the plans of our battle
 Utterly foils, having struck from my fingers my bow in an instant,
 Snapping asunder the cord well-twisted with which it was new strung
 Early at dawn, that the shafts thence bounding might fly with
 precision."

Whereupon him thus answered renown'd Telamonian Aias :
 460 " Well, dear comrade, thy bow lay past, and its quiver of arrows,
 Seeing a god of the Danaï envious renders them useless.
 Take, howbeit, a spear in thy hand and a shield on thy shoulders,
 Then go fight with the Trojans, our own bands cheering to battle.
 Never without great labour the well-bench'd ships let them capture ;
 465 Even tho' now quell'd, still let us ever be mindful of valour."
 Spoke : then Teucer the bow laid down in the tent, and the arrows.
 Whereon a fourfold shield he at once on his shoulders suspended,
 Placing a fine-wrought helmet of brass on his valorous head, and
 Dreadfully nodded the horse-hair plume on the casque of the hero :
 470 After, he grasp'd an immense sharp spear brass-tipp'd, and, advancing,

Stood near Aias renown'd, having run on speedily thither.
 Meanwhile Hector perceiving the arrows of Teucer were futile,
 Shouted aloud, thus hailing the Trojan and Lycian heroes :

“ Trojans and Lycians, hear, close-fighting Dardanians, listen,
 475 Courage, be men, dear friends, and remember impetuous valour
 Now at the wide-hull'd galleys; for foil'd are the shafts of their leader,
 Mightiest Zeus having render'd them vain ; these eyes have beheld it.
 Easy it is for a man to discover the hand of Kronion,
 Whether on those unto whom he is pleased great glory to grant, or
 480 Those upon whom some weakness he sends down—succour refusing.
 Us now surely he aids, and the strength of the Danaï weakens.
 Come, then, fight at the galleys in close-rank bands, and whoever
 Brings on death and his fate, being wounded or stricken in battle,
 Why, let him perish ; the man need fear no shame for his country
 485 Bravely who falls; for his wife shall be safe and the children he leaves her ;
 All his inheritance too shall be safe, if we only the Argives
 Drive to their ships, and they sail for the much-loved land of their fathers.”

Thus having spoken, he kindled in each man valour and prowess.
 Whereupon glorious Aias on *his* part roused his companions :
 490 “ Shame, O Argives, the time is at hand now either to perish
 Nobly, or, driving destruction afar from the galleys, to save us.
 Think ye, if brave crest-flourishing Hector should capture the whole fleet,
 One man even on foot will arrive at the land of his fathers ?
 Hear ye not Hector at hand fierce storming with rage in his bosom,
 495 Eager the galleys to fire, now rousing his warrior comrades ?
 Trust me, 'tis not to the dance that he summons them forth, but to battle.
 Think as we may, no plan more suitable offers than boldly
 On to advance to the close-pent fight with the strength of our sinews.
 Better to perish, or, living, enjoy life, surely, than waste life
 500 Idly and uselessly here, in the end mayhap to be worsted,
 Fiercely with foes our inferiors far at the galleys contending.”

Thus having spoken, in each he aroused great courage and prowess.
 Whereupon Hector the far-famed Schedios slew, Perimedes'
 Son, of the Phocians ruler ; and Aias Laodamas warlike,
 505 Leader renown'd of the foot, the illustrious son of Antenor.
 Gallant Polydamas, slaying Cyllenian Otos, despoil'd him,
 Friend and companion of Phyleus, the chief of the noble Epeans.
 Meges, perceiving it, rush'd forthwith on Polydamas brave, who,
 Turning aside, stoop'd down and escaped him ; for Phœbus Apollo
 510 Suffer'd not Panthous' son to be quell'd 'mong the first of the heroes :
 Still, bold Crœsmos he smote on the breast with his spear, in the middle,

- Whereon he fell with a crash, and was stript of his armour by Meges.
 Meanwhile Dolops, descendant of Lampos, renown'd at the javelin,
 Leapt on him (he whom illustrious Lampos, Laomedon's loved son,
 515 Whilom begat, for his knowledge in warfare a hero distinguish'd),
 Fiercely attacking in close-hand fight, and his radiant buckler
 Struck with his tough ash-spear in the middle ; his corslet of bull's-hide
 Cover'd with brass plates, him notwithstanding protected. The corslet
 Phyleus from Ephyre brought on the river Selleïs aforetime :
- 520 Warlike Euphetes his host, great ruler of peoples, conferr'd it
 Erst upon him as a shield from the foe when he enter'd the battle :
 Now it became a defence for his son, death warding from him too.
 Meanwhile Meges the base of his horse-hair cone with his javelin
 Smiting, the plumed crest cut sheer off, and the casque with its trappings
 525 Late bright shining with purple was cast in the dust in an instant.
 Now as the two thus manfully fought both eager for glory,
 Brave Menelaus advanced forthwith to the succour of Meges ;
 Standing unnoticed by Dolops he struck him behind on the shoulder,
 Whereon the javelin, with violence launch'd forth, pierced from the back bone
 530 E'en to the breast ; upon which he at once on the ground fell prostrate.
 Both then rush'd on, eager to tear from his shoulders his armour
 Shining with brass ; upon which huge Hector exhorted his kindred,
 Foremost of all in severe words bold Melanippos reproaching,
 Son of renown'd Hicetaon. His curved-hoof'd steers at Percote
 535 Ever till then he had pastured, the foe being still at a distance ;
 Seeing the well-steer'd ships, howbeit, arrive with the Argives,
 Back he to Ilium came, and was honour'd by Priam the monarch
 E'en as his own sons, dwelling beside him, beloved by the Trojans.
 Him then Hector, rebuking in these sharp accents, accosted :
- 540 " Why should we thus, Melanippos, remain here ? Is not thy spirit
 Moved in thy breast at the sight of a kinsman fallen in battle ?
 Dost thou not see how all are engaged with the armour of Dolops ?
 Follow at once ; no longer indeed is it right at a distance
 Thus to be fighting the Danaad host ; them either we now slay
 545 Here, or our citizens they, when the town they have razed from its
 summit."

Speaking : he now led forward, nor slow was the hero to follow.

Whereupon spoke Telamonian Aias, the Argives arousing :

" O my companions, be men, give shame some place in your bosoms,
 Think in the vehement fray each man of another's opinion.

- 550 Men such feelings who own are secure, those wanting them perish ;
 Never, be sure, is there glory or safety to such as are dastards."

- Thus he address'd those eager already, and roused them to battle,
Fixing his words in their mind. With a brass wall then they encircled
Boldly the ships ; but omnipotent Zeus urged forward the Trojans.
- 555 Great in the loud war-shout Menelaus Antilochos now roused :
 “ Noble Antilochos, none of the Argives are younger than thou art,
 No, nor so swift-paced, neither so powerful of arm in the battle :
 Haste and attack some Danaad chief, spring forward and wound him.”
- This having said : he again drew back, having roused him to action.
- 560 Vanward he now leapt forth, with his spear bright-glittering aiming,
 Looking around him the while ; but the Trojans, on seeing the hero
 Hurling, retired forthwith : not in vain, howbeit, he hurl'd it,
 Seeing he struck Melanippos, the son of renown'd Hicetaon,
 Right on the breast-bone, close to the pap, while rushing to battle :
- 565 Then loud crashing he fell, and his armour resounded around him.
 Whereon Antilochos sprung on his foe as a dog on a wounded
 Young deer darts, which a hunter, with sure eye aiming, has stricken,
 While from his lair forth leaping, his limbs underneath him relaxing.
 Thus, Melanippos, did warlike Antilochos spring on thy body,
- 570 Keen to despoil of its armour : but Hector renown'd it escaped not,
 Forward who now came rushing in haste thro' the thick of the battle.
 Waited not him howbeit Antilochos, even tho' powerful ;
 Backward he hurried like some wild beast caught working destruction,
 Haply a herdsman or dog having slain while tending the oxen ;
- 575 Soon as discovered it flies, ere forward the rustics can gather :
 Thus then Nestor's renown'd son fled : but the Trojans and Hector
 Pour'd their severe shafts forth, loud shouting the while as they follow'd :
 Reaching the band of his friends, howbeit, he turning, at once stood.
 After the roused-up Trojans, like raw flesh-worrying lions,
- 580 Fell on the galleys ; Kronion's behest thus promptly fulfilling,
 Seeing he kept still rousing their strength : but the hearts of the Argives
 Ever he weaken'd and stript them of glory. But those he encouraged,
 Wishing alone in his mind to bestow great honour on Hector,
 Offspring of Priam ; and throw on the crook-beak'd galleys the fire-
 flames
- 585 Ceaselessly burning ; the ruthless and dread supplication of Thetis,
 Answering now by according her wish : for Kronion the all-wise
 Waited for this, to behold with his eyes one galley consuming ;
 Seeing from that time forth he resolved in his mind that the Trojans,
 Back should retire from the ships, and confer great fame on the Argives.
- 590 Thus in his mind Zeus purposed, and Hector the offspring of Priam,
 Roused 'gainst the deep-hull'd ships, who was eager himself for the combat :

- Raging he went, as when Ares his war-spear brandishing rages
Fierce, or when fire-flames blaze in a dense wood far on the mountains.
Foam from his lips hung white, and his eyes 'neath his terrible eyebrows
595 Glow'd, and the casque on his head as he fought was tremendously shaken ;
Awful he look'd, for Kronion himself aid sent him from heaven,
Giving to Hector alone of the many who fought great glory,
Knowing him destined by Fate to be short-lived ; Pallas Athena
Urging him on to his end by the might of the offspring of Peleus.
- 600 Hector impelled thus strove to discomfit the bands of the Argives,
Showing his might wherever the best ranks stood and the strongest :
Nathless he fail'd, upon all sides fail'd, how eager soever ;
Firm these stood in their compact squares still baffling his efforts.
Ev'n as a huge high rock on the hoary tumultuous ocean
605 Waits the impetuous roll of the vast swell'd surges advancing,
Driven by shrill winds forward, as wave wave following dashes :
So not a man gave way 'mong the Danaï waiting the Trojans.
Meanwhile Hector with fire all radiant rush'd on the masses,
Falling upon them as some huge wind-born wave from the heavens,
- 610 Hurrying, dashes and rolls on a swift-keel'd galley, in white spray
Hiding it, wind loud roaring aloft 'mong the rigging and canvas ;
Trembling the ships' crew stands as they death-borne see themselves des-
tined ;
So did the sons of Achaia in doubt and perplexity tremble.
Forward he rush'd like a ravenous lion that leaps upon oxen,
- 615 Down on the rich green grass of a meadow extensive and marshy,
Feeding in large herds, tended by one unaccustom'd a wild beast
Boldly to fight, which is bent on the slaughter of one of the oxen ;
Now with the foremost, now with the hindmost cattle he paces,
While in the midst springs forward the lion devouring a carcase ;
- 620 Scattering wide in its terror the whole herd : thus were the Argives
Wondrously routed by Hector when aided by Father Kronion.
Hector alone slew brave Periphetes of pleasant Mycenæ,
Offspring belov'd of Copeus, who went with a lieger aforetime,
Sent by the monarch Eurystheus to Heracles mighty and godlike.
- 625 After, from this same father inglorious sprung a renown'd son
Worthier far, and distinguish'd alike in the circus and battle,
Reckon'd of all the Mycenian race most noted for prudence ;
This man then gave glory supreme to illustrious Hector.
Backward turning it chanced that he trode on the rim of the buckler
630 Huge which he bore to defend him from spears, and which reach'd to his
ankles ;

Whereupon, check'd and entangled, he fell on his back, and the helmet
Shook and resounded aloud on the head of the champion fallen.

Him then Hector perceived as he struggled, and, running, beside him
Stood, and his sharp spear fix'd in his body and slew him, tho' loved friends
635 Many were present, but none had the power, tho' lamenting their comrade,
Succour to lend him, in terror themselves at the presence of Hector.

Then they retired to their lines, and retreated within the enclosure
Form'd by the ships in advance, and in full force follow'd the Trojans.
Urged by necessity back from the foremost galleys, the Argives
640 Further withdrew, and remain'd there firm 'mong their many pavilions,
Closely array'd in a band, not dispersed through the camp ; by their
terror

Kept in restraint ; and they ceaselessly there each other encouraged.
Chiefly Gerenian Nestor, the guardian true of the people,
Earnestly pray'd them, and each man warmly adjured by his parents :
645 " O my companions, be men, give shame some place in your bosoms,
Valuing others' opinions : let each man call to remembrance.

Parents, and children, and wives, and inheritance ample ; the man who
Such great treasures possesses, as likewise the man who has lost them :
Here I entreat and implore you by those loved friends at a distance
650 Boldly to stand by your comrades, nor fly at the sight of the foemen."

This having said, he instill'd into each man spirit and prowess.
Whereupon Pallas Athena the dark cloud fallen from heaven
Took from their eyes ; and the plain was on all sides brightly illumined
Far as the ships stretch'd forward, disclosing the ruinous conflict.
655 Hector renown'd in the battle they thereon descried, and his comrades,
Those to the rearward keeping, not sharing the battle, as also
Those in the front, in the midst of the ships who were fighting the foemen.
Longer it pleased not the soul of magnanimous Aias to linger

Where stood crowding together the rest of the sons of Achaia,
660 Therefore he walk'd, great long strides taking, about on the galleys,
Wielding a huge-sized pole in his hands, long twenty-and-two full
Cubits, in sea-fights common, with steel-nails thickly bestudded.
Ev'n as a man well practised in vaulting on horses, who chooses
Four from a number of others, and drives them along from the pasture,
665 Urging them towards a wide-spread city along by the highway,
Women and men both looking with wonder ; but, leaping and bounding
Boldly, he shifts, now changing to this side, now to the other :

So o'er many a deck of the swift-keel'd ships of the Argives
Aias with loud shout strode ; and his voice reach'd even to heaven :
670 Shouting, he order'd the sons of Achaia their ships and pavilions

- Ever to stand by. Neither indeed did illustrious Hector
Linger himself 'mong the crowd of the mail-clad heroes of Troia.
Ev'n as an eagle on birds by the stream's brink pounces when feeding,
Either on geese, peradventure, or long-neck'd swans, or on herons :
- 675 So brave Hector advanced to a blue-prow'd Danaad galley,
Rushing upon it ; Kronion with mighty puissance behind him
Urging him forward, inciting the heroes who follow'd their leader ;
Whereon a furious fight was again now waged at the galleys :
One would have said, no end could there be to so fearful a conflict,
680 Awful, unwearied ; for each with his own man grappled in battle.
Those who engaged in the fight thus thought ; the Achaians imagined
Death and destruction they could not escape, but must certainly perish ;
While the illustrious Trojans on their part hoped that the galleys
Now they should burn, and the Danaad firm bands slay in the struggle ;
685 Such were their thoughts, each man meanwhile his antagonist fighting.
Hector the stern now seized of a large sea-traversing galley,
Both well-fashion'd and swift, which had borne brave Protesilaos
Hither to Troia, but bore him not back to the land of his fathers.
Round this ship each other the Argives and Trojans were slaying,
690 Fighting in close-pent ranks ; nor indeed did they hurl from a distance
Either their javelins or shafts, but, in strong bands standing, with one soul
Fought they with two-edged spears, huge swords, sharp axes, and hatchets ;
Many a good sword, too, black-hilted and massy in handle,
Fell on the ground, some forced from the grasp of the combating heroes,
695 Some from the shoulders ; the whole dark earth being cover'd with carnage.
Hector, on seizing the ship by the stern, held firmly with both hands,
Grasping the outermost edge of the curve, thus cheering the Trojans :
“ Hither with fire ; and yourselves stand firm, then on to the conflict :
Now hath Kronion a day vouchsafed worth more than we ever
700 Yet have beheld for success 'gainst the ships, in despite of the great gods
Hither convey'd, and with sad woe fraught thro' the fears of the elders,
Me who restrained, most eager myself at the sterns of the galleys
Boldly to fight ; and who kept back others besides of the people.
Nevertheless, if indeed far-sounding Kronion at that time,
705 Marring our cool thoughts, hinder'd, he now both urges and guides us.”
Thus he address'd them : and still more eager they rush'd on the
Argives.
Aias himself no longer could stand, overpower'd with their missiles.
Fearing he now peradventure might fall in the fight he descended
Down to the seven feet bench, and deserted the deck of his galley.
710 There he remain'd still watching, prepared to repel with his war-spear

All from the ships, whomsoever he found fire bringing to burn them.
Meanwhile dreadfully shouting, he roused and inspired the Achaians :
“ O my beloved friends, Danaad heroes, attendants of Ares,
Show you are men, and be mindful again of impetuous valour.
715 Think you indeed we have any supporters behind us, or any
Strong-built rampart or wall to avert from our warriors ruin ?
Near us is no great city with fortified bastions around it,
Where we might still hold out with a band of reserves to assist us.
Here we are placed on the plain of the well-arm'd valorous Trojans,
720 Close by the sea-shore, far from our homes, and the land of our fathers ;
Then be assured, dear comrades, in fighting, not flying, is safety.”
Speaking : he furiously charged with his spear whomsoever he there
found
Carrying fire to the ships, urged on by illustrious Hector :
All such valorous Aias immediately smote with his javelin,
725 Even till twelve stout heroes he slew in the fight by the galleys.

END OF BOOK FIFTEENTH.

BOOK SIXTEENTH.

- THUS they continued to fight for the well-bench'd beautiful galley.
Close meanwhile to Achilles the guide of the people Patroclus
Stood, tears copious shedding, which fell like a fountain of dark tinged
Water its black stream pouring from some sheer precipice lofty.
- 5 Brave swift-footed Peleides Achilles, on seeing him, pitied,
Whereon in these wing'd accents he spoke, his companion addressing :
 “Why dost thou weep, my Patroclus, like some young girl, who her
 mother
Urgently begs, while running beside her, to raise to her bosom ?
Laying her hand on her kirtle, she eagerly tries to detain her,
- 10 Weeping, and looking her oft in the face, till at length she is lifted :
Even like such young girl, my belovèd Patroclus, thou weepest.
Comest thou bearer of news to myself and my Myrmidon people ?
Say, or perchance some sorrowful tidings has reach'd thee from Phthia ?
Actor's renown'd son noble Menœtios lives, as they tell me ;
- 15 Æacos' famed son still lives too 'mong his Myrmidon heroes :
Ah ! if indeed they were dead, good cause we should find for affliction.
Haply thou mournest the sons of Achaia, beholding them perish
Now by their deep-hull'd galleys, their own foul deed the occasion.
Come, speak out ; that the truth we may both know, tell me thy trouble.”
- 20 Heavily sighing thou answeredst thus, O valiant Patroclus :
 “Noble Peleides Achilles, of Danaad heroes the bravest,
Bear with my sorrows, since such deep woes weigh down the Achaians :
Now, of a truth, all those who before most valiant were reckon'd
Lie at the black-hull'd galleys, or wounded severely, or stricken.
- 25 Wounded is Diomedes, famous in fight, brave offspring of Tydeus ;
King Agamemnon is smote, and, renown'd at the javelin, Odysseus :
Warlike Eurypylos eke has been hit on the thigh with an arrow.
Now the physicians in simples of all kinds skilful are round them,
Healing their wounds ; but Achilles, severe is thy spirit and ruthless.

- 30 Never may such fierce rage as thou wantonly nursest within thee
Seize upon me, thou remorseless ! for whom hereafter of mortals
Ere wilt thou save, if thou wilt not avert dire fate from the Argives ?
Ruthless ! the brave chief Peleus was never thy father, nor Thetis
Mother of thine, but the dull grey boisterous ocean begat thee,
- 35 Ay, on the rude bold rocks ; for the mind in thy bosom is savage.
Actest thou thus some oracle evil to render abortive
Fix'd in thy soul, or because, forewarned by thy mother, thou knowest
Aught of the mind of Kronion ? at least me send and the other
Myrmidons, so that a light I may prove to the sons of Achaia.
- 40 Suffer me also to gird on my shoulders thy glittering armour,
So that the Trojans supposing me thee may withdraw from the battle,
Giving the warrior sons of Achaia to breathe from their labours,
Weary and spent, and enjoy for a short space rest from the conflict.
Lightly can we who are vigorous still beat back to the city
- 45 Men worn out with the labours of war from our ships and pavilions !”
Thus he imploringly spoke. Ah, foolish ! for fate and destruction
Truly he sought. Deep sighing replied thus noble Achilles :
“ Woe's me, alas ! what accents are these, brave-hearted Patroclus ?
Oracle none I regard, nor indeed has my matronly mother
- 50 Aught of the will of Kronion revealed as a warning to guide me.
Ah ! no, this is the cause of the anguish I feel in my bosom,
Even to find that a man who possesses the power would his equal
Strip of his just prize merely because of the power he possesses.
This overwhelms me with sorrow, and many a grief have I suffer'd.
- 55 Even the maid whom the sons of Achaia themselves as a guerdon
Gave me, and whom by my spear I had won, having pillaged a city
Wall'd all round, e'en her has the ruler, the King Agamemnon,
Torn from my arms, and as some mere alien me has dishonour'd.
Nevertheless let us leave these griefs with the past as is fitting ;
- 60 Wrong it is truly to nurse one's anger for ever, tho' doubtless,
Mine I aforetime said I would never desist from indulging,
Even till war's rough turmoil should come to my ships and pavilion :
Therefore, thy shoulders begird with my own bright glittering armour,
Then lead forward the war-nursed Myrmidon heroes to battle,
- 65 Seeing the Trojans advance like a black cloud, circling the galleys,
Ay, and the Argives are close hemm'd in by the shore of the ocean,
Only possessing a small spot now of the region of Troia.
All wide Troia has rush'd to a man forth, eager to conquer,
No more seeing as whilom the front of my glittering helmet
- 70 Waving at hand. Thence speedily flying, the fosse with their bodies

- Soon had been fill'd, had the King Agamemnon Atreides been gentle
 Towards myself : but their bands fight now and encircle the army.
 Even in Diomedes's hand, brave offspring of glorious Tydeus,
 Rages the spear no longer to ward off death from the Argives :
- 75 No more hear I the voice of renown'd Agamemnon Atreides
 Shouting aloud from his odious head, but the shouting of Hector
 Cheering the Trojans resounds, while these all over the champaign,
 Rending the air with their yells, now vanquish the sons of Achaia.
 This notwithstanding, do thou still bravely attack them, Patroclus,
- 80 Warding destruction in time from the galleys ; nor suffer the Trojans,
 Burning the ships in the flames, to destroy all means of returning.
 Further, obey me in this, as the sum of the counsel I give thee,
 Even that so thou obtain for myself from the sons of Achaia
 Glory and fame ; that the beautiful maiden Briseïs they safely
- 85 Still may restore, and award me besides rich gifts as a guerdon :
 Then, having driven the foe from the galleys, return ; and if Hera's
 Far, loud-thundering spouse vouchsafe the achievement of glory,
 Seek not to combat apart from myself the illustrious Trojans,
 Seeing that this would indeed but occasion me greater dishonour :
- 90 Much less carried away by success, lead on to the city,
 Slaying the Trojans, lest some of the gods should descend from Olympus,
 Fighting against thee ; for Phœbus himself loves Troia, and favours.
 Rather return forthwith to the ships having render'd assistance,
 Leaving the rest of the army to carry the war to the champaign.
- 95 Oh that the sire, great Zeus, and Athena, and Phœbus Apollo,
 Only would grant not a soul of the Trojans, or sons of Achaia,
 Many indeed as they are, might escape dire death and destruction ;
 Leaving to us twain Troia to raze, and to fly from its ruins."

Thus they proposed, each something suggesting as apt, or approving.

- 100 Meanwhile Aias retain'd not his place, being gall'd with the missiles,
 Seeing Kronion's decrees overpower'd him, and shafts by the Trojan
 Warriors hurl'd : and a horrible clang from his glittering helmet,
 Fix'd on his head, rang out, being smitten ; for often the rounded
 Studs of his armour were hit, and by grasping his movable buckler
- 105 Firmly his left arm wearied became ; notwithstanding he never
 Swerved for a moment tho' press'd upon all sides hard with their weapons.
 Copious sweat, too, pour'd from his stalwart limbs, and a grievous
 Panting oppress'd him, and scarce could he breathe ; such evils he suffer'd.

- Tell me, ye Muses possessing the lofty Olympian mansions,
 110 How came first in the Danaad galleys the fire to be kindled ?
 First then, Hector approaching illustrious Aias, his ashen

- Spear with his great sword struck on the back of the brass, at the socket,
Cutting it through : Telamonian Aias in vain in his right hand
Brandish'd his spear-shaft boldly, whose lopp'd-off blade, to a distance
115 Driv'n by the hard-dealt blow, fell low on the earth and resounded.
Aias at once in his spirit unblameable knew the Immortals
Now interposed, and he trembled to think that Kronion, the thunder-
Hurler, destroying his plans of attack, will'd fame to the Trojans :
Wherefore he drew back out of the reach of the darts, and the Trojans
120 Launch'd forth fire at the ships, and a great conflagration was kindled.
Swiftly the fire ran on and enveloped the stern : but Achilles,
Smiting his thigh with his hand, thus speaking, accosted Patroclus :
 " Hasten away, brave charioteer, most noble Patroclus ;
Yonder the fury of fire's fierce flames I descry at the galleys :
125 Haste, lest they capture the fleet, no safe means leaving for flying :
Go, and thy arms gird on, and myself shall assemble the forces."
Spoke : and Patroclus array'd himself now in his glittering armour.
Foremost his fine greaves fitted with clasps round his limbs he adjusted ;
Next he the corslet of Æacos' son, swift-footed Achilles,
130 Girt on, studded with stars bright shining and curiously inlaid :
Then from his shoulders suspended his brass sword cover'd with silver
Knobs all over, as also the huge stout shield of his comrade.
Then on his warrior-temples the well-form'd helmet he fitted,
Crested with horse-hair plumes, which tremendously nodded above it.
135 Then, to his gripe well-suited, he seized two spears of immense size ;
Only the spear of unblameable godlike Achilles he took not,
Stout, long-shafted, and heavy, which, save brave Æacos' offspring,
No man freely could wield in the wide-spread ranks of Achaia :
Pelian ash was the beam, and was given to his father by Chiron,
140 Cut upon Pelion's height, death causing to many a hero.
Next he Automedon order'd to harness his horses, and yoke them,
Him whom he most loved next to renown'd rank-breaking Achilles,
Knowing him aye most faithful in bearing the brunt of the battle.
Whereon Automedon promptly the good steeds yoked, as commanded,
145 Xanthos and Balios named, which the swift wind rival'd in fleetness ;
Steeds which the harpy Podarge to Zephyros bore when aforetime
Pasturing down on the rich grass meads by the waters of ocean.
Much-prized Pedasos likewise he yoked by their side, whom Achilles
Led erewhile to his home, when he pillaged Eëtion's city :
150 Mortal itself, this courser accompanied coursers immortal.
Meanwhile noble Achilles advanced 'mong his Myrmidon heroes,

Bidding them arm at their dark-hull'd ships and pavilions. As greedy
Wolves with immense strength fill'd, which a great horn'd stag in the
mountains

- First having kill'd, with their blood-stain'd jaws crunch, tearing in pieces :
155 Afterwards, forward they rush in a vast pack, lapping the dark-tinged
Water of some black fountain, whose surface they skim with their slender
Tongues, all vomiting forth red blood thick clotted : their courage
Nevertheless is unquell'd as they glare, full-gorged with the carcase :
So rush'd forward the leader and chiefs of the Myrmidon heroes
160 Round swift-footed Æacides' faithful attendant ; Achilles
Boldly exhorting the brave shield-carrying heroes and horses.

- Forty and ten were the swift-keel'd galleys which noble Achilles,
Dear to Kronion, conducted to Troy ; and in each of the galleys
Forty and ten men sat as his comrades and friends on the benches.
165 Five brave chiefs moreover and trusty he named as commanders,
Nevertheless he himself was supreme, head over the others.
Foremost, Menesthios, famed for his chain-wrought corslet, commanded
One troop, son of a Zeus-sprung river the rapid Sperchios,
Him whom the daughter of Peleus, the beautiful fair Polydora,
170 Bore to Sperchios, his sire an Immortal, a woman his mother ;
Some Perieres' son, brave Boros, affirm'd was the father,
Her who had openly wedded with infinite gifts at their nuptials.
Warlike Eudoros commanded another, whom fair Polymela,
Daughter of Phylas, a nymph at the dance far-famed for her graces,
175 Bore, though clandestinely doubtless begotten. The slayer of Argos
Loved her on seeing her mingle with mirth in the choir of the dancers,
Once when assembled in honour of Artemis, goddess of hunting.
Quickly ascending above to a chamber the bountiful Hermes
Secretly lay with her, whence she a son brought forth from their union,
180 Gallant Eudoros, renown'd at the race, and a warrior hero.
Soon as the ruler of births, famed Ilithyeia, Eudorus
Brought to the light, and the sun he had seen in his splendid effulgence,
Echeclus matchless in prowess and strength, great offspring of Actor,
Giving her gifts hymeneal, conducted her home to his mansion :
185 Him the revered old Phylas with much care nursed and instructed,
Treating him ev'n as his own dear son, and with tenderness loving.
Warlike Pisander the third troop led, stout Mæmalos' offspring ;
Next to the much-loved friend of Achilles Patroclus, Pisander
Far out-rivall'd in wielding the spear all Myrmidon heroes.
190 Phoenix the fourth troop led, the revered old valorous chieftain.
Daring Alcimedon marshall'd the fifth, famed son of Laërces.

Now when Achilles had marshall'd the whole troops, under his leader
Each man placing, he spoke, and in these words issued his orders :

“ Myrmidons, all that vengeance remember with which ye aforetime
195 Threaten'd the Trojans, when down by the swift-keel'd galleys assembled,
During my wrath, when ye blamed me, in these words angrily speaking :
' Cruel Achilles ! thy mother in wrath most certainly nursed thee,
Obdurate man ! who detain'st at the galleys thy comrades unwilling.
Home let the rest now go in our black sea-traversing galleys,
200 Seeing thy soul is possess'd with a wrath so intense and relentless.'
These things often ye said when assembled together, and truly,
Now comes war's tough labour, of which ye were erst so desirous ;
Wherefore let each man here with a brave heart fight 'gainst the Trojans.”

Thus having spoken, in all he aroused great spirit and prowess :
205 Closer they press'd in their ranks when they heard these words from
their monarch.

E'en as a man rears firmly the wall of an edifice lofty,
Building with well-join'd stones, to secure it from violent tempests :
So were their helmets and thick-boss'd shields press'd closely together.
Man upon man press'd, buckler on buckler, and helmet on helmet ;
210 Nodded the horse-hair cones of the crests all shining effulgent ;
Each seem'd join'd to the other, so dense were the serried battalions.
Arm'd in the front two warriors stood both eager to combat,
Leading the Myrmidon heroes, Automedon brave, and Patroclus.
Forth to his tent, howbeit, Achilles incontinent hasten'd,
215 Where he the lid of a large chest lifted, magnificent truly,
All ornamented with inlaid work, which the silvery-footed
Thetis had erewhile placed in his ship well furnish'd with garments,
Mantles the wind to withstand, and of close-wove arras abundance ;
Likewise a rich-chased goblet, from which, save godlike Peleides,
220 None dared dark wine drink, and from this did Peleides Achilles
Pour unto none but Kronion of all the Immortals libations.
First, with the vapour of sulphur he purified fully the goblet,
Cleansing, and afterwards washed in a rivulet lucid as crystal ;
Next, he his own hands bathed, and with dark wine filling the goblet,
225 Forth in the midst of the court-yard standing, he pour'd a libation,
Looking on high, not unmark'd by the thunder-rejoicing Kronion.

“ O thou Zeus Dodonean, Pelasgian, dwelling in heaven,
Ruling hyemal Dodona, thy prophets, the Selli, around thee
Walking with unwash'd feet, and who lie on the ground when they
slumber ;
230 Once thou didst list to my voice when I laid my petition before thee,

Honour bestowing on me, and the sons of Achaia afflicting :
 Oh do thou deign the petition to answer again which I proffer ;
 Here I myself will abide by the numerous ships, but my comrade
 Forth I will instantly send with the Myrmidon army to battle :

- 235 O far-sounding Kronion, with him send glory and honour,
 Courage implant in the heart in his breast, that illustrious Hector
 Even may now see whether my friend knows how to acquit him,
 Striving alone in the contest, or only when, raging beside him,
 Forward I go, and with strong hand join in the battle of Ares.
 240 After the roar of the fight he has push'd back far from the galleys,
 Grant that uninjured he meet me again at the fleet on returning
 Clad in his armour, along with his brave close-fighting companions."

- Such prayer proffer'd Achilles, and him Zeus answer'd propitious :
 Part of his suit great Zeus vouchsafed, but rejected the other ;
 245 Granting indeed that the battle and strife he should drive from the galleys ;
 Safe from the terrible fight to return, howbeit, denying.
 Thus having pray'd to Kronion, and pour'd a libation, Achilles
 Back to his own tent hasten'd, replacing the cup in the coffer.
 Erelong forth from the tent he again came, standing before it,
 250 Eagerly longing to witness the fight 'tween the Trojans and Argives.

Those that were arm'd, meanwhile, with the great-soul'd gallant
 Patroclus,

- Marching in order, advanced, and with high hopes rush'd on the Trojans.
 Forward they pour'd out, even as wasps by the wayside nestling
 Pour when attack'd, and excited to fury by mischievous striplings
 255 Ceaselessly harassing, causing to others abundant annoyance :
 Thither should some stray traveller passing by accident rouse them,
 All with a stout heart straight dart forth, for their progeny fighting.
 Even with such irresistible courage the Myrmidon heroes
 Pour'd from their galleys, unquenchable uproar and tumult exciting.

- 260 Then, loud shouting, the gallant Patroclus exhorted his comrades :
 " O brave Myrmidons, friends of Achilles the offspring of Peleus,
 Show yourselves men, my companions, remember impetuous valour ;
 Even that we, his attach'd close-fighting attendants may honour
 Show to the man who is truly the greatest of all the Achaians :
 265 Thus will the King Agamemnon Atreides, the ruler of peoples,
 Know that he err'd in disgracing the bravest by far of the Argives."

- Thus having spoken, in each he aroused great spirit and valour.
 Instant they fell on the Trojans in one dense mass, and the galleys
 Fearfully echoed around with the shouts sent forth by the Argives.
 270 Then, when the Trojans the son of Menœtios saw, with his gallant

- Charioteer too join'd, all glittering bright in his armour,
Falter'd the courage of each, and their close-set phalanxes stagger'd,
Deeming that brave swift-footed Achilles his wrath at the galleys
Now had at length cast off, and was friendly again with Atreides :
275 Each then looking around sought where to escape from destruction.
Foremost Patroclus himself took aim with his glittering javelin,
Right in the midst, as he opposite stood, where huddled together,
Closest they press'd at the stern of the galley of Protesilaos ;
Whereon he wounded Pyræchmes, who led the Pæonian horsemen,
280 Warriors valiant from Axios' widespread murmuring river :
Him on the shoulder he wounded, the right, upon which he supine fell
Low in the dust, loud groaning ; his friends the Pæonians near him
Putting to flight, for Patroclus inspired them with terror, their leader
Thus having slain at the galley, the bravest by far of their heroes.
285 Them from their fleet he expell'd, and extinguish'd the fire which was
blazing,
Leaving the ship half-burn'd, and the Trojans with terrible uproar
Routed ; the Danai then rush'd forward at once on the galleys,
Pouring upon them, and dreadful confusion and tumult created.
Even as lightning-compelling Kronion dispels from a mountain
290 Summit a threatening cloud, and the loftiest ridges and caverns
Plainly appear, and the infinite ether on high is illumined :
So for a brief space breathed the Achaians, the fire of the foemen
Back having driven. But short was the pause they enjoy'd from the
conflict,
Seeing the high-soul'd Trojans as yet were not totally routed ;
295 Driv'n from the black-hull'd ships by the valorous sons of Achaia,
Still they resisted, albeit necessity forced their withdrawal.
Then 'mong the stout chiefs man slew man in irregular struggles.
Foremost Menœtios' brave son smote with his glittering war-spear
Right in the thigh Areïlochos warlike, as round he was turning,
300 Driving the brass through, breaking the bone, when he instantly prostrate
Fell on the earth. Then smote Menelaus renown'd at the war-shout
Thoas, exposed by his shield, on the thorax, relaxing his muscles.
Whereupon Phylides, seeing illustrious Amphiclos coming,
Hasten'd before, took aim at the leg where brawny and thickest
305 Ever in man, at the calf, and the tendons incontinent sever'd,
Tearing the flesh with his javelin ; and darkness his eyes overshadow'd.
Nestor's renown'd sons next dash'd forward, Antilochos warlike
Wounding Atymnios brave on the thigh with his glittering javelin,
Whereon he fell at his feet ; then Maris, enraged for his brother,

- 310 Forth 'gainst Antilochos rush'd, and the two foes grappled together
Standing in front of the corse ; but advancing, his friend Thrasymedes
Aim'd ere he yet had Antilochos wounded, nor vainly, but smote him
Right on the shoulder ; the javelin, the top of the arm as it enter'd
Cut, and the muscles and flesh tore off from the bone they encircled ;
- 315 Instant he fell with a crash, and his eyes were in darkness o'ershadow'd.
Thus these two brave sons of renown'd Amisodaros warlike,
Him who the dreadful Chimæra invincible nurtured, to heroes
Many and famed death bringing, to Erebus dismal were banish'd,
Slain by the two bold brothers, companions of noble Sarpedon.
- 320 Afterwards, Aias Oileus' offspring, Cleobulos seizing,
Took him alive, jamm'd up in the crowd ; and at once with his hilted
Sharp sword struck him a blow on the gullet, relaxing his muscles.
Warm'd was the sword with his blood all over ; and destiny direful
Fell on the eyes of the hero, and black death him overshadow'd.
- 325 Peneleus brave in a close hand-fight next Lycon encounter'd :
Both having miss'd when they darted their spears, each other attacking,
Now rush'd eagerly on with their sharp swords ; Lycon, with huge
strength
Striking the cone of the helmet with horse-hair crested, his falchion
Broke at the hilt ; upon which stout Peneleus speedily struck him
- 330 Right on the neck, close under the ear, and the sword having enter'd,
Dangled the head now held by the skin, and relax'd were his muscles.
Warlike Meriones next struck Acamas mounting his carriage,
Hitting his shoulder, the right, having him overtaken in running :
Whereon he fell from his seat, and his eyes were in darkness o'ershadow'd.
- 335 Gallant Idomeneus smote on the mouth with his pitiless javelin
Erymas famed, and the brass spear pierced right through to the other
Side, just under the brain as it pass'd on, cleaving the white bones ;
Wrench'd were his teeth by the spear's sharp blow, and his eyes were
entirely
Cover'd with blood, which he, gaping, ejected with violent gurgling
- 340 Both from his mouth and his nostrils, in death's black cloud overshadow'd.
Thus then slew each man of the Danaad leaders his foeman.
Even as wolves upon lambs or on kids rush ravenous forward,
Snatching them up from the wandering flocks, by neglect of the shepherds
Left on the mountains, and, seeing them timorous, tear them in pieces :
- 345 So did the sons of Achaia advance on the Trojans, who, mindful
Only of flight dread-sounding, forgot their impetuous valour.
Still huge Aias in soul much long'd at illustrious Hector,
Aiming, his javelin to hurl, but in vain, for, acquainted with warfare,

Hector was aye with his bull's-hide shield well-screen'd on the shoulders,
350 Watching the clashing of spears, and the whizzing and hissing of arrows.
Full well knew he that victory now to the foe was inclining,
Nevertheless he remain'd to assist his belovèd companions.
E'en as a thick cloud spreads over heaven from lofty Olympus,
Erewhile calm and serene, when Kronion arouses a whirlwind :
355 Such was the flight and the clamour of those from the galleys retreating.
Order was none in the army, and Hector himself, in his armour
Borne by his fleet-hoof'd coursers, deserted the people of Troia,
Struggling, detain'd in their flight by the deep-dug trench and the
rampart.

Many a chariot, left at the rampart and fosse by the fleet-paced
360 Steeds, lay there with the poles at the farthest extremity broken.
Follow'd Patroclus, with vehemence cheering the Danai forward,
Death for the Trojans devising, who every road on retreating
Fill'd with confusion and rout : dense dust-clouds rolling in volumes
Rose to the heavens, from under the feet of the fugitive coursers,
365 Pressing in all haste forward to Troy from the ships and pavilions.
Gallant Patroclus himself, wherever he noticed confusion,
Thither advanced, loud threatening all : while under his axle
Men from their chariots fell, and the chariots rang, overturning.
Then from the opposite quarter the fleet-paced steeds, the immortal,
370 Those which the gods had bestow'd as magnificent gifts upon Peleus,
Eagerly over the trench he directed 'gainst Hector excited,
Longing to smite him, but Hector his swift steeds bore to a distance.
E'en as the whole dark earth is oppress'd in a morning autumnal
Under a whirlwind dreadful, when Zeus his impetuous rain-clouds
375 Pours forth, wrath in his bosom indulging 'gainst mortals, who stubborn,
Boldly pronounce false judgment when met in assembly together,
Justice perverting, and even the wrath of the gods disregarding :
Then all rivers of earth swell high as they flow into torrents,
Many a gentle declivity tearing asunder, and wasting,
380 Headlong flowing along to the ocean, with vehemence rushing,
Mightily roaring, destroying agrarian labours of mortals :
So fled forth, loud groaning, the steeds of the Trojans retreating.
Meanwhile gallant Patroclus the foremost phalanxes sever'd,
Driving them back to the ships, nor permitted them, much as they wish'd it,
385 Up to the high-built city to mount, but incontinent pressing
Mid-way between the defences of Troy and the ships and the river,
Slew them on all sides, taking tremendous revenge upon many.
Brave-soul'd Pronoös foremost he slew with his glittering javelin,

Striking his breast by his shield unprotected, relaxing his muscles ;
 390 Whereupon crashing he fell. Next Thestor the offspring of Enops
 Smote he, as low down cowering he sat in his glittering carriage,
 Struck with a panic, and trembling, the reins from his hands having
 fallen ;

Striking his right cheek through, to his white teeth driving the javelin.
 Seizing the spear, him down from the carriage he drew, as a fisher,
 395 Seated on some rude rock out-jutting, a fish from the water
 Draws to himself on the land with his line and its glittering tackle :
 So him gaping he dragg'd from his war-car down by his javelin,
 Hurling him prone on his mouth, upon which, as he fell, life left him.
 After, he struck with a huge hand-stone on the head Eryalos,
 400 Rushing upon him, his head into two halves instantly splitting,
 Under his strong casque ; then as he prone fell death overtook him.
 Next he Amphoteros slew, and Epaltes, and Erymas warlike,
 Pyris, and Echios stout, and Tlepolemos, son of Damastor,
 Ipheus, renown'd Polymelos, the offspring of Argeus, Euïppos ;
 405 These on the rich loam earth he promiscuous flung in his fury.

Whereupon, soon as Sarpedon perceived his ungirdled companions
 Wholly subdued by the hands of Patroclus, Menœtios' offspring,
 Shouting aloud, he exhorted the god-like Lycians, calling :

“ Shame, brave Lycians, why do ye fly ? come, show yourselves valiant,
 410 This man now I'll confront, that I speedily thus may discover,
 Who the victorious champion proves such havoc who worketh
 Here 'mong the Trojans, relaxing the muscles of many a hero.”

Speaking ; he leapt mail-clad on the ground from his glittering carriage.
 Seeing him, sprung forthwith from his chariot likewise Patroclus ;
 415 Whereupon, these two, even as bow-beak'd, crook-claw'd vultures
 Fight, loud-screaming the while, on a lofty precipitous mountain,
 Hastening on, loud-shouting, advanced, each other attacking.
 Kronos' son, great thundering Zeus, upon seeing them, pitied,
 Hera, his sister at once and his spouse, thus thereon addressing :
 420 “ Woe's me, alas ! that Sarpedon, the friend most dear to my bosom,
 Doom'd is at length to be quell'd by Menœtios' offspring, Patroclus.
 Truly, in thinking, my bosom a twofold trouble engrosses,
 Either to snatch him alive from the terrible battle, and place him
 Safe 'mong the Lycian people, or under Patroclus to quell him.”

425 Whereupon answer'd him speedily ox-eyed matronly Hera :
 “ Oh what words do I hear thee pronounce, dread offspring of Kronos ?
 Say dost thou wish to redeem from destruction a man who has long been
 Destined to die ? So do, but the other Immortals disown it.

Thee, moreover, I tell, and consider it well in thy bosom,
430 Truly if home to his mansion in safety thou sendest Sarpedon,
Think first whether perchance hereafter another Immortal
May not desire some loved son likewise to send from the conflict ;
Seeing indeed full many a son of the gods, the immortal,
Fights round the city of Priam, to whom great wrath thou'lt occasion.
435 Ruth if thou feelest for him who is dear to the soul in thy bosom,
Still in the hard-won fight let him fall by the hands of Patroclus ;
Death, howbeit, and sweet sleep send when the life and the spirit
Leave him, to bear him away 'mong the wide-spread Lycian people :
There will his brethren and kindred his funeral obsequies honour,
440 Rearing a pillar and tomb ; for the dead claim this as their portion."

Thus did she speak : and the father of gods and of men disobey'd not.
Whereon profuse blood-drops he distill'd on the earth, his beloved son
Greatly to honour, who now was about to be slain by Patroclus,
Far from the land of his sires, in the rich-loam'd region of Troia.
445 Then, when advancing, they near each other were drawing in battle,
Quickly Patroclus renown'd Thrasymelos, Sarpedon's companion,
Struck on the lowermost part of the belly, relaxing his muscles ;
Whereon Sarpedon attack'd with his glittering javelin Patroclus ;
Missing his aim, howbeit, but Pedasos wounding, his courser,
450 Full on his shoulder, the right, with his javelin ; and groaning his life
fled :

Falling at once in the dust, loud moaning his spirit departed.
Leapt now forward the two steeds left in the harness entangled,
Breaking the yoke as the side horse lay in the dust underneath them.
This misadventure Automedon remedied soon by his prowess :
455 Drawing his long hand-sword from his stout thigh forth, he the side horse
Now cut off, and effectual aid thus brought them when needed.
Whereon the two good steeds, disentangled, obeying the bridle,
Left the antagonists free to renew the destructive encounter.
Wander'd again howbeit the glittering spear of Sarpedon ;
460 Over Patroclus' shoulder, the left, pass'd quickly the weapon,
No wound giving : on which with his spear rush'd forward Patroclus :
Neither in vain did the javelin escape from his hand, but it struck him
Right on the spot where firmly the heart is enclosed in the midriff ;
Whereon he fell as an oak, or a tapering pine, or a poplar
465 Fell'd on the mountain by woodmen with new sharp axes for timber.
So he in front of his horses and chariots prostrate extended
Lay, now gnashing his teeth, now grasping the dust in his anguish.
E'en as a tawny and spirited lion a bull 'mong the oxen

- Slays, and he falls down, bellowing loud 'neath the jaws of the lion :
470 So was the chief of the shield-clad Lycians wroth and indignant,
Seeing himself thus slain by Patroclus, and call'd to his comrade :
 " Glaucos, beloved friend, oh it behoves thee 'mong warrior heroes,
Now to exhibit thyself as a chief both bold and decided ;
Oh if a brave heart beats in thy breast, haste joyful to battle.
475 Foremost of all, go round, and in every direction admonish
Each of the Lycian leaders to fight round heroic Sarpedon ;
Come on likewise thyself, and assist in the fight with thy weapon.
Cause of disgrace unto thee will I prove hereafter for ever,
Trust me, if, falling in battle, the Danaï capture my armour.
480 Come persevere, howbeit, and rouse each man in the army."'
 Speaking ; his breath was suspended by death and his eyes overshadow'd.
Speedily pressing his heel on his corslet Patroclus the javelin
Drew from the corse, with the vitals as well fast clinging around it :
Soon as the sharp spear forth had been drawn, life ebbing departed.
485 Panting, his steeds meanwhile all eager to fly from the battle
Firmly the Myrmidons held when they broke from their chariot traces.
Grief now seized upon Glaucos on hearing the voice of his comrade ;
Saddest of all was the thought no aid to be able to render.
Therefore his own arm holding with resolute grasp, he compress'd it,
490 Pain'd to the quick by the wound which the brave-soul'd Teucer had
 given him,
Wounding his arm with a swift-wing'd arrow when towards the rampart,
Eagerly running to ward off battle and death from his comrades.
Whereon in these words praying he urged far-darting Apollo :
 " Hear, O King, thou, whether in Lycia's plentiful region
495 Dwelling, or Troia, who everywhere hearest thy people who suffer,
Laden with sorrow, and such now weighs on the soul in my bosom :
This dire wound in my hand with severe pain tries me, and tortures ;
Every endeavour is fruitless the bleeding to stanch, and my shoulder
Even is pain'd ; and I neither advancing can rush 'gainst the hateful
500 Foemen, nor hold with precision my spear : moreover a hero,
Warlike Sarpedon, has fall'n, whom Kronion his father, assists not.
Heal my severe wound, O great King, and assuage my afflictions ;
Strength, oh grant, that, exhorting my Lycian friends, I may urge them
On to the battle, and combat myself for the corse of my comrade."
505 Praying he thus spoke : whereupon him heard Phœbus Apollo.
Quickly his pain he assuaged, and the dark gore wiped from his
 grievous
Wound, and instill'd both valour and strength in the soul in his bosom.

- Instantly knew in his mind brave Glaucos, and greatly rejoiced him,
 Finding the high god Phœbus had heard the petition he proffer'd.
- 510 First then, ranging the whole camp round, he excited the heroes,
 Such as were chiefs of the Lycian army, to fight for Sarpedon ;
 Afterwards, forward he went to the Trojans, to noble Agenor,
 Then to Polydamas gallant, immense strides taking in going.
 Warlike Æneas he sought, sought next brass-helmeted Hector ;
- 515 Whereupon, close by standing, in these wing'd words he address'd him :
 " Hector renown'd, thy confederate friends thou hast wholly forgotten,
 Men who are losing their lives far off from the land of their fathers,
 Ay, and for *thy* sake too ; yet succour thou none wilt accord them.
 Gallant Sarpedon, the chief of the shield-girt Lycian heroes,
- 520 Now lies low, who protected the State by his justice and valour :
 Him by the hands of Patroclus has Ares subdued with a javelin.
 Come, stand near, howbeit, my comrades, let valour inspire you,
 Ay, lest haply the Myrmidon chiefs of his armour despoil him,
 Treating the corse with dishonour, enraged on account of the Argives
- 525 Many and brave who have fall'n, cut down by our spears at the galleys."
- Spoke thus wrathful ; and grief insupportable seized on the Trojans,
 Seeing Sarpedon the stay of the State aye proved tho' a stranger ;
 Bravest himself, full many a stout band follow'd his leading.
 Therefore they eagerly rush'd 'gainst the Argives, and Hector the way led,
- 530 Wroth in his soul for the death of Sarpedon. But valiant Patroclus,
 Son of Menœtios, roused to oppose them the sons of Achaia.
 Foremost, the Aias twain he address'd, both ready for battle :
- " Prove your delight, O Aias twain, in repelling the foemen ;
 Show yourselves such as aforetime ever 'mong heroes, or braver
- 535 Even : Sarpedon has fall'n, the man who the wall of the Argives
 First broke through. Oh! would that we him could maltreat and dis-
 honour,
 Stripping the corse of its armour, and quelling perchance with the javelin
 Some of his friends now striving to keep us aloof from the body."
- Thus he address'd them—the twain full eager to rush to the rescue.
- 540 Then when their squares they had strengthen'd on both sides, Lycians
 Trojans,
 Myrmidons too, and Achaians, they fought round the corse of Sarpedon,
 Dreadfully shouting ; and rattled the bright brass glittering armour.
 Zeus meanwhile stretch'd over the field night's ruinous darkness,
 So as to cause more labour and strife round the corse of his offspring.
- 545 Foremost, the Trojans the bright-eyed Argives repulsed in the onslaught,
 Smiting a hero renown'd all over the Myrmidon army,

- Epigeus noble, the offspring of high-soul'd Agacles valiant,
He who aforetime populous Budion govern'd as ruler.
There, howbeit, a kinsman illustrious once having slaughter'd,
550 Flying, he hasten'd to Peleus and Thetis the silvery-footed ;
Whereon they sent him to steed-famed Troia, to combat the foemen
Under the guidance of brave rank-breaking Peleides Achilles.
Him then e'en while seizing the body, illustrious Hector
Struck on the head with a stone, into two halves instantly splitting,
555 Under his strong brass helmet ; on which in convulsions he prostrate
Fell on the body, by spirit-dissevering death overshadow'd.
Grieved was Patroclus in soul on account of his fall'n companion,
Whereon he rush'd straight forth to the van 'mong the valorous heroes.
Ev'n as a swift-wing'd hawk upon jackdaws pounces, and starlings :
560 So 'gainst the Trojans and Lycian bands, O gallant Patroclus,
Forth thou didst rush, rage swelling thy breast, to avenge thy companion.
Whereon he struck Sthenelaös, Ithæmenes' offspring belovèd,
Right on the neck with a huge hand-stone, and dissever'd the tendons :
Then brave Hector himself gave way, and the warriors foremost.
565 Even as far as the cast of a spear which a hero has darted,
Either when striving in spirit-dissevering war, or the circus :
So far backward retreated the Trojans, repulsed by the Argives.
Glaucos the chief of the stout spear-carrying Lycian heroes
First turn'd back, and magnanimous Bathycles slew with his javelin,
570 Much-loved offspring of Chalcon, who, mansions possessing in Hellas,
Long had conspicuous shone 'mong the Myrmidon races for riches :
Him then Glaucos a spear-thrust gave in the breast, in the centre,
E'en as he turn'd round quickly, on seeing himself overtaken.
Crashing he fell on the earth, and the Argives with sorrow were smitten
575 Deep in their breasts for a brave man slain ; but the Trojans, exulting,
Straight rush'd forward in masses, and stood : not forgetful of valour
Then were the Argives, but right on their front they directed their prowess.
Next was a far-famed champion slain by Meriones warlike,
Gallant Laogonos, son of Onetor the priest of Idæan
580 Zeus, who was honour'd indeed as a god by the whole of the people :
Under the jaw and the ear him smiting he slew ; from his stout limbs
Parted the soul, and the darkness of dread death him overshadow'd.
Whereon Æneas, in turn, on Meriones darted his brass spear,
Hoping to hit him, advancing with short steps, screen'd by his buckler :
585 Seeing it coming, Meriones nimbly avoided the javelin,
Stooping, and thus the immense brass spear in the ground was implanted,
Close at his back, and the weapon its force spent, quivering earth-fix'd.

Thus then enter'd the loam soil shaking the spear of Æneas,
Seeing it fled forth, vainly impell'd by the hand of the hero.

590 Then was Æneas enraged in his soul, and bespake, and address'd him :

“ Warlike Meriones, now thy career had for ever been ended,
Nimble albeit thou art, if the swift-wing'd weapon had struck thee.”

Whereupon him in return thus gallant Meriones answer'd :

“ Hard it were truly for thee, how brave soever, Æneas,
595 Courage in all brave men to extinguish, whoever against thee
Comes, undertaking to vanquish ; thyself being likewise a mortal.
Yes, if I, aiming, should thee strike full on the breast with my javelin,
Dauntless albeit thou art, and relying alone on thy prowess,
Glory to me thou shouldst give, and to steed-famed Hades thy spirit.”

600 Spoke : but Menœtios' loved son, gallant Patroclus, rebuked him :

“ Why dost thou such words utter, Meriones, valiant tho' reckon'd ?
Never, my friend, will the Trojans withdraw and relinquish the body,
Yielding to mere taunts ; earth will have claim'd some ere they are van-
quish'd.

Hands are the weapons for war, words only are useful in counsel :

605 Therefore I say no vain words use, but away to the battle !”

Spoke ; and the way led ; follow'd anon by the warrior hero.

E'en as the falling and crashing of wood cut down by the hewers
Loudly resounds from the hollow of some deep glen in a mountain :
So did the clashing of two-edged javelins and glittering war-spears

610 Loudly reverberate round thro' the wide-spread campaign before them :

Leather and bright brass rang and the tough bull-hides of their bucklers.
Neither could one, though quick to discriminate, noble Sarpedon
Recognise now, as he lay in the dust of the dreadful encounter,
Marred from his head to the soles of his feet with their weapons and
war-slime.

615 Still they surrounded the corse of the hero. As humming at springtime
Flies thick buzz at the stall round the milk-pail full to o'erflowing :

So at the body they crowded anon ; nor did mighty Kronion
Ever his bright eyes turn from the terrible fight they engaged in.
Gazing, he look'd all 'round, and devised in his innermost bosom

620 Many a woe for Menœtios' brave son, pondering deeply

Whether illustrious Hector should slay him at once in the struggle
Over Sarpedon, and strip from his shoulders the armour, or whether
Still he should cause more labour and woes to the multitude fighting.
After mature thought thus he resolved, that the friend of Achilles,

625 Peleus' offspring, should brass-arm'd Hector repulse and the Trojans
Towards the city, and slay in the fight full many a hero.

- Foremost of all, he possess'd brave Hector with dastardly terror,
Whereon he leap'd on his carriage for flight, recommending the other
Trojans to fly, for he recognised inly the scales of Kronion.
- 630 Even the valorous Lycian heroes remain'd not, but forthwith
Fled on beholding their famed king pierced to the heart, and extended
Laid 'mong the heap of the dead ; full many around having fallen,
While great Kronos' son stretch'd out to the utmost the battle.
So, when the arms they had stripp'd from the shoulders of noble Sarpedon,
- 635 Shining with brass, the illustrious son of Menœtios gave them
Into the hands of his warlike companions to bear to the galleys.
Then, cloud-urging Kronion bespoke thus Phœbus Apollo :
 " Come, dear Phœbus Apollo, anon cleanse noble Sarpedon,
Drawing him forth from the blood-smear'd dust and the weapons, and
 bearing
- 640 Thence far off to the stream of the murmuring river to lave him ;
Then with ambrosia sprinkle, and clothe him with vestments immortal ;
Giving him afterwards over in charge to the twin-born brothers,
Slumber and Death, swift bearers, to carry the corse to a distance,
Even to Lycia, there to be laid in its opulent region.
- 645 There will his brethren and kindred his obsequies celebrate nobly,
Rearing a pillar and tomb ; for the dead are entitled to honour."
Spoke : nor did Phœbus the voice of his sire disregard when he
 heard it :
Down he descended from Ida, and sped forth toward the battle.
Quickly removing from under the numerous weapons Sarpedon,
- 650 Safe he convey'd him away to the far-off river, and laved him,
Then with ambrosia sprinkled, and girded with vestments immortal ;
Giving him afterwards over in charge to the twin-born brothers,
Slumber and Death, swift bearers, to carry the corse to a distance,
Even to Lycia's wide-spread state, where lying, they left him.
- 655 Meanwhile, cheering Automedon on, and his coursers, Patroclus
Rush'd to his fate, straight after the Trojans and Lycians flying.
Foolish indeed ! if he only had heeded the words of Achilles,
Destiny direful and death's dark doom had not then overwhelm'd him.
No ; but Kronion's decrees thwart earth-born men and their counsels.
- 660 Often the brave man puts he to flight, and from honour and glory
Easily hinders, although by himself urged on to the combat,
Even as now, when he roused great courage and strength in the hero.
Say whom first, whom last, didst thou slay, O valiant Patroclus,
Now, when thy doom was pronounced and the great gods led thee to ruin ?
- 665 Foremost Adrastos he slew, and Antonoös, Echeolos warlike,

Perimos, offspring of Megas, Epistor, and brave Melanippos,
Afterwards, Elastos, gallant Pylartes, and Mulios noble :
These he indeed struck down, but the others escaped from the combat.
Troy with its high gates verily then had the Danaï captured,
670 Led by Patroclus, above all others excited, and raging,
Had not Apollo himself on a high tower stood to oppose him,
Evils against him devising, and succour according the Trojans.
Valiant Patroclus indeed thrice mounted a battlement lofty,
Thrice eke Phœbus Apollo repulsed him with violent fury,
675 Striking the glittering shield of the chief with his hand, his immortal.
Rushing at length for the fourth time on like a god in appearance,
Thus far-darting Apollo divine him fearfully menaced :

“ Zeus-sprung valiant Patroclus, withdraw hence ; Fate has not destined
Prowess of thine should the rampart of well-built Troia demolish,
680 No, nor the prowess of one thy superior, noble Achilles.”

Thus did he speak : and Patroclus retired far back from the combat,
Shunning the roused-up anger of great far-darting Apollo.
Meanwhile brave-soul'd Hector, in doubt as to whether, advancing
Forth 'mid the crowd, he should fight, or should order the people to gather
685 All inside, at the Scaean gates still stood with his coursers.
Whereon to him, thus doubting, approach'd great Phœbus Apollo,
Taking the form of a hero at once both youthful and daring,
Asios brave, by his mother the uncle of valorous Hector,
Brother of Hecuba honour'd, and offspring of Dymas, whose dwelling
690 Far by the river Sangarios stood, in the Phrygian region.
Phœbus Apollo assuming his form thus Hector accosted :

“ Why dost thou cease from the fight, O Hector ? it hardly becomes
thee.

Would I surpass'd thee as far as I know I'm beneath thee in prowess !
Then, to thy own great loss, thou shouldst quickly relinquish the battle.
695 Come, howbeit, advance with thy firm-hoof'd steeds 'gainst Patroclus,
Haply thou him mayest slay, and achieve great glory thro' Phœbus.”

Thus having spoken : Apollo again sped forth to the combat.
Hector on *his* part too now ordered Cebriones warlike
Forward to lash to the battle his steeds, while Phœbus Apollo,
700 Hastening, enter'd the crowd, and a wide-spread tumult and uproar
Raised 'mong the Argives, but glory bestow'd on the Trojans and Hector.
Whereupon Hector desisted from slaying the other Achaians,
Urging with fury his firm-hoof'd steeds straight towards Patroclus.
Leap'd on the ground from his chariot likewise Patroclus on *his* part,
705 Holding his glittering spear in his left hand ; then with the other

Seized an immense stone, white, and of rough mould fitting his huge gripe :
Using his whole strength, forward he launch'd it ; nor wander'd the
missile

Far from the mark, nor in vain was it hurl'd, for it struck on the
forehead

Valiant Cebriones, spurious offspring of Priam the monarch,

710 Hector's illustrious charioteer, while holding the horses.

Crush'd were his eyebrows both by the stone, for the bone did not save
them ;

Whereon his eyes fell low in the dust at his feet ; and himself then

Like to a diver was pitch'd from his well-form'd chariot lifeless.

Afterwards him thou insultedst in these words, noble Patroclus :

715 " Gods of Olympus behold ! most nimbly he dives of a surety !

Oh if he only were out on the deep sea teeming with fishes,

Many a mouth he might right well fill were he dredging for oysters,

Throwing himself from his ship, how stormy soever the surges,

Seeing he dives with alacrity here on the plain from his carriage !

720 Divers beyond doubt many and bold may be found 'mong the Trojans."

Thus having spoken ; he rush'd straight on 'gainst Cebriones war-
like.

E'en as a lion is wounded perchance in the breast when a sheep-fold

Ravaging fiercely, and dies, of his own great courage the victim :

So didst thou spring on Cebriones brave, O valiant Patroclus ;

725 While upon *his* part Hector renown'd leap'd down from his carriage.

Then for Cebriones these two now fought even as lions

Combat with courage, when hungry, for some slain stag on a mountain.

These twain heroes renown'd in the fight for Cebriones struggled,

Valiant Patroclus, Menœtios' son, and illustrious Hector,

730 Eager to pierce each other, and slay with the pitiless javelin.

Hector the corse having seized by the head, held fast and detain'd it ;

Valiant Patroclus on *his* part too by the foot held firmly :

While the Achæians and Trojans again closed, furious fighting.

E'en as the east and the south winds strive, each other engaging,

735 Down in the glens of a mountain, a deep wood-shaking, of ash tree,

Old gnarled cornel or beech, and their long boughs, crashing together,

Strike loud sounding above, while timbers are creaking and breaking :

So did the Trojans and Danai spring forth, each on the other,

Death upon all sides dealing, for flight both equally hated.

740 Many a sharp brass javelin was fix'd in Cebriones gallant,

Many a wing'd shaft too went bounding along from the bow-string ;

Huge stones many the bright brass shields of the combatants batter'd,

Closing him in ; but himself with his great bulk large space filling
Lay amid dust clouds whirling around, of his glory unconscious.

- 745 Even as long as the sun bright-flaming ascended the heavens,
So long shaft cross'd shaft, upon both sides slaughter inflicting :
Soon howbeit, as towards the west he had pass'd in his circuit,
Contrary even to Fate, the Achaians had gain'd the advantage ;
Then they the hero Cebriones forth from the weapons destructive
750 Drew, and the strife of the Trojans, and stripp'd from his shoulders the
armour.

- Now 'gainst the Trojans Patroclus advanced, great evils devising :
Thrice with the courage of swift-wing'd Ares he charged, and in charging
Horribly shouted ; and thrice slew thrice three valorous heroes :
Then when he came for the fourth time charging, a god in appearance,
755 Plainly the end of thy life drew near, O valiant Patroclus,
Phœbus Apollo, terrific in battle, himself having met thee.
Nathless he him, as he came on straight thro' the army, perceived not,
Seeing he shrouded himself in a cloud while joining the battle.
Standing, he him now smote with the palm of his hand on the shoulders
760 Broad, and the back, when his eyes swam dizzy, with giddiness stricken.
Next great Phœbus Apollo the oblong casque from his temples
Struck, and it roll'd on under the feet of the steeds, loud rattling,
Cover'd with war-slime over ; albeit before it had never,
Crested with horse-hair, suffer'd from blood-stain'd slime in the battle,
765 Seeing before it had shielded the head of a warrior godlike,
Even the sacred brow of Achilles ; but Zeus unto Hector
Gave it his head to adorn ; for his own death-doom was approaching.
Soon was the stout long-shadowèd spear brass-pointed and mighty
Shiver'd to pieces and broke in his hand ; and his buckler, extending
770 Even as far as his heels, fell down on the ground with its girdle :
Whereupon Phœbus, the son of Kronion, unfasten'd his corslet.
Trembled his weak hands now, for his brain was o'ertaken with stupor ;
Stunn'd and astonish'd he stood. But a famous Dardanian hero,
Gallant Euphorbos, the offspring of Panthus, who all of his own age
775 Rivall'd in horsemanship, running, and close-spear fighting, attack'd him,
Striking him hard with his sharp brass spear on the back, at the shoulders.
Even already he twice ten heroes had hurl'd from their horses
Headlong, when first he engaged in the chariot fight as a novice.
Foremost of all, this man, O valiant Patroclus, his weapon
780 Hurl'd to attack thee ;—in vain, for he soon ran back, with the army
Mingling, his spear from thy trunk having first drawn forth ; nor thy
coming

Waited, Patroclus, albeit thyself stripp'd naked of armour.

Nathless, Patroclus, subdued by the blow of the god, and the javelin,
Now drew back ; death shunning by joining the crowd of his comrades.

785 Hector, on seeing Menoetios' high-soul'd offspring retiring,
Struck with a brass spear, hasten'd along thro' the ranks, and ap-
proaching

Him in the lowermost part of the groin struck, driving the point through.
Crashing he fell, and with deep grief sorrow'd the sons of Achaia.

E'en as a lion and boar unsubdued, on the ridge of a mountain

790 Fight for a murmuring rill, and they both, high-spirited, struggle,
Eager to drink, and the lion the boar quells dreadfully panting :
So in the close spear-fight, huge Hector, the offspring of Priam,
Smote, and deprived of his life, brave-hearted Menoetios' loved son,
Many himself who had slain ; and in wing'd words spoke and exulted :

795 "Doubtless, Patroclus, the thought of thy mind was to ravage our
city,

Carrying off in thy ships to the land of thy fathers our Trojans,
Matrons and maidens, the day of their freedom for ever departed.

Foolish indeed ! for the swift-limb'd horses of Hector, advancing,
Rush'd to the war ; and myself spear-famed 'mong the valorous Trojans,

800 That dire day will avert ; and the vultures and dogs shall devour thee.
Ill-starr'd wight ! nor did godlike Achilles, who linger'd behind thee,
Brave howsoever, assist thee, tho' thus, on thy going, he counsell'd :
'Do not return to the black-hull'd ships, O chieftain Patroclus,
Ere thou the blood-stain'd tunic hast torn from the shoulders of Hector.'

805 Such was his counsel, which thee, too credulous, lightly persuaded."

Languidly breathing, thou spak'st in reply, O chieftain Patroclus :

"Hector, exult now e'en to the full, for success in the combat
Mighty Kronion and Phoebus to thee have awarded, who, doubtless,
Easily quell'd me, themselves having stripp'd from my shoulders the
armour.

810 Twenty had died here such as thyself, had they dared my encounter.
Phoebus, the offspring of Leto, and Fate me hapless have conquer'd
Under Euphorbos ; and, third, me dying, thou stripp'st of my armour.
This, moreover, I tell thee, and ponder it well in thy bosom,
Hector, not long shalt thou live, no, even already beside thee

815 Death and malign Fate stand, brave Peleus' son the avenger."

Thus having spoken ; the darkness of death him quick overshadow'd.

Whereon his soul fled forth from his corse, and departed to Hades,
Mourning his lot in relinquishing youth and exuberant vigour.

Answer'd the dead man thus brave Hector the tamer of horses :

820 “ Why unto me dost thou prophesy sudden destruction, Patroclus ?
Who knows whether the offspring of fair-hair'd Thetis, Achilles,
May not himself be the foremost to die, struck down by my javelin ?”

Thus having spoken ; the sharp brass blade from the wound he extracted,
Pressing him down with his heel, from the spear him prostrate releasing.

825 Next, with his spear in his hand, he advanced 'gainst Automedon gallant,
Godlike attendant of brave swift-footed Peleides Achilles,
Eager to slay ; but the coursers immortal, presented to Peleus
Erst by the gods as a gift, soon bore him afar from the battle.

END OF BOOK SIXTEENTH.

BOOK SEVENTEENTH.

- WARLIKE Patroclus, Menoetios' son, thus quell'd by the Trojans,
Fell not unmark'd by his friend, Menelaus, of Ares beloved, who
Thereupon, bright brass-girt, thro' the front-rank combatants hasten'd.
Round him he walk'd as a heifer acquainted with yearnings maternal,
5 Now for the first time moans round her new-born calf on a meadow :
So strode brave, fair-hair'd Menelaus round gallant Patroclus,
Holding his spear in his hand, and his full-orb'd buckler before him,
Death to the hero denouncing who rashly should dare to oppose him.
Neither indeed did the spear-famed offspring of Panthoös valiant
10 Blameless Patroclus forget, now fallen ; but towards him going,
Near him he stood, and in these harsh words Menelaus accosted :
 “ Great Menelaus Atreides, of Zeus sprung, leader of armies,
Yield thou, the dead corse leave, and the blood-stain'd armour relinquish ;
No spear forth from the Trojans impell'd, or their glorious allies,
15 Rivall'd in promptness my own good javelin, in smiting Patroclus :
Therefore the glory I claim me grant, in the sight of the Trojans,
Else I shall thee forthwith of thy sweet life rob with my weapon.”
Whereon, in huge wrath, answer'd him fair-hair'd, brave Menelaus :
 “ Gods ! to applaud one's-self is in no wise meet or befitting.
20 Neither the might of a wild-boar, panther, or lion destructive,
Raging with terrible strength in their breasts, and infuriate courage,
Once may compare with the boasting of spear-famed Panthoös' offspring.
Yet not the strength of the wild-horse breaking, renown'd Hyperenor
Lived to enjoy youth's vigour, when me he opposed and upbraided,
25 Calling me openly even the dastard of all the Achaians ;
Neither, I ween, did he home on his feet thereafter returning,
Gratify both his beloved wife's heart and the heart of his parents :
So shall I likewise thy strength lay low if thou darest oppose me.
Come, I advise thee, relinquish thy claim ; go back to thy comrades,

- 30 Stand not against me, lest some dire evil perchance overtake thee ;
Yes, for the man is a fool who perceives things only when ended.”
Thus he address'd him ; but sway'd not the mind of the hero, who
answer'd :
- “ Now, yes, now Menelaus, the death of my valorous brother,
Struck by thy blade, thou shalt rue, e'en him over whom thou exuldest ;
35 Ay, thou hast widow'd his wife, left lone in her bridal apartment,
Causing besides sad mourning and woe to his sorrowing parents.
Gods ! unto these, most wretched indeed, it were some consolation
Doubtless, if, bearing thy armour away, and thy head, I should throw them
Down at the feet of disconsolate Phrontis and Panthoös noble.
- 40 Now shall the fight show whether success or defeat be the issue.”
Speaking, he smote him at once on the full-orb'd shield, in the middle :
Nathless the brass did not penetrate through, for the point of the javelin
Bent in the stubborn shield. Then brave Menelaus Atreides
Rush'd with his brass spear on, first praying to Father Kronion.
- 45 Him while backward retiring, he smote low down on the gullet,
Thrusting the sharp point home, on his strong hand firmly relying ;
Enter'd the brass forthwith, and the soft neck pierced of the hero,
Whereon he fell with a crash, and his armour resounded around him :
Dabbled with blood were his locks, which were flowing as those of the
Graces,
- 50 Likewise his ringlets, with silver and gold cord richly inwoven.
E'en as a husbandman carefully rears a luxuriant olive,
Growing on some lone spot where springs gush copious bubbling
Foster'd by favouring breezes, it undulates gently and prospers ;
Budding, its white flowers soon it expands, bright-shining, prolific ;
- 55 Suddenly rises a storm, howbeit, and blowing with fury,
Stretches it out on the earth, torn up by the wind from the furrow :
So was Euphorbos, the offspring of Panthoös, famed at the ash spear,
Slain by renown'd, fair-hair'd Menelaus, and stript of his armour.
E'en as a hill-rear'd lion, his own strength trusting and courage,
- 60 Seizes a heifer, the best of the herd, as they graze on the meadow,
Breaking its neck, he amain with his strong teeth tears it and crunches :
Lapping its blood, he devours it, and gorges himself on the entrails :
Herdsman and dogs meanwhile all shouting aloud from a distance,
Cautiously circling him round, disinclined, mayhap, to approach him ;
- 65 Pale fear suddenly seizing his awe-struck ruthless pursuers :
So none dared in his soul to encounter the glorious hero.
Then had the offspring of Atreus renown'd, fair-hair'd Menelaus,
Easily borne thence Panthoös' son's rich armour, but Phœbus

Grudged him success, and incontinent roused brave Hector against him,
70 Dreadful as Ares ; and taking the form of the champion Mentès,
Chief of the Cicones, spoke, and in these wing'd accents excited :

“ Hector, in vain thou exertest thy uttermost strength in pursuing
Noble *Æacides'* steeds ; to control them aright would require skill,
Such as indeed no earth-born charioteer is possess'd of,
75 Saving Achilles himself, who was born of a mother immortal.
Meanwhile brave Menelaus, the warrior offspring of Atreus,
Shielding Patroclus, has slain the renown'd of the Trojans, Euphorbos,
Panthoös' offspring, and caused him desist from impetuous valour.”

Thus having spoken, the god went back to the battle of mortals ;
80 Whereupon deep-fix'd grief in his dark soul seized upon Hector.
Looking around thro' the ranks of the host he descried Menelaus
Bearing the well-known radiant armour away, and the other
Stretch'd on the ground, while red blood flow'd from the wound in his
gullet.

Then in his glittering brass he advanced to the warrior front ranks,
85 E'en as the flame, the unquenchable flame of Hephaistos, and shouted
Shrilly and loud : nor escaped he the notice of brave Menelaus,
Atreus' offspring, who, sighing aloud, with his great soul communed :
“ Well, if I leave this glorious armour behind, and Patroclus,
Here laid low while seeking my glory, I dread lest indignant
90 Some 'mong the ranks of the Danaï prove, mayhap on beholding :
Ay, but again, if alone I with Hector contend and the Trojans,
Merely from shame, then multitudes hasting mayhap might surround me.
Hither renown'd, crest-flourishing Hector is leading the Trojans.
Why does the soul in my breast, howbeit, so anxiously commune ?
95 Truly, a man who, opposed to the deities, fights with a hero
Favour'd by one of the Powers, is obnoxious to certain destruction.
Therefore 'mong all the Achaians not one who beholds me will censure,
Even tho' flying from Hector, who, sure, by a god is befriended.
Oh, if I only could hear brave Aias, renown'd in the war-shout,
100 Then with conjoin'd strength both would return, and be mindful of battle !
Oh, if we only the corse could secure for the sake of Achilles,
Even opposed by the gods ! hard task, yet less than the other !”

While he was thus with his great soul these things calmly debating,
Marching, the Trojans advanced straight on, led forward by Hector ;
105 Then Menelaus, albeit unwilling, withdrew from the body,
Ofttimes turning in going. As shepherds and dogs with their javelins
Drive from the stall, with tremendous confusion and clamour, a shaggy
Lion, whose bold heart scorns to retreat, and retires with reluctance :

- So fair-hair'd Menelaus relinquish'd the corse of Patroclus.
- 110 Then having turn'd, he again stood firm, upon reaching his comrades,
Searching with keen eye where he might find Telamonian Aias.
Him he perceived ere long on the left of the wide-spread battle,
Rousing his many companions, and urging them on to the combat,
Phoebus himself having fill'd them with heaven-sent, dire consternation.
- 115 Running, he hasten'd, and, standing incontinent, spoke, and address'd him :
 " Hither at once, dear friend, in defence of the fallen Patroclus :
 Oh, if we only his corse could convey to his friend, for his armour
 Even already is lost, now own'd by illustrious Hector !"
Thus he address'd him, and roused the impetuous courage of Aias,
- 120 Straight who advanced to the van with the chief, fair-hair'd Menelaus.
Meanwhile Hector renown'd, having stript of his radiant armour
Warlike Patroclus, was dragging the corse, foul deeds in his bosom
Planning, the head from the trunk to dissever, and cast to the vultures
Loathsome of Troia, when Aias approach'd like a tower with his buckler.
- 125 Seeing him, Hector withdrew, and retreated anon 'mong his comrades,
Mounting his chariot-seat forthwith, but the beautiful armour
Gave to the Trojans to bear to the town, great glory to bring him.
Huge Telamonian Aias the while, still screen'd with his buckler
Warlike Menoetios' son, as a lioness covers her young ones ;
- 130 Full against which, as her cubs she is leading, the huntsmen assembled
Rush in the woods, while conscious of courage and might undisputed,
Veils she her fierce eyes, drawing her eyebrows shaggy together :
Thus round the hero Patroclus' corse walk'd valorous Aias.
Opposite still stood Atreus' son, Menelaus Atreides,
- 135 Sorrow unspeakable weighing him down, more poignant than ever.
Wroth, meanwhile, the illustrious chief of the Lycian heroes,
Glaucos, the son of Hippolochos famed, thus Hector upbraided :
 " Brave in appearance alone, ineffective in warfare and battle !
 Fame thou possessest without good right, thou art only a dastard ;
- 140 Think now, how wilt thou save both city and citadel, Hector,
Merely with citizen bands to assist thee ? for, trust me, 'tis certain
None of the Lycians ever will fight for the town 'gainst the Argives,
Seeing reward there is none for incessantly fighting the foeman.
How wilt thou, dastard, preserve an inferior man in the army,
- 145 Thou who hast suffer'd the guest in thy house, and companion Sarpedon,
Now to become but a prey and a spoil to the sons of Achaia ?
Living, of rare worth truly he proved to thyself and the city,
Him, howbeit, thou leavest the dogs and the vultures to mangle.
Therefore, ye Lycian warriors all, if ye only obey me,

- 150 Back to your country return, and the city will utterly perish.
Oh, if the Trojans possess'd that confident daring and courage
Heroes possess who attempt great things in behalf of their country,
Fighting the foe, we might drag into Ilium fallen Patroclus.
Ay, if he lifeless should enter the wide-spread city of Priam
- 155 Drawn by ourselves from the fight, him gladly the Argives would ransom ;
Giving Sarpedon himself and his arms to be brought to the city ;
Seeing his henchman has fallen, the bravest by far of the Argives
Left at the galleys, whose servants are close-hand combating heroes.
Nevertheless thyself hast not ventured magnanimous Aias
- 160 Even to stand and oppose, or his keen eye dared to encounter,
Combating valiantly him than thyself more famous in battle.”
Frowning with scorn, him answer'd in turn crest-glittering Hector :
“ Why dost thou, far-famed chief, thus boast, good Glaucos, inform me ?
Friend, I was foolish enow to suppose thou excelled'st in prudence
- 165 Every one else who inhabits the region of Lycia fertile ;
Hearing thee thus speak now, howbeit, I censure thy judgment,
Seeing thou sayest I dare not confront Telamonian Aias.
Battle I never have fear'd, nor the thundering clatter of horses :
Nathless the purpose of ægis-upholding Kronion prevaieth,
- 170 Often he putteth the hero to flight, and depriveth of glory,
Even the man whom himself had before urged bravely to combat.
Hither, my friend, howbeit, and see for thyself my achievements ;
Either a dastard I'll prove, as thou sayest, or some of the Argives,
Eager albeit, I'll keep from defending the corse of Patroclus.”
- 175 Thus having spoken, the Trojans he cheer'd on, loudly exclaiming :
“ Lycians, Trojans, and brave close-fighting Dardanian heroes,
Show yourselves men, dear friends, and remember impetuous valour,
While I myself in the armour of noble Achilles begird me,
Beautiful, bright, which I stript from Patroclus renown'd, having slain
him.”
- 180 This having said, crest-flourishing Hector the vehement battle
Quitted, with great speed running, and soon came up to his comrades,
Now close by, and pursued with a swift foot those who were bearing
Towards the wide-spread city the far-famed arms of Achilles.
Whereon his armour he changed, having sideways turn'd from the battle,
- 185 Giving his own to the war-bred Trojans to carry to Troia,
While he himself put on the magnificent arms of Achilles,
Peleus's son, which the gods, the immortal, had given to his father
Greatly belovèd ; but now grown old, on his son he bestow'd them :
Old, howbeit, the son did not grow in the arms of his father.

- 190 Now when the mighty Olympian god, cloud-urging Kronion,
Saw him apart in the armour immortal of godlike Pelides,
Shaking his head, with his own great soul he in these words communed :
“ Ah ! most luckless of men, dire death, now surely approaching,
Enters not once in thy thoughts ; but thyself in the armour thou girdest
195 Now of a man most valiant, at whose sight many have trembled.
Ay, thou hast slain his companion beloved, brave truly and gentle,
Stripping the armour he wore from his corse in a manner unseemly ;
Nevertheless I will give unto thee great glory and honour
Here, to compensate thy doom, for Andromache never Pelides’
200 Beautiful arms shall receive at thy hands on returning from battle.”

- Ended Kronion, and nodded anon with his dark thick eyebrows.
Meanwhile Hector the arms found apt, and the spirit of Ares,
Warrior dread, then enter’d within him, his muscles and sinews
Filling with courage and strength ; and he straightway follow’d the allies,
205 Shouting aloud on his way : and to all he resembled in figure,
Glittering bright in his arms, the illustrious offspring of Pelæus.
Passing along, he aroused each chief with the words which he utter’d,
Mesthles, and Glaucos, and Medon, Thersilochos, Asteropæos,
Ennomos, Chromios, Phorcys, Hippothoös brave, and Disenor :
210 All these heroes addressing, in wing’d words thus he exhorted :

- “ Hear me, ye numberless bands of confederates dwelling around us,
Know that I did not assemble you here, each man from his city,
Wishing a multitude great to command, but to gain your assistance
Freely, to shield from the Argives the children and wives of the Trojans.
215 Pondering such great things, I exhaust the supplies of provisions
Stored for my own brave bands, that by yours no want might be suffer’d.
Wherefore at once turn round, and let each man fight as becomes him,
Whether he perish or live, as may chance in the fortune of battle.
Now whosoever among you shall bear to the horsemen of Troia
220 Fallen Patroclus, and cause brave Aias to yield, unto that man
Half of the spoils will I give, for my own use keeping the other ;
Ay, and besides he shall share with myself in the glory that waits us.”

Thus he address’d them ; and raising their spears they advanced ’gainst
the Argives,

- Marching compactly to battle ; from brave Telamonian Aias
225 Eagerly hoping the corse of the dead forthwith to recover.
Foolish ! for Aias dismiss’d full many a soul in the struggle ;
Thus Menelaus, renown’d in the war-shout foremost addressing :

“ O Zeus-bred Menelaus, my friend, no longer in good sooth
Deem I that even ourselves will return back safe from the battle.

230 Less do I fear, notwithstanding, be sure, for the corse of Patroclus,
Destined to satiate early the dogs and the vultures of Troia,
Less do I tremble for such, than for this same head, lest it suffer,
Ay, and for thine ; for illustrious Hector himself, like a war-cloud,
All things darkens, and brings to our quell'd ranks utter destruction ;

235 Oh, if they only will hear us, the Danaad champions summon."

These were his words ; nor did brave Menelaus, renown'd in the war-cry,
Once disobey, but he shouted aloud, to the Danai calling :

" O my beloved friends, leaders and counsellors sage of the Argives,
Men who conjoin'd with myself and the king Agamemnon Atreides
240 Drink from the public reserves, and who bear rule over the armies ;
Raised by Kronion alone to the summit of honour and glory :
Difficult were it for me, of a surety, to each of the leaders
Singly to look, for on all sides rages the tumult of battle.

On, howbeit, let some one advance, great wrath in his bosom

245 Nurturing e'en as he thinks of Patroclus the sport of the dogs of the
Trojans."

Thus he address'd them ; and thereon Oilean Aias, the nimble,
First from the opposite side rush'd on thro' the throng of the combat,
Warlike Idomeneus next, and Meriones gallant, his henchman,
Equal in prowess and strength to the great man-slaughtering Ares,
250 Who in his own mind even could number the names of the others,
Warriors famous, who led once more the Achaians to battle.
Foremost the close-rank'd Trojans advanced, led forward by Hector.
Ev'n as a river debouching, whose stream flows forth from Kronion,
Huge waves roaring its course interrupting, and causing the lofty
255 Rock-girt shore to resound all round while lash'd by the billows :
So with a loud shout forward the Trojans advanced ; but the Argive
Chiefs, as with one soul, still stood watching the corse of Patroclus,
Guarding themselves with their shields, while over their glittering helmets
Mighty Kronion a thick haze pour'd, for he did not aforetime
260 Hatred at heart 'gainst Menoetios' loved son feel, who, when living,
Henchman had been to Achilles ; he therefore was loth to consign him
Over a prey to the vultures and dogs of his foemen, the Trojans ;
Wherefore he now roused up his companions and friends to defend him.
Foremost the Trojans, attacking the dark-eyed Danai, broke them,
265 Whereupon leaving the dead corse there they retired ; nor did any
Fall by the spears of the high-soul'd Trojans, tho' eager to slay them,
Only the body they dragg'd. Yet the Argives withdrew but a short time,
Soon being rallied by Aias, who, saving the offspring of Peleus,
Greatly surpass'd all others in noble exploits and appearance.

- 270 There he the front ranks scatter'd, in prowess and vigour resembling
Some wild boar in a mountain, which, standing at bay, thro' the forest
Lightly disperses afar both dogs and hilarious striplings :
Thus did the son of illustrious Telamon, valorous Aias,
Once having made the attack, wide scatter the squares of the Trojans,
- 275 Even the men who surrounded the corse of Patroclus, expecting
Him to the city to drag, and achieve great glory and honour.
Gallant Hippothoös, far-famed son of Pelasgian Lethos,
Meanwhile on thro' the well-fought battle was dragging the body,
First having fasten'd a strap to the ankle, encircling the tendon,
- 280 Greatly delighting the Trojans and Hector. But suddenly evil
Him overtook, no man who essay'd having power to avert it.
Rushing anon thro' the crowd, him brave Telamonian Aias
Smote thro' the brass-cheek'd helmet, in close fight struggling together.
Struck by the huge ash spear and the strong hand, pierced was the shining
- 285 Horse-hair casque by the sharp brass point of the glittering weapon.
Whereon the blood-stain'd brain gush'd out from the wound at the helmet-
Cone, and his strength was relax'd ; then down from his hands in a
moment,
Slipping, the foot of Patroclus renown'd he let fall, and beside him
Fell he himself, laid prone on the cold corse, far from Larissa
- 290 Loamy and rich ; no more to repay to his honour'd and much-loved
Parents the debt for his nourishment due, and their care when a stripling,
Seeing his days were cut short by the spear of illustrious Aias.
Hector in turn now aim'd with his glittering javelin at Aias ;
Whereon, perceiving it opposite coming, he crouch'd to evade it,
- 295 Shunning the brass ; but he struck bold Schedios, Iphitos' high-soul'd
Offspring, the bravest in arms of the Phocian race, who inhabit
Dwellings in Panopeus famous, the leader of many a hero.
Him on the clavicle smiting, the sharp brass point of the weapon
Enter'd, and pierced right through, fix'd close to the turn of the shoulder :
- 300 Whereupon, crashing he fell, and his armour resounded around him.
Aias again smote valorous Phorcys, the offspring of Phænops,
Right on the trunk, low down, while warlike Hippothoös shielding ;
Whereupon, breaking the groove in his corslet, the weapon his entrails
Drank, and he fell in the dust, which his hand grasp'd wildly in falling.
- 305 Then brave Hector retired, and the front-rank warriors near him ;
Loud too shouted the Danaad host, both corsees withdrawing,
Stripping the armour as well from Hippothoös warlike and Phorcys.
Then had the Trojans, dispersed by the brave soul'd sons of Achaia,
Ilium once more sought, fear-quell'd, to their cowardice victims ;

- 310 Then had the Danai also, in spite of the will of Kronion,
Glory achieved by their valour and strength, had not Phœbus Apollo
Roused up gallant Æneas, assuming the shape of the herald
Periphas, Epytis' offspring, who old in the house of Anchises
Now had become, and was reckon'd by all men prudent in counsel ;
315 Taking his figure and garb, thus Phœbus Apollo address'd him :
 " How could ye save, O noble Æneas, the gods disapproving,
Ilium high, while others myself have beheld, in their own strength
Trusting, and prowess, and heroes undaunted possessing in numbers.
Still Zeus wills that ourselves should victorious prove in the conflict
320 Rather indeed than the foe ; notwithstanding ye fight not, but tremble."
 Thus did he speak, but Æneas beholding him, recognised forthwith
Phœbus Apollo, and shouting aloud thus Hector accosted :
 " Hector, and all ye leaders renown'd of the Trojans and allies,
This were disgraceful in sooth, if, subdued by the fears which possess us,
325 Forced by the Danai hence, we again fell back to the city ;
Seeing that e'en now one of the gods, the immortal, beside me
Standing, declared that Kronion is leagued with ourselves in the battle ;
Wherefore at once let us on, with the sons of Achaia to combat ;
Never, be sure, undisturb'd shall they carry the corse to the galleys."
330 Thus he address'd them, and sprung forth far in advance of the van-
guard.
Then they incontinent rallied and stood firm, facing the Argives ;
Whereon Æneas, renown'd with his javelin, Leocritos wounded,
Son of Arisbas, the friend and companion of brave Lycomedes.
Him Lycomedes with pity beheld, and advancing, beside him
335 Stood, then hurl'd with his glittering javelin, and struck Apisaon,
Hippasis' famed son, guide of the people, a blow on the liver,
Under the diaphragm, quickly relaxing his limbs with his prowess.
Leaving the fertile Pæonian region, he came with the others
Onward to Troy, and was held, save Asteropæos, the bravest,
340 Him now fall'n, bold Asteropæos lamented and pitied,
Then sprang forth to the van, all eager to fight with the Argives ;
Vain his attempt howbeit, for those who were guarding Patroclus,
Holding their spears up, stood safe fenced with their glittering bucklers ;
Aias on each side moving about, loud cheer'd his companions,
345 Suffering no man either the corse to relinquish, or, going
Forth to the front to obtain for himself more honour than others,
Ordering all by their comrades to stand, close fighting the foeman.
Thus did illustrious Aias command : and the earth was with red gore
Cover'd, and Trojans alike and their valorous allies beside them,

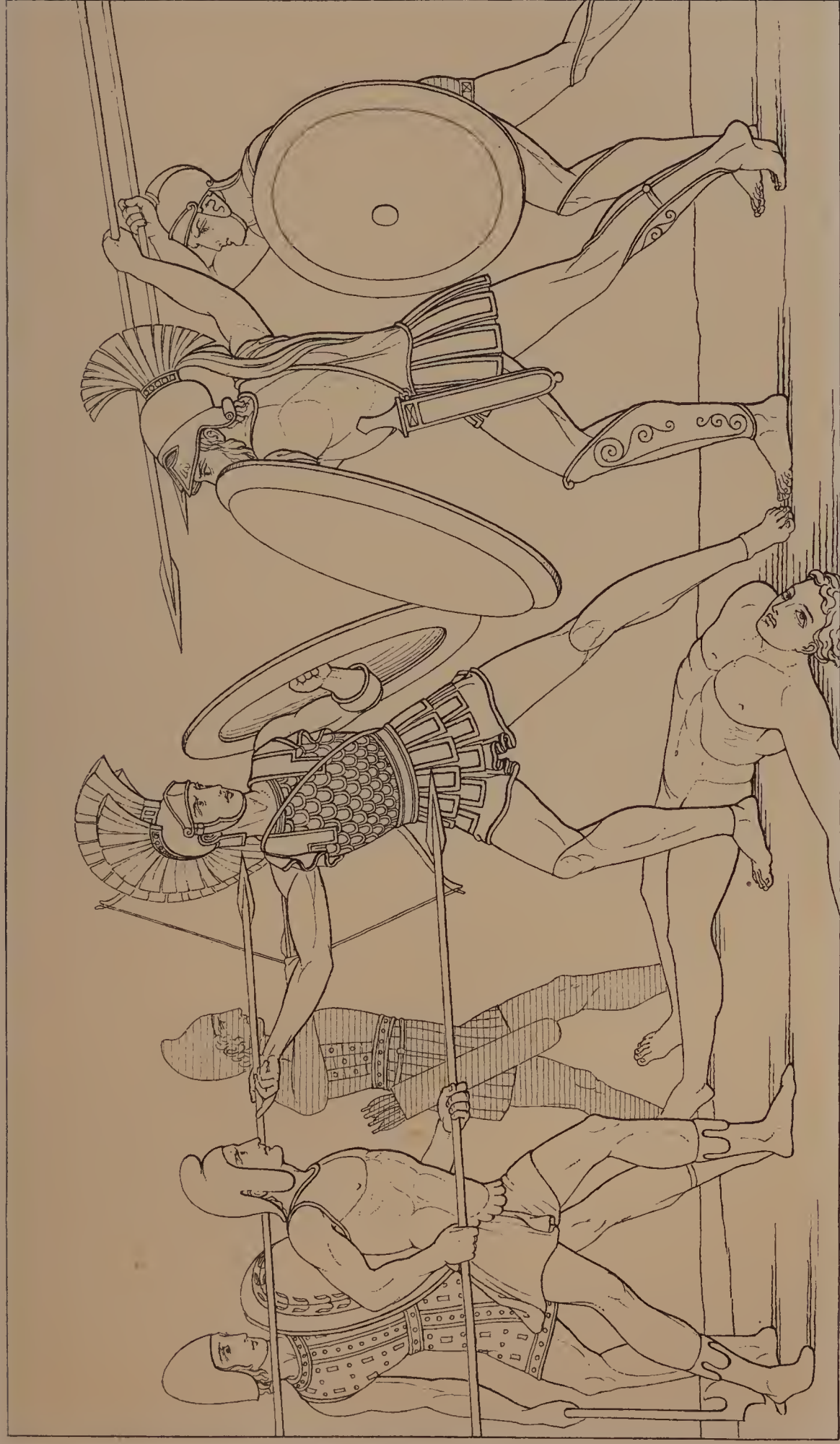
350 Perish'd, and many an Argive was slaughter'd, for bloody the day was
Likewise to them ; though fewer of these last fell in the combat,
Each man thinking the while of his comrades, and aiding their labours.

Thus as a fire raged fiercely the fight ; and in every one's judgment
Neither the sun seem'd safe, nor the moon, for enveloped in thick haze
355 Struggled the foemen, as many as fought for the corse of Patroclus.
Others again of the Trojans at intervals fought with the well-greaved
Danai under serene clear skies, whence darted, effulgent
Shining, the sun, no cloud on the earth or the mountains appearing.
Resting at intervals, thus these fought, each others' severe shafts
360 Often avoiding by standing apart ; while those in the centre
Suffer'd not only from war, but from darkness, the pitiless weapons
Smiting the bravest. But two bold heroes, illustrious truly,
Famed Thrasymedes and well-known warlike Antilochos, knew not
Yet that the blameless Patroclus had perish'd, but deem'd he was living,
365 Fighting the Trojans afar 'mid the vanward tumult of battle.

These twain, watchful to hinder the slaughter or flight of their comrades,
Fought by themselves, as illustrious Nestor before had commanded,
Urging them on to the fight from the deep-sea traversing galleys.
Others again, hard toiling the livelong day, in a tumult
370 Struggled, and knees, legs, feet, hands, eyes, underneath and above them,
All were with war-slime smear'd, as, oppress'd with their labours, they
boldly

Fought round the warlike companion of brave, swift-footed Achilles.

E'en as a man who a well-greased huge ox-hide to his people
Gives to be stretch'd, and they separate stand round, forming a circle,
375 Stretching it out till the moisture exudes at the pores, and the ointment
Forthwith penetrates, many around hard pulling and stretching ;
So they, confined to a spot, dragg'd hither and thither the body,
Both sides tugging in turn, for the mind of the foe, on the one hand,
Fondly expected to drag it to Troy ; on the other, the Argives
380 Strove to retain it ; so fierce was the violent struggle excited,
Ares himself, the inspirer of armies, or Pallas Athena,
Would not, beholding the struggle, have scorn'd it, not even if wrathful
More than their wont ; such labour of horsemen and horses Kronion
That day caused for the corse. Nor as yet knew noble Achilles,
385 Peleus' son, that his faithful companion Patroclus had fallen ;
Seeing they fought far off from the swift-keel'd galleys and under
Troy's high walls. Him dead for a moment he never imagined,
Thinking him living and near to the gates of the town, and that erelong
Back he would come, for he deem'd not indeed that his friend would the city



The fight for the body of Patroclus. Book XVII.

390 Venture unaided to sack, being oftentimes warn'd by his mother
 Secretly, touching the purpose of great, far-seeing Kronion.
 Even his mother herself, howbeit, as yet had not told him
 This great loss, that the friend most dear to his bosom had perish'd.

Still, each holding his sharp spear out, they continued the struggle,
 395 Fighting with rage for the corse of Patroclus 'mid mutual slaughter.
 While thus some of the brass-greaved Argives would speak in their fury :
 " Comrades, disgraceful for us it would prove to retreat to the galleys ;
 Rather, in sooth, let the black earth here yawn wide for our corsers.
 This would be better for us than to suffer the horsemen of Troia
 400 Him to the city to drag, and obtain great glory and honour."

Thus, too, some of the Trojans would speak, the magnanimous heroes :
 " O friends, even tho' all should be fated to perish by this man,
 Never for once let us think of submitting, or yielding the battle."

So would they speak, and the spirit of each was excited within him.
 405 Thus did they fight, and the clashing of swords reach'd even to heaven.
 Warlike Æacides' steeds, meanwhile, safe out of the battle,
 Wept when their charioteer they beheld from the chariot fallen,
 Low in the dust, by the hand of renown'd man-slaughtering Hector.
 Doubtless Automedon, far-famed son of the hero Diores,
 410 Urged them to move on, often the sharp lash over them plying,
 Soft-toned words now using, and now harsh threats, in addressing ;
 Nevertheless not a foot would they stir to the ships on the wide-spread
 Hellespont's margin, nor mingle in fight 'mong the sons of Achaia.
 Firm as a pillar remains at the tomb of a man or a woman,
 415 So they immovable stood, to the beautiful chariot harness'd,
 Drooping their heads to the earth ; warm tears as they stood, from their
 large eyes

Rolling the while, for their charioteer dead anxiously yearning :
 Likewise their full thick manes, upon both sides down from the collar
 Under the yoke-band flowing, with tears which they mingled were wetted.
 420 Whereupon Kronos' son, on beholding them weeping, compassion
 Felt in his bosom, and, shaking his head, thus inwardly communed :

" Ah, poor steeds ! why, why did we give you to Peleus the monarch,
 Merely a man, while ye are from old age free, and immortal ?
 Oh, was it only to suffer with men those ills he inherits ?
 425 Seeing there's nothing indeed more wretched than man that is mortal,
 Even as many as move upon earth, and have breath in their nostrils.
 Hector, the offspring of Priam, shall never by you be triumphant
 Borne in the fine-wrought glittering car ; for myself will forbid it.
 Is it not more than enow that he boasts, and possesses the armour ?

- 430 Ah, I will pour now into your knees and the spirit within you
 Strength to sustain you in bearing Automedon safe from the battle
 Forth to the deep-hull'd galley ; for still I will give to the Trojans
 Glory, to slay, till the well-bench'd ships they attain, and the sun sets
 Low in the heavens, and holiest night comes down upon mortals."
- 435 Communing thus, great vigour he breathed forth into the coursers ;
 Whereupon, shaking the dust from their manes underneath them, they
 lightly
 Carried the chariot forth, where Trojans and Argives were fighting.
 Then 'gainst the Trojans Automedon fought, tho' grieved for his comrade,
 Rushing along, like a vulture on geese, on his chariot standing ;
- 440 Turning on this side now, and again upon that, in the tumult
 Turning again and again, 'gainst the close-pent multitude rushing.
 This notwithstanding, he slew not the men whom he eagerly follow'd ;
 Standing alone in the beautiful war-car utterly hopeless,
 Seem'd it the javelin to hurl, or the fleet-paced coursers to rein in.
- 445 Soon, howbeit, a much-loved comrade, Alcimedon warlike,
 Son of Laërces, descended from valorous Æmon, beheld him ;
 Whereupon, standing behind the magnificent car, he address'd him :
 " Noble Automedon, which of the gods has a counsel so foolish
 Put in thy heart, thee wholly depriving of reason and judgment,
 450 Seeing thou vanward fightest alone with the valorous Trojans ?
 Slain is thy faithful companion and friend, and illustrious Hector
 Boasts, on his shoulders the armour of noble Æacides bearing."
- Him in return thus answer'd Automedon, son of Diores :
 " Noble Alcimedon, who may compare with thyself 'mong the Argives ?
 455 Who so skilful in taming the fiery coursers immortal
 Saving Patroclus alone ? while living, a counsellor equal
 E'en to the gods : now death, howbeit, and destiny hold him.
 Home then, take thou the lash and the beautiful reins in thy keeping,
 While I myself from the chariot leap down, mingling in battle."
- 460 Spoke : and Alcimedon, swiftest in war, on the chariot mounted,
 Taking the lash forthwith, and the reins in his hands as commanded,
 Warlike Automedon leaping at once down : Whereupon Hector
 Seeing it spoke to Æneas, who stood close by, and address'd him :
 " Yonder I mark, O counsellor high of the Trojans, Æneas,
 465 These two coursers unskilfully driven advance thro' the battle ;
 Therefore the hope I indulge of a capture, if thou in thy bosom
 Only desire it ; for never will these two dare to oppose us,
 Facing us fairly in fight, while forward we rush to the conflict."
- Thus did he speak : nor did noble Anchises' son disobey him.

470 Whereupon these twain join'd in the struggle, their shoulders with ox-hides

Dry and impervious covered, with bright brass skilfully plated :
Likewise with these went godlike Aretos and Chromios gallant,
Hoping the heroes to slay, and the long-neck'd coursers to capture.
Foolish ! for fated they were not in sooth from Automedon warlike

475 Bloodlessly back to return ; for to Zeus he had made supplication,
Whereon his dark mind filled was with fortitude great, and renewed strength ;

Then he his much-loved comrade Alcimedon hailed, and accosted :

“ Noble Alcimedon, keep not the steeds from myself at a distance,
Cause them to breathe at my back, close by, for I deem not in good sooth
480 Hector, the offspring of Priam, will ever abandon the struggle,
No, not till first he has mounted the full-maned steeds of Achilles,
After he us twain haply has slain ; and has either the Argive
Warriors quell'd, or himself been the foremost to perish in battle.”

Ended : and call'd on the Aiases both, and renown'd Menelaus :

485 “ Aiases brave, great Danaad chiefs, and renowned Menelaus,
Leave the defence of the body to those true men who surround it,
Men ye can trust, but avert from the living the merciless onset ;
Seeing Æneas and Hector, the bravest and best of the Trojans,
Rush now on thro' the sorrowful battle with violent fury.

490 These things rest, howbeit, alone with the gods, the immortal,
So will I hurl forth, leaving results unto mighty Kronion.”

Speaking ; he brandish'd on high his immense, long-shadowèd war-spear,

Hurling with sure aim, striking the full-orb'd shield of Aretos :
Stay'd not the spear, but the sharp brass enter'd the shield in an instant,
495 Piercing the belt too, entering even the lowermost belly.

Ev'n as a man still strong in the vigour of youth, with a sharp axe
Strikes some bull at the back of the head, sheer cutting the tendon
Under the horns, when with one bound forward it leaps rolling over ;
So sprang forward Aretos, and, falling supine, in his belly

500 Quiver'd the sharp brass spear in his entrails, relaxing his muscles.

Hector at warlike Automedon next took aim with his javelin,
Whereupon, seeing it coming in front, he avoided the weapon,
Bending aside as it passed ; and the long brass spear was behind him,
Fix'd in the ground, and the lowermost end with the impetus broken.

505 Then had they both in a close hand-struggle engaged with their falchions,
Had not the Aiases twain, all eager advanced thro' the masses,
Coming in haste at the call of their comrade, and hinder'd the combat :

- Dreading their rage, brave Hector, Æneas, and Chromios godlike,
 Now fell back, and Aretos was left there lying, his vitals
 510 Dreadfully torn : then warlike Automedon, equal to Ares,
 Stript him amain of his armour, and spoke thus loudly exulting :
 “ Surely my heart for the grief of Menœtios’ son I have somewhat
 Eased and consoled, though slaying, ’tis true, an inferior hero.”
 Thus having spoken ; the gore-stain’d armour he seized, on the carriage
 515 Placing, and mounted himself, with his hands and his feet underneath
 him
 Red, blood-stain’d, like a lion on some huge bull which has batted.
 Thus was the dire fight, grievous and full-fraught truly with sorrow,
 Over Patroclus renew’d ; and Athena, descending from heaven,
 Stirred up bitter contention ; for great far-sounding Kronion
 520 Sent her to strengthen the Argives, his will being now to assist them.
 Even as Zeus spreads over the heavens to mortals a rainbow,
 Purple and bright, as a signal of war or a violent tempest,
 Saddening cattle, and causing ’mong men the suspension of labour ;
 So did the goddess Athena, descending herself in a purple
 525 Cloud, each man rouse up as she enter’d the army of Argives.
 First, howbeit, she brave Menelaus Atreides accosted,
 Strength in his whole soul planting, as near her he stood, and assuming
 Phoenix’ form and unfaltering voice, thus spoke and address’d him :
 “ Shame and disgrace unto thee will redound, O brave Menelaus,
 530 Truly, if ever the swift dogs tear the companion of godlike
 Peleus’ offspring, beneath these strong-built walls of the Trojans ;
 Therefore thy place hold firmly and urge all on to the battle.”
 Her Menelaus renown’d in the war-cry speedily answered :
 “ Phoenix, beloved old father and sage, O would that Athena
 535 Strength would accord, and herself ward off from my body the weapons !
 Then should I willingly go in defence of the corse of Patroclus,
 Seeing his death caused anguish and grief to the soul in my bosom.
 Hector indeed has the fury of fire, nor relinquishes slaying,
 Hurling his spear ; for Kronion to him gives glory and honour.
 540 Thus did he speak ; and the blue-eyed goddess Athena exulted,
 Seeing of all the Immortals to *her* he had foremost address’d him.
 Then in his shoulders and limbs she infused great strength in his bosom,
 Placing the courage the pest-fly shows which, persisting in biting,
 Even tho’ often repelled, finds man’s blood sweet and enticing.
 545 Such was the daring with which she the dark soul fill’d of the hero ;
 Whereon, approaching Patroclus, he aim’d with his glittering javelin.
 Now ’mong the Trojans was one call’d Podes, distinguish’d and wealthy,

- Son of Eëtion ; this man greatly was honour'd by Hector,
 More than his other esteemed boon-friends at the sumptuous banquet.
- 550 Him while ready preparing to fly, fair-hair'd Menelaus
 Smote on the leathern girdle, and sever'd it thro' with his weapon ;
 Whereupon crashing he fell, and renown'd Menelaus Atreides
 Dragg'd from the Trojans the body away to the crowd of his comrades.
 Hovering near, howbeit, Apollo excited the valiant
- 555 Hector, assuming the figure of Phænops who dwelt at Abydos,
 Asios' son, of the guests in his house most cherish'd by Hector.
 Then having taken his form, thus spoke far-darting Apollo :
 " Who of the Argives will henceforth dread thee or reverence, Hector ?
 Thou who thyself dread'st famed Menelaus, consider'd aforetime
- 560 Ever effeminate ; now he departeth alone with the body,
 Dragging it off from the field, and has slain, in the van of the battle,
 Podes, Eëtion's offspring, thy much-loved trusty companion."
- Thus he address'd him ; and grief's dark cloud overshadow'd the hero,
 Whereon, in bright brass shining, he rush'd to the front of the army.
- 565 Great, far-thundering Zeus meanwhile seized hold of the ægis,
 Splendidly fringed, and with dense clouds cover'd the mountains of Ida,
 Flashing his lightning, he thunder'd anon till the hill shook, trembling ;
 Victory giving the Trojans, and routing the sons of Achaia.
 Leading the flight was the warlike Boeotian Peneleus foremost ;
- 570 Fronting the foe as his wont, he was struck on the top of the shoulder,
 Hard by the neck, for the bright brass spear of Polydamas warlike
 Ruffled the skin to the bone, as he came up close when he smote him.
 Hector the son of Alectryon valorous, Lëitos, wounded
 Next, on the hand, at the wrist, and compell'd to withdraw from the
 combat ;
- 575 Trembling he look'd round, fearing he now no more should be able,
 Holding his spear in his hand, to contend with the Trojans in battle.
 Hector was meanwhile struck by Idomeneus brave on the corslet,
 Right on the breast at the pap, while fiercely on Lëitos rushing.
 Broke was the long war-spear howbeit, below at the socket ;
- 580 Loud then shouted the Trojans ; but Hector, his war-spear raising,
 Hurl'd at Idomeneus, son of Deucalion, while in his carriage
 Standing upright ; howbeit, he miss'd him, but Cœranos struck down,
 Charioteer of Meriones brave, who from beautiful Lyctos
 Follow'd him. That day gallant Idomeneus came from his well-steer'd
- 585 Galleys on foot, and the Trojans had thereby certainly triumph'd,
 Saving that Cœranos, forward his swift steeds rapidly urging,
 Came to his succour, the merciless day by his promptness averting ;

- Yielding his own life, nevertheless, to the valour of Hector.
 Him then Hector illustrious smote at the ear and the jawbone,
 590 Forcing his firm teeth out, and his tongue with his javelin transfixing ;
 Whereon he fell from his chariot-seat, and the reins from his hands
 dropp'd ;
 Stooping, Meriones grasping the reins, to Idomeneus shouted :
 “ Lash on now till thou reachest the swift-keel'd ships with the horses ;
 Even thyself see'st victory no more crowns the Achaians.”
- 595 Spoke ; and the fair-maned coursers Idomeneus lash'd as commanded,
 Forth to the wide-hull'd galleys, for fear now seized on his vitals.
 'Scaped not the eye of renown'd Menelaus Atreides, nor high-soul'd
 Aias, that Zeus now victory gave to the valorous Trojans.
 Whereon the great Telamonian Aias began, and address'd them :
 600 “ Who is so blind as to question that Zeus now succours the Trojans ?
 Seeing the weapons of all strike home, whosoever may hurl them,
 Whether the base or the brave ; Zeus verily guides them in flying,
 While to the earth fall, vainly directed, our own, and avail not.
 Come let us now, howbeit, devise some plan that is wisest
 605 How we may drag off safely the body, and homeward returning,
 Gladden the soul in the breast of our much-loved faithful companions.
 These all seeing us here are indeed sore grieved, and imagine
 Every attempt will be vain to resist man-slaughtering Hector ;
 Doom'd as we are ere long by the black-hull'd galleys to perish.
- 610 Would there were some true friend who would faithful intelligence carry
 Straight to Peleides Achilles, for deem I he never has yet heard
 Aught of the sorrowful tidings that noble Patroclus has fallen.
 None such here can I find, however, as darkness envelops
 All the Achaians, and heroes and horses invisible combat.
- 615 O great Father Kronion, the sons of Achaia from darkness
 Liberate, grant us to see with our eyes in an atmosphere open ;
 Then, if 'tis pleasing to thee, in the clear light slay and destroy us.”
 Thus did he speak ; and for him sore weeping the Sire felt pity ;
 Whereon the thick haze soon he dispell'd, countermanding the darkness.
- 620 Brightly the sun shone out, the expanse of the battle revealing.
 Then brave Aias address'd Menelaus, renown'd in the war-shout :
 “ O look round, Zeus-bred Menelaus, if anywhere haply
 Warlike Antilochos, offspring of high-soul'd Nestor, thou seest.
 Urge him to go forthwith to Achilles, and tell him the comrade
 625 Dearest by far to the soul in his bosom has fallen in battle.”
 Spoke, and the hero renown'd in the war-shout, hearing, obey'd him.
 Forward he went, as a lion withdraws from a cattle enclosure,

Weary with harassing peasants and dogs who the whole of the long night
Carefully watch'd, to prevent him from seizing the fat of the oxen ;

630 Eager to taste of their flesh, still lingers the ravenous lion,
Rushing against them ; but naught it avails him, for many a javelin,
Hurl'd by impetuous hands, flies, wounding, and glittering torches
Blaze all round, which he dreads to behold, how famish'd soever :
So at the dawn of the morning he walks off, sadden'd in spirit.

635 Thus with reluctance indeed Menelaus, renown'd in the war-cry,
Quitted Patroclus, his soul sore grieved lest the sons of Achaia,
Trembling with fear, him haply might leave as a prey to the foemen.
Therefore the Aiases twain he harangued, and Meriones warlike :

“ O ye Aiases twain and Meriones, chiefs of the Argives,

640 Haste, come each of you, eall to remembrance the gentle Patroclus,
Now most wretched ; for tender to all while living he ever
Proved, but alas ! dire Fate and destruction at length overtake him.”

Thus having spoken, renown'd fair-hair'd Menelaus departed,
Ev'rywhere looking around him the while, like an eagle, of all birds

645 Under the heavens, as rumour affirmeth, the keenest of vision,
Which, however exalted, the swift-limb'd hare, when reclining
Under a close-leaf'd bush, notwithstanding escapes not, but downward
Swooping, he pounces amain, then seizing, incontinent kills it.
Thus great Zeus-bred chief, Menelaus, thine eyes, as they sparkled,
650 Wander'd around 'mong the wide-spread band of thy warrior comrades,
Looking if haply alive thou could'st there find Nestor's beloved son.
Him on the left wing soon he discover'd, engaged in the battle,
Urging his comrades and friends, and exhorting them forth to the combat.
Whereon approaching, renown'd fair-hair'd Menelaus address'd him :

655 “ Hither, Antilochos, great Zeus-bred, and attend to my message,
Mournful of purport, alas !—O would that the thing had not happen'd !
Doubtless, thyself may'st perceive at a glance that a god, an Immortal,
Rolls on the Argives disasters, and victory gives to the Trojans
Everywhere round ; for Patroclus, the bravest by far of the Argives,
660 Now lies slain, and profound soul-yearning has seized the Achaians.
Run to the Danaad ships, howbeit, at once to Achilles
Tell it, that haply the unarm'd corse he may bring to the galleys
Quickly and safely, for crest-plumed Hector possesses the armour.”

Thus he address'd him, and shudder'd Antilochus, hearing the tidings.
665 Words long fail'd him at first in his efforts to speak, and the tears came
Fast to his eyes, and his liquid and soft-toned accents were stifled.
Nevertheless he obey'd the command of renown'd Menelaus
Even in such plight, giving his arms to Laodocos blameless,

Close by standing, who guided his firm-hoof'd steeds, and departed.

670 Him thus swiftly his feet bore off, as he wept, from the battle,
Ready the sorrowful tidings to tell to Peleides Achilles.

Neither indeed could the Zeus-bred hero, renown'd Menelaus,
Succour his tired friends, taking the place which Antilochos erewhile
Fill'd in the band ; and for him did the Pylians yearn in his absence ;
675 Brave Thrasymedes the noble he sent, howbeit, to aid them,
Hastening forward himself once more to the corse of Patroclus ;
Whereupon, standing beside both Aiases, thus he address'd them :

“ Him I have sent off straight to the swift-keel'd ships, to Achilles,
Still I expect that Achilles will come, though wrathful with noble
680 Hector, for being unarm'd, how war could he wage with the Trojans ?
Then let us calmly deliberate now what course is the wisest,
How we can death and destruction escape, and succeed, at the same time,
E'en while rages the battle, in safety withdrawing the body.”

Him in return thus answer'd the huge Telamonian Aias :
685 “ Well hast thou all things spoken, renown'd, fair-hair'd Menelaus ;
Therefore do thou, with the aid of Meriones, hastily stooping
Under it, lift and convey forthwith from the battle the body :
Meanwhile we twain, bearing the selfsame name, and possessing
Equal resolve, will contend with the Trojans, and valorous Hector ;
690 We who have erewhile hard fights won, each other assisting.”

Thus did he speak, and the corse, with a strenuous effort, they lifted
Up from the ground in their arms. Then shouted the army of Trojans
Loud in the rear, on beholding the Danai lifting the body ;
Rush'd they amain to the dreadful encounter. As dogs on a wounded
695 Boar spring forth, and anticipate even the sinewy hunters,
Now full facing the boar, all eager to tear him in pieces,
Stopping again when he turns to attack, on his courage relying,
Scattering wide his pursuers who hardly succeed in escaping :
So stood firmly the Trojans at times, and pursued in a body,
700 Smiting on all sides round with their two-edged javelins and falchions ;
Then when the far-famed Aiases twain turn'd round to oppose them,
Wan they became, none venturing forward to rescue the body.

Thus they with all speed lifted and carried the corse from the battle
Towards the wide-hull'd ships ; and the terrible combat extended
705 E'en as a flame, which, when suddenly raised, sets fire to a city
Peopled with men, and the houses within, one after the other,
Crash in the great conflagration, the wind meanwhile loud roaring ;
So their departure was follow'd by tumult of heroes and horses.
Even as mules, when exerting their strength, as they drag from a mountain,

- 710 Over a rough road, either a log or a scantling for vessels,
Flag in their spirits with sweat and fatigue as they strenuous struggle :
So they, industrious, carried the corse, while ever, behind them,
Checking the Trojans, the Aiases stood firm. Even as rough planks
Stretch'd right over a meadow the water retards in its flowing,
715 Stemming the course of the stream erewhile with rapidity rushing,
Turning it round, and directing its way straight into the champaign,
Checking its force while vainly essaying to burst the embankment :
So both Aiases ever repell'd the attacks of the Trojans,
Rearward fighting themselves whosoever pursued, but among them,
720 Chiefly Æneas, the son of Anchises, and valorous Hector.
Even as starlings or jackdaws, flying in clouds, with their shrill voice
Ominous chatter, and haste far off at the sight of a falcon
Speeding along, to the numerous small birds bringing destruction :
So at the sight of Æneas and Hector the youths of Achaia,
725 Clamouring loud, fell back, nor were mindful as erst of the battle.
Fell in the trench, and around it, of radiant armour abundance
Dropt by the fugitive Argives, who no pause found in the conflict.

BOOK EIGHTEENTH.

- EVEN as fire-flames ruthlessly burn, wax'd hotter the conflict.
Came meanwhile to Achilles Antilochos, bearer of tidings.
Buried in deep thought, mused in the van of his galleys the monarch,
Pondering all those things in his breast which had now been accomplish'd :
- 5 Whereupon groaning, he thus in his own mind communed, exclaiming :
 “ Why, ah ! why are the long-hair'd sons of Achaia retreating,
Fugitive, driven in crowds thro' the wide-spread plain to the galleys ?
Dread fears seize me, lest, haply, the dark forebodings, my mother
Raised erewhile in my bosom, the great gods now have accomplish'd ;
- 10 Seeing she said that, myself still living, my Myrmidon bravest
Leaving the light of the sun, should be slain by the hands of the Trojans,
Doubtless Menœtios' high-soul'd offspring has fallen in battle.
Wilful of mind ! thee oft I enjoin'd, when the hostile invaders'
Fire thou hadst quench'd, to return to the ships, and not combat with
Hector.”
- 15 While he was these things pondering much in the soul in his bosom,
Nestor's illustrious son meantime drew near to Achilles,
Frequent the warm tears shedding, and these dire tidings deliver'd :
 “ Ah me, alas ! brave offspring of far-famed Peleus, a message
Now thou wilt hear, most sad :—Oh, would that I had not to tell it !
- 20 Dead is Patroclus, and round his despoil'd corse now they are fighting,
Ay, and the huge, crest-flourishing Hector himself has his armour.”
Such were his tidings ; and grief like a dark cloud fell on Achilles :
Whereon, with both hands seizing the burn'd up ashes, he pour'd them
Over his head, and his fine-form'd countenance wholly disfigured,
- 25 Sprinkling with dust all over the fragrant tunic which girt him ;
Then he his full length, mighty indeed, laid stretch'd in the ashes,
Tearing his hair with his hands as he roll'd on the ground in his anguish.
Grieving, the maids whom Achilles had ta'en with his comrade Patroclus
Forth from the tent-door ran, loud shrieking, surrounding the hero,

30 Smiting their breasts with their hands, as their limbs sunk trembling
beneath them.

Warlike Antilochos too, shed copious tears, and lamented,
Holding the hands of his chief, and his warm heart groan'd in his bosom,
Fearing Achilles might even his own life take with the iron.
Loud groans heaved from his breast, which were heard by his matronly
mother,

35 Sitting afar by the side of her grey-hair'd sire in the ocean :
Whereon she loudly lamented, and every goddess beside her,
Every Nereïd near, far down in the depths of the ocean.
There among others were Glauca, Cymodoce, also Thaleia,
Beautiful Speio, Nesæa, the ox-eyed Halia, Thoa ;

40 Lovely Cymothoë too, Limnorea, and fairest Actæa ;
Melita, graceful Iæra, Amphithoë swift, and Agave,
Doto and Proto, Dynamene likewise, and lovely Pherusa,
Comely Amphinome, Callianeira, Dexamine also,
Panope, Doris, and praised for her fine form, fair Galatea ;

45 Purest Nemertes was there, and Apseudes, and Callianassa :
Clymene also the famed, Ianeira, and fair Ianassa :
Mæra was there, Oritheia, and light-hair'd sweet Amatheia :
Nereïds many besides, who inhabit the ocean recesses.

Fill'd was the glittering grotto with these fair nymphs, who their bosoms

50 Smote, sore grieved, fair Thetis the loud lamentation beginning :—

“Hear me, my own loved sisters divine, ye nymphs of the ocean,
Even that now ye may learn from my lips my unspeakable sorrow.
Woe's me, alas ! most wretched ! forlorn ! in an evil and dark hour
Bore I the bravest of earth-born mortals ; a blameless and loved son

55 Proved he to me, and a leader of heroes, who grew as a sapling.
Him like a delicate plant in a rich-loam field having nourish'd,
Forth in the crook-prow'd ships I to Ilium sent with the army,
There 'gainst the Trojans to combat ; but him no more shall I welcome,
Safely return'd to his home, in the palace of Peleus his father :

60 No, for so long as he lives, and the sun's bright light in the heavens
Sees he will mourn ; nor in aught could I helpful become tho' beside him,
Still I will go, and, beholding my dear son, learn from his own lips
Those great griefs that oppress him and keep far off from the battle.”

Thus having spoken, she quitted the cave, and beside her the ocean

65 Nymphs went eke, loud weeping : and round them the waves of the
deep sea

Rising, recoil'd : then reaching the rich-loam region of Troia,
Over the beach they proceeded, and found swift-footed Achilles

There with his myrmidon ships, drawn up one close to another.
Seeing her loved son, shrieking, his matronly mother approach'd him
70 Loudly lamenting ; and holding his head with her palms, and caressing,
Grieved in her soul, she in these wing'd accents bespoke, and address'd
him :

“ Why, O son, dost thou weep ? What sorrow oppresses thy spirit ?
Speak out, think not to hide it : already to thee are accomplish'd
All thy desires by Kronion, for which thou didst pray him aforetime,
75 Lifting thy hands, that the warrior sons of Achaia, thy succour
Wanting, defeat should sustain, and be there driven back to the galleys.”

Her in return thus answer'd with groans swift-footed Achilles :
“ Mother, my own ! these things the Olympian god has accomplish'd ;
Now, howbeit, what joy can they yield, my belovèd companion
80 Dead ? my Patroclus, the friend whom I chiefly delighted to honour
Ev'n as my life. O lost is my much-loved comrade, and Hector,
Him having slain, has despoil'd of his glorious armour, a wonder
Truly to see, the magnificent gift which the gods unto Peleus
Gave that day when they doomed thee to lie in the arms of a mortal.
85 O that thou only hadst lived, dear mother, content with the ocean
Nymphs, and that Peleus, my sire, some earth-born consort had wedded !
Wedded alas thou hast been, deep sorrow and grief for thy slain son
Long to endure in thy bosom, whom never again thou shalt welcome
Home to his palace, since even my own mind urges me never
90 More to commingle with men, nor indeed live ; never till Hector
Forfeit his life, struck down by my javelin, the penalty paying
Due for the death of Patroclus, the son of Menoetios warlike.”

Thetis in turn thus answered her son, tears shedding in speaking :
“ Ah ! short-lived thou shalt be, my beloved son, e'en as thou sayest,
95 Fate first seizes on Hector, and then for thyself she is ready.”

Her with a deep sigh answer'd in turn swift-footed Achilles :
“ Then let me die forthwith, since it was not decreed that my slain friend
Aid I should give : he far from the land of his fathers has perish'd,
Longing the while for myself, that his doom might have thus been averted.
100 Now, howbeit, since never again to the land of my fathers
More I return, nor a light to Patroclus and other companions
Even have proved, laid low by the might of illustrious Hector
(Numbers he slew), but remain by the galleys a useless encumbrance
Truly on earth, tho' by none of the brass-mail'd sons of Achaia
105 Rivall'd in war, however behind some others in counsel,
Long I that strife were extinguish'd alike among men and Immortals,
Anger as well which excites e'en wise men oft to be cruel ;

Ay, for as smoke these rise in the breast, and are sweeter than honey.
Thus it was King Agamemnon, the ruler of armics, enraged me.
110 Nevertheless, though grieved, let us leave such things as accomplish'd,
Quelling the spirit within us, indeed from necessity quelling.
Therefore I'll now go forward in search of illustrious Hector,
Him who destroyed my companion, and Fate I'll accept whensoever
Zeus and the other Immortals shall please that my end be accomplished,
115 Seeing that Herakles death could not fail, for his shaft he escaped not,
Dear however to Zeus, the Olympian, Kronos' offspring.
Yes, him dire Fate vanquish'd and Hera's vindictive aversion.
Even like him, should a similar fate hereafter await me,
'Neath death's yoke universal I bend : now glory I pant for,
120 Causing perchance some Trojan or girdled Dardanian woman,
Frequently sighing, to wipe from her delicate cheeks with her two hands
Tears fast flowing, and teach them that long I abstain'd from the battle.
Keep me not back from the fight if thou love me, persuasion is futile."

Whercupon Thetis the silvery-footed incontinent answer'd :

125 " Well thou hast spoken, indeed, O son : it is blamable nowise
Friends from destruction to save when with war's sad burden afflicted.
Now of a surty the Trojans possess thy magnificent armour,
Brazen and glittering bright, which renown'd crest-flourishing Hector,
Girded withal, now wears in his pride ; notwithstanding, I deem not
130 Long will he wear this armour, and glory, for death is approaching.
Still, on the slaughter of Ares, my son, O think not to enter
Now, nor until with thine eyes thou beholdest me coming to aid thee.
Hither at dawn I'll return, when the sun first gilds the horizon,
Bearing thee beautiful arms from the forge of Hephaistos the monarch.
135 Spake, from her own son turning away, to the Nereïds speaking :
" Haste now, instantly enter the wide-spread bosom of ocean,
There on beholding my sire in his palace, the ancient of ocean,
Tell what things ye have heard ; for myself, I depart to Olympus
High, to inquire of the skilful artificer, royal Hephaistos,
140 Whether he'll give my illustrious son new, glittering armour."
Thus she address'd them ; on which they again plunged down into ocean,
Thetis the silvery-footed herself, howbeit, departed
Thence to Olympus to bring to her son the magnificent armour :
Her to Olympus her swift feet bore ; but the sons of Achaia,
145 Stricken with fear, in disorder and rout from the presence of Hector
Fled meanwhile, and arrived at the Hellespont shore and the galleys.
Safe from the range of the weapons, the well-greaved sons of Achaia
Yet had not rescued the corse of Patroclus, the friend of Achilles,

Seeing again both horsemen and foot came rushing, by Hector,
 150 Priam's renown'd son, led, who appeared like a flame fierce-blazing.
 Thrice he was seized by illustrious Hector behind by the ankles,
 Eager to drag him along, and with loud voice shouted the Trojans.
 Thrice did the Aiases twain girt round with impetuous valour,
 Forcibly drive him away from the corse ; while ever with purpose
 155 Steady, he, trusting his own great might, now rush'd on the masses,
 Now stopt short, loud-shouting, the struggle unconquer'd maintaining.
 Even as hinds, night-watching their flock, are unable a tawny
 Lion to beat back, raging with hunger and bent on a carcase :
 So were the Aiases twain, these two great warrior heroes,
 160 Powerless to drive from the slain corse Hector the offspring of Priam.
 Then had he certainly dragg'd it away, great glory achieving,
 Had not to Peleus' son, fleet Iris, appear'd as a lieger,
 Hastening down from the topmost summit of lofty Olympus,
 Coming unknown to Kronion ; and bidding him arm, for the goddess,
 165 Hera had sent her ; and standing beside him, she spake and address'd
 him :

" Offspring of Peleus, of mortals the man most dreaded, arouse thee ;
 Rescue the corse of Patroclus, thy loved friend ; round him they combat
 Fiercely in the front of the ships : each other they fearfully slaughter ;
 One side fights for the corse, while boldly the other, the Trojans,
 170 Eager to drag him to wind-swept Ilium, rush on the Argives :
 Hector above all wishes to seize him ; the soul in his bosom
 Prompts him to sever the head from the neck, and revengeful impale it.
 Forth to the rescue ! nor lie there longer : let grief on thy vitals
 Seize, that the dogs (oh shameful !) of Troia should feed on Patroclus.
 175 Ah ! should the body be brought here marr'd, to thyself 'twere disgraceful."

Whereupon her then answer'd in turn swift-footed Achilles :

" Which of the gods, O Iris, has thee as a lieger commission'd ?"

Answer'd the fleet-wing'd goddess, the heavenly messenger Iris :

" Hera divine me sent, most glorious spouse of Kronion ;

180 Neither indeed is it known to the high-throned offspring of Kronos,
 No, nor to any besides of the dwellers on snowy Olympus."

Her then answer'd in turn once more swift-footed Achilles :

" How when the foe has my armour can I go forth to the battle ?

Hinder'd besides as I am by command of my mother from arming,

185 Even until with mine eyes I behold her approach ; for she promised
 Glorious armour to bring when she came from Hephaistos the monarch.
 Armour of no one else meanwhile do I know that would fit me,
 Saving the buckler of Aias alone, Telamonian Aias ;

- He, howbeit, I hope in the front rank mingles in battle,
190 Slaying around with his spear in defence of the corse of Patroclus.”
Answer'd again in return fleet Iris, the heavenly lieger :
“ Full well know we indeed they possess thy magnificent armour ;
Nevertheless go thou and exhibit thyself to the Trojans,
Haply the terrified foe may desist from the fight, and the warlike,
195 Worn-out sons of Achaia may breathe, and from battle have respite.”
Thus having spoken ; at once fleet Iris the lieger departed,
Whereon Achilles, beloved of Kronion, arose ; and Athena
Threw round his huge broad shoulders her fringe-girt ægis terrific :
Circled his brows moreover the goddess divine with a golden
200 Cloud all round, and a glorious bright flame kindled above it.
Even as smoke spreads far when ascending on high from a city
Lying remote on an isle which the fierce foe long has invested,
Fighting the live-long day outside in the vehement battle ;
Torches at night too blazing around when the sun has descended,
205 Shedding magnificent splendour abroad, that their neighbours may
see it,
Sailing mayhap with their galleys to drive back war from their borders :
So did the flame from Achilles' head reach even to heaven.
Issuing forth thro' the trench, by the rampart he waited, but mix'd not
Yet with the Argives ; the prudent advice of his mother respecting.
210 There then, standing he shouted ; and forthwith Pallas Athena
Shouted as well, and a tumult immense stirr'd up 'mong the Trojans.
E'en as the note of a trumpet is clear and sonorous when sounded,
While some city beleaguer'd is hemm'd by inveterate foemen :
So was the voice of the offspring of Æacos clear as he shouted.
215 Ev'ry one then had his innermost soul stirr'd up when the brazen
Voice of Achilles he heard ; and the fair-maned horses, uprearing,
Back with the chariots wheel'd, in their strong chests evil presaging.
Charioteers eke fear-struck saw the unquenchable fire-flames
Blazing terrific aloft from the temples of Peleus' high-soul'd
220 Offspring, by Pallas Athena, the blue-eyed goddess, excited.
Over the deep trench thrice, as he stood loud shouted Achilles,
Thrice, at his voice, the confederate foes fell back in confusion.
Then, too, died there twelve of the bravest and best of their heroes,
Firm by their chariots fighting with spears ; meanwhile the Achaians,
225 Joyful at heart, dragg'd forth from the midst of the missiles Patroclus,
Laying him down on a bier, and his much-loved comrades around him
Stood, loud grieving ; and brave swift-footed Achilles among them
Following, wept warm tears on beholding his faithful companion

Stretch'd on the bier, by the sharp brass blades pierced through and
disfigured :

230 Him whom he sent with his horses and chariots forth to the battle,
Never again to receive with delight, thence safely returning.

Matronly ox-eyed Hera at length to the flowings of ocean
Bade the unwearied sun go down, however reluctant.

Soon as he set, the illustrious sons of Achaia, the conflict,

235 Fatal alike to their own brave ranks and the Trojans, relinquish'd ;
Likewise the Trojans retiring fatigued from the furious combat,
Next upon *their* part, loosed from the chariot traces the horses.

Then they assembled, before once thinking of food to refresh them ;
All too stood at the council, to sit down none for a moment

240 Daring, for dread fear seized on their hearts on account of Achilles
Forth having come, who for long time kept back, shunning the battle.
Whereon began forthwith to address them Polydamas prudent,
Panthos' son, who alone saw clearly the past and the future.

Comrade of brave-soul'd Hector was he, and was born on the same night ;

245 One at the spear-fight greatly excelling, in counsel the other.

Wisely advising, Polydamas now thus spake and address'd them :

“ Friends, weigh both sides well, as is meet ; for myself, I advise you
Back to the town to return, nor await in the plain at the galleys
Sacred morning's appearance, for here we are far from the rampart.

250 Even as long as Achilles was wroth with divine Agamemnon,
So long only indeed were the Danaï easy to combat.

Yes, for myself, when the long nights passing, I greatly rejoiced me
Hoping at morning the skilfully-plied ships surely to capture ;
Now, howbeit, I terribly dread swift-footed Achilles,

255 Such is the rage in his fierce soul burning ; nor will he be willing
Longer to bide in the plain, where often the Trojans and Argives
Share, in the space intervening, the terrors and dangers of battle.
No, he will strike for the city, our loved wives carrying captive.

Then let us back to the town, be persuaded, for trust me 'tis wisest ;

260 Gentle ambrosial night has induced swift-footed Peleides

Now to retire ; but if rushing to-morrow, equipp'd in his armour,
Lingering here he shall find us, assuredly some one will know him.

Happy will that man feel, who escaping the wrath of Achilles
Ilium sacred shall reach, for the dogs and the vultures shall many

265 Trojans devour. O far from our ears be the horrible tidings !

Only obey the commands which I give, how mournful soever,
Safe we shall find us the long night through when assembled together ;
Shelter'd we'll rest in the towers and the high gates fitted with timbers

- Polish'd, with firm bolts fasten'd, a safeguard meet for the city.
 270 Early to-morrow at dawn, will stand on the battlements lofty
 Girded in armour ; and hard will it prove for Achilles, tho' eager,
 Leaving the galleys, to join in the dread fight, close to the ramparts.
 Back he will go to the ships, when his proud-neck'd steeds he has wearied,
 Driving them hither and thither in vain close under the city.
 275 Never will he the impregnable walls once venture to enter,
 Never the city will waste, no, sooner the dogs shall devour him."

- Him with a stern frown answer'd in turn crest-flourishing Hector :
 " Truly, Polydamas, words of agreeable tenor thou speak'st not
 Longer to me, when advising a speedy return to the city ;
 280 Say, are ye not yet tired of your durance within the defences ?
 Hitherto ev'ry articulate mortal existing imagined
 Troia, the city of Priam, in gold and in brass had abounded :
 Now, however, the treasures and wealth of our houses have perish'd ;
 Much that we held in Mœonia now, and in Phrygia fair, lies
 285 Ready for sale ; since enraged was the great, cloud-urging Kronion.
 Now since the offspring of all-wise Kronos has deigned to accord me
 Fame at the ships, and to hem in seawards the sons of Achaia,
 Fool ! no longer propound such counsels as these to the people ;
 Seeing the Trojans will never obey thee ; nor will I permit it.
 290 Come, howbeit, obedience yield, as myself will advise you.
 Haste, your repast now take, in your ranks throughout the encampment
 Strict guard keep, and be careful that each to the watch is attending.
 Then whosoe'er of the Trojans is anxious regarding his chattels,
 Gathering these, let him give them at once for the good of the people ;
 295 Better to do this, truly, than suffer the Argives to seize them.
 Early to-morrow at dawn, howbeit, equipp'd in our armour,
 Down at the wide-hull'd ships let us stir up terrible battle.
 Then if Achilles renown'd has indeed come forth at the galleys,
 Worse it will prove for himself, he will find to his cost, for I never,
 300 Flying precipitate, hoarse-voiced battle will shun, but with firmness
 Him will confront now : either I'll glory achieve, or Achilles :
 Ares is ever impartial, and slays full often the slayer."

- Thus spoke Hector ; with loud voice shouted the Trojans approving :
 Foolish indeed ! all 'reft of their reason by Pallas Athena,
 305 Thus to adopt vain counsel from Hector, advising destruction,
 None the discreet words heeding by prudent Polydamas utter'd.
 Then of the evening repast they partook throughout the encampment.
 All night long, howbeit, the Danaï mourned for Patroclus,
 Weeping, Peleides himself the profound lamentation awaking,

- 310 Placing his dread man-slaughtering hands on the breast of his comrade,
Sighing at times : As the lion with broad breast bearded and shaggy,
Robb'd of his cubs by the hunter in some dense thicket or forest,
Grieving pursues him, his footsteps tracking in many a valley,
Trying if haply he find him, for fierce rage seizes his vitals,
- 315 So, deep sighing, Achilles his myrmidon heroes accosted :
 “ Woe's me, alas ! ah, vain was the promise indeed which I that day
 Made, when Menœtios much in my sire's own halls I encouraged,
 Saying his far-famed son I should bring back safely to Opos
 After we Troia had sack'd, and obtain'd good share of the plunder.
- 320 Nathless Kronion fulfils not for men all things which they purpose,
Seeing 'tis destined that both should the same earth stain with their best
 blood
Here in the Troad : and neither shall Peleus, the tamer of horses,
Me from the battle receive in his palace again, nor my mother
Thetis, who bore me, alas ! but the cold earth only awaits me.
- 325 Now, my Patroclus, since thee I must follow, and soon shall be buried,
Obsequies meet for thy manes I shall never perform, till I hither
Armour and head bring with me of high-soul'd Hector, thy slayer ;
Ay, and behead of the Trojans beside twelve valorous heroes,
Full in the front of thy pyre ; thee dead to appease, and my anger.
- 330 Meanwhile thus shalt thou lie by the deep-sea traversing galleys ;
Daily and nightly the fair full-bosom'd Dardanian captives,
Matrons and maidens, thy bier will with salt tears wet and encompass,
Those we ourselves toil'd hard with our valour and javelins to capture,
Laying the opulent towns of articulate mortals in ruins.”
- 335 Speaking in these words, godlike Achilles commanded his comrades
Promptly a tripod to place on the fire, that the flames might surround it,
So that the blood-stain'd slime they might wash from the corse of Patroclus.
Whereon a large-sized tripod they placed for the fire to encircle,
Then pour'd water within, and the dry wood lighted beneath it.
- 340 Licking its belly the fire now rose up, warming the water ;
Soon as it simmering boil'd, in the bright brass tripod sonorous
Sounding, wash'd and anointed the corse with emollient unguents,
Filling his wounds with an ointment which nine long seasons had mellow'd,
Laying the corse on a bed, wrapt round with the finest of linen
- 345 E'en from the head to the foot, with a pure white mantle above it.
Cluster'd around swift-footed Achilles his myrmidon heroes,
All night long, tears shedding, and mourning his comrade Patroclus.
Whereupon Zeus thus Hera accosted, his sister and consort :
 “ Well, thou hast compass'd thy ends, bright, ox-eyed, matronly Hera.

350 Thus having roused swift-footed Achilles : thyself art the mother
Surely, and no one else, of the brave, crest-tossing Achaians."

Him in return thus answer'd the ox-eyed, matronly Hera :

"Haughtiest offspring of Kronos, declare what word hast thou uttered ?
Even an earth-born man, less skilful than I in devices

355 This might have lightly achieved, if a mere man only opposed him.
Wherefore not I then ? I who supremest of goddesses boast me,
Both on account of my own high birth, and because I'm acknowledged
Consort to thee, great sovereign ruler of all the Immortals ;
I, who am wroth with the Trojans, and plan dread evils against them ?

360 Thus they on high hold mutual converse, one with the other.
Meanwhile Thetis the silvery-footed the halls of Hephaistos
Reached, incorruptible, starry, and brazen ; a beautiful mansion
Built by the god for himself, unto all the Immortals a wonder.
Him she descried sweat-cover'd, exerting himself at the bellows,
365 Labouring hard, new tripods attempering, twenty in number ;
Forged to encircle the walls of his well-built beautiful palace.
Under the pedestal each of the tripods had glittering golden
Wheels, which spontaneous moved when the council of gods he attended,
Wheeling spontaneous back moreover,—a wonder of wonders.

370 Finish'd they were so far, but the well-form'd curious handles
Scarce were complete ; these now he was hammering, forging the rivets.
While he his curious task-work plied with a skilful conception,
Thetis, the goddess of silvery foot, drew near and approach'd him.
Whereon advancing, the fair-veil'd, beautiful Charis beheld her,

375 Her whom Hephaistos, the lame upon both feet, honour'd by wedding.
Laying her hand on the goddess she these words spake and address'd her :

"Why, O long-robed Thetis, august and belovèd, our dwelling
Now dost thou visit ? But seldom aforetime hither thou camest.
Nevertheless come, follow, that sumptuous fare I may give thee."

380 This having said ; the divinest of goddesses gracefully entered.
Whereon she seated her guest on a high throne studded with silver,
Beautiful, curiously-wrought, and a footstool placed underneath her.
Then the illustrious artist she call'd, and accosted Hephaistos :

"Come now hither, Hephaistos, for Thetis has come, and requires thee."

385 Her in return thus answer'd the god, the ingenious artist :

"Verily, here is a goddess revered now present among us,
One who indeed me saved when distress o'ertook me, when driven
Down by the shameless designs of my mother, who wish'd to conceal me,
I being lame : then sorrows severe in my breast had I suffer'd,

390 Saving that Thetis herself and Eurynome into their bosoms

- Took me, Eurynome, daughter beloved of the reflux ocean.
 Nine years wrought I with these in ingenious beautiful brass-work,
 Fashioning clasp-tubes, buckles, and well-turn'd bracelets and trinkets,
 Down in the hollow recess ; while ever around us the ocean
 395 Streams flowed, roaring and swelling with foam ; nor did any one know it,
 Either of mortals on earth or Immortals inhabiting heaven,
 Saving Eurynome only and Thetis, the two who preserved me.
 Now to my house she has come ; I must needs, then, recompense offer
 Fair-hair'd Thetis, for saving my life when o'erwhelmed with disasters.
 400 Come, now, fare that is meet for a guest spread duly before her,
 While I myself will my bellows and tools lay down for the present."
 Thus he address'd her, and rose, an immense bulk, leaving his anvil
 Limping ; his weak legs moving with speed, notwithstanding, beneath him.
 Then he the bellows aside from the fire laid safe, in a silver
 405 Chest eke placing his numerous tools when collected together.
 Then with a wet sponge wiped he his hands all over, and visage,
 Likewise his strong thick neck, and his broad breast rugged and shaggy ;
 Quickly his tunic he next put on, and his staff in his hand took,
 Then went out of the door, still limping, and figures in bright gold,
 410 Like unto handmaids, moved at his beck, and attended the monarch.
 Prudence they seem'd to possess, and an intellect clear and exalted,
 Voice too had they, and vigour, inspired by the blessèd Immortals.
 These then actively followed the monarch, who, shuffling and hobbling,
 Now sat down on a beautiful throne near Thetis the goddess ;
 415 Laying his hand upon hers he in these words spoke, and address'd her :
 " Why, O long-robed Thetis, august and belovèd, our dwelling
 Now dost thou visit ? But seldom aforetime hither thou camest.
 Tell me thy wish ; for the soul in my bosom impels me to grant it,
 All that in truth can be done, if to me it be possible only."
 420 Whereupon tears forth pouring, anon thus Thetis responded :
 " Which of the goddesses high of Olympus, if any, Hephaistos,
 Ever has known in her breast griefs equal to those that assail me,
 Bitter and manifold, all sent down by the mighty Kronion ?
 Me from the rest of the nymphs of the sea he has chosen to humble,
 425 Giving me up unto Peleus, the offspring of Æacos noble ;
 Yes, I was fated the couch of a man to endure, tho' reluctant.
 Now he indeed lies low in his palace, and grievously suffers,
 Burden'd with years, but to me woes other and greater are threaten'd.
 Wedded, a son Zeus gave me to bear, whom I carefully nourish'd,
 430 Famous my offspring became among heroes, and grew as a sapling :
 Him having rear'd as a plant in the rich-loam earth of a garden,

Sent I incontinent forth in the crook-beak'd galleys to Troia,
 There to contend with the foemen ; but him no more shall I welcome
 Safe to his own loved home in the mansion of Peleus his father.

- 435 Even as long as he lives, and the sun sees shining in heaven,
 Woes he, alas ! must endure, nor by going in aught can I aid him.
 Grievous ! the maid whom the Argives selected and gave as his guerdon,
 Her has the king Agamemnon himself ta'en back and retaineth.
 Mourning for her, he has wasted his soul : while, hemming the Argives
 440 In by the black-hull'd galleys, the Trojans would never allow them
 Further to pass than the gates : then senators old from the Argives
 Came, and implored him to join them, and rare gifts promised to give him ;
 Nevertheless he refused to assist in averting destruction,
 Still, he begirt in his own bright armour his comrade Patroclus,
 445 Sending him forth to the battle, and many besides to attend him.
 All day long these fought at the gates of the city, the Scæan ;
 That day Troia had surely been sack'd, had not Phœbus Apollo
 Slain 'mong the first of the heroes Menœtios' valorous offspring,
 After he great ills wrought them ; and glory bestow'd upon Hector.
 450 Therefore it is on my knees I approach thee, if haply thou 'lt promise
 Now to my short-lived offspring to furnish a buckler and helmet,
 Beautiful greaves too, fasten'd together with clasps, and a corslet ;
 Seeing his own have been lost by his much-loved faithful companion,
 Slain by the foe : and Achilles himself on the ground lies grieving."

- 455 Whereupon her thus famous Hephaistos immediately answer'd :
 " Now take courage, nor suffer thou these sad deeds to disturb thee.
 Would that from death dread-sounding I him would as certainly succour,
 Hiding him safely, when terrible fate predetermined approaches,
 Even as this most beautiful armour shall surely be ready,
 460 Such as by men, hereafter when seen, shall be view'd with amazement."

- Thus having spoken, he forthwith left her and went to his bellows.
 Turning them towards the fire, and commanding to work as it pleased him.
 Twice ten bellows incontinent blew in the furnaces many,
 Raising a blast, now strong, now weak, as occasion demanded,
 465 One time idle they stood, at another were busily blowing,
 Just as Hephaistos might please or required to accomplish his purpose.
 Foremost he brass unyielding and tin cast into the furnace,
 Silver and fine gold eke ; on the stock next placed he the anvil,
 Lifting the hammer with one huge hand, with the other the forceps.
 470 First he a round shield form'd, both large in dimensions and solid,
 Fill'd with devices ; and round it he fitted a beautiful border,
 Triple effulgent ; and loop'd it behind with a belting of silver.

Five folds cover'd the disk of the shield, ornamented with great skill ;
Many a curious work on the outside layer was graven.

475 There were exhibited heaven, and earth underneath it, and ocean :
There were the full-orb'd moon, and the sun bright shining unwearied :
Likewise the great constellations of planets adorning the heavens ;
There were the Pleiads and Hyads depicted, and mighty Orion :
Arctos was there, best known as The Wain, in familiar language,
480 Arctos, who shines out clear in the heavens, observing Orion,
Sole constellation that dips not his orb in the waters of ocean.

There he described two cities besides of articulate mortals ;
Sumptuous banquets in one were depicted and rites matrimonial :
Brides thro' the city were seen from their chambers conducted, with torches
485 Brilliantly shining, and songs hymeneal the company chanted.
Wheeling around here young men danced, and among them resounded
Trumpets and lyres ; and the women amazed stood each at her threshold.
Here vast crowds were assembled to witness a violent contest,
Where for the price of a slain man two men fiercely contended,
490 Recompense-money,—the one man boldly affirming already
All had been paid, to the people appealing ; the other declaring
Nothing was paid ; both wishing to leave the dispute to an umpire.
Meanwhile people applauded on both sides, each for his party.
Heralds were there, seen keeping the crowd from encroaching, and elders
495 Sat upon smooth stones, placed in a circular sacred enclosure :
Each in his own hand holding the staff of a clear-voiced herald,
Rose, and his cause there pled, one after the other in order.
There eke lay in the midst two talents of gold, to be given
Over to him whose award should be found most wise and befitting.

500 Two great armies in glittering armour invested the other
City, and two plans now were proposed to the hosts for acceptance :
Either to suffer the town to be sack'd, or divide into two parts
All the possessions and wealth which the city contain'd in its borders.
These things still in dispute, the besieged were preparing an ambush.
505 High on the walls meanwhile their beloved wives stood, and their
children,

Keeping a vigilant watch, and the old men too were among them.
Sallied the young men forth, with Athena and Ares as leaders,
Cover'd with gold all over, and golden their mantles and tunics,
Beautiful, prominent, girded in armour which glitter'd effulgent,
510 Such as Immortals beseems ; but the people were smaller in figure.
Now when they came to a place which appeared for an ambuscade suited,
Near to a stream where cattle were wont to be driven to water,

- There they incontinent stopt, full-girded in glittering armour.
 Here in advance of the army encamp'd two spies were reclining,
 515 Watching till crook-horn'd oxen and sheep they might haply discover.
 Soon they appear'd, two shepherds in charge both going before them,
 Playing their pipes ; for the ambuscade laid was as yet undiscover'd.
 Whereon the spies their approach having seen, ran in on the shepherds,
 Boldly surprising them, slaying the twain with their glittering falchions.
 520 Slaughtering also the white-fleeced sheep and the bellowing oxen.
 Soon as the army besieging, which now was assembled in council,
 Heard the tumultuous noise by the oxen occasion'd, they mounted
 Nimble their swift-paced steeds, and pursuing in haste overtook them.
 Marshall'd in order, a battle they fought on the banks of the river,
 525 Where with their brass spears fiercely engaged, each other they wounded.
 Discord and tumult commingled among them, and Fate unrelenting ;
 One still living, but recently wounded, another unwounded,
 Fate held fast, and a third now dead by the feet she was dragging ;
 Dappled with blood of the dead was the raiment she wore on her
 shoulders.
 530 Discord and Tumult and Fate, now here, now there in the battle
 Fought as if mere men, dragging the corpses about of the slaughter'd.
 There he portray'd, moreover, a field thrice plough'd with its furrows ;
 Spacious and rich ; upon which there was many a husbandman toiling,
 Ploughing with well-match'd oxen the glebe-lands pleasant and fertile :
 535 Then when they came to the end of the field, and again were returning,
 Forward a man came, putting a cup in their hands of delicious
 Wine, but they plough'd on, anxious to reach the extreme of the furrow.
 Dark was the tinge of the field in appearance behind, as if glebe-land
 Recently plough'd up, beautiful truly to see, and a marvel.
 540 There he described an enclosure of tall ripe corn, with the reapers
 Busily cutting it down ; in his hand each holding a sickle.
 Handfuls of corn lay here, cut down by the sweltering reapers,
 Left on the furrows, and there lay handfuls which binders were tying.
 Follow'd the reapers at work three binders, behind them were striplings ;
 545 Standing among them, the master was seen by the swathe, on the
 furrow,
 Holding a staff in his hand, with a placid expression of pleasure.
 Under an oak-tree heralds apart were preparing a banquet ;
 Dressing a well-stall'd ox they had slain, to the reapers they served it,
 Over it women the while white barley enow having sprinkled.
 550 There he depicted a vineyard with rich grapes heavily laden,
 Beautiful, golden the vine plants seem'd, but the fruitage was purple ;

- Stretching, in order the vines were supported on standards of silver.
 Round it a blue trench also he made, and enclosed with a tin work
 Grating ; and one path only appear'd for the whole of the vineyard,
 555 Used by the vine-stock dressers when going to gather the vintage.
 There young virgins were fashion'd, and striplings of joyous expression,
 Bearing in wickerwork baskets the luscious fruit from the vineyard.
 Mingling among them, a boy who a shrill harp held you might there see
 Playing harmonious airs, to the chords of the harp with his soft voice
 560 Gracefully singing ; the virgins and young men beating in concert
 Joyously danced, and with music and song tripp'd over the vineyard.
 There, moreover, a bevy of straight-horn'd oxen he fashion'd,
 Part were of gold, part tin, and they rush'd from the stall to the pasture
 Bellowing, down to the breeze-waved reeds of a murmuring river.
 565 Four hinds golden apparell'd, with nine dogs, follow'd the oxen.
 Two fierce lions the bull kept back, in the front of the bevy,
 Dragging him off, while roaring and bellowing loud as he struggled :
 Striplings and dogs all hastening forward resolved on a rescue.
 Meanwhile both, having stripp'd from the carcase the skin, were
 devouring,
 570 Lapping his entrails and black blood up, while vainly the shepherds
 Press'd on the lions, their fleet dogs urging amain to attack them.
 Near them the dogs stood barking vociferous, fearing to face them.
 There in a sweet grove, famous Hephaistos a pasture depicted,
 Studded with white-wool'd sheep and their folds, with the huts for the
 shepherds.
 575 There the illustrious artist a well-known dance represented,
 Like to the famed dance practised in wide-spread beautiful Gnosso,
 Whilom invented by Dædalos skill'd for divine Ariadne.
 There whirl'd round in the dance gay striplings and virgins alluring,
 Threading with join'd hands maze after maze of its intricate figure :
 580 Kirtles of pure white linen the beautiful maids were array'd in,
 Well-worn tunics that shone as if glazed, the hilarious striplings :
 Those wore beautiful garlands of flowers, but these were with bright gold
 Falchions begirt, from their girdles suspended with trappings of silver :
 Sometimes, skilfully bounding, they sprung from their feet, as a well-
 form'd
 585 Wheel in the hands of a potter, who, seated in front of it, tries it,
 Sometimes back to their places again interchanging positions :
 Vast crowds standing surrounded the dance, all greatly delighted,
 Viewing the spectacle, where two tumblers diverted the people,
 Now sweet madrigals singing, and now with agility tumbling.

590 There he described, moreover, the wide-spread vastness of ocean,
Forming a circle around the magnificent shield as a border.

Now when the massy elaborate huge-sized shield was completed,
Next he a corslet began more splendid than fire when it blazes,
Likewise a bright brass ponderous helmet his brows to encircle,
595 Beautiful, richly adorn'd, with a pine-gold crest as its apex ;
Greaves, too, forming of durable tin, most ductile of metals.

Then when the artist with much hard toil had completed the armour,
Lifting it up, to the mother of godlike Achilles he gave it.
Then like a falcon the goddess divine swooped down from Olympus,
600 Bearing the glittering armour to earth from immortal Hephaistos.

END OF BOOK EIGHTEENTH.

BOOK NINETEENTH.

MORNING in saffron attire bright clad now rose from the ocean,
Bringing on soft wing, light, as she came, to Immortals and mortals ;
Whereupon Thetis, the rich gifts bearing, appeared at the galleys.
There she her dear son found on the breast of Patroclus reclining,
5 Bitterly grieving, his many and much-loved comrades around him
Mourning as well ; upon which the divinest of goddesses, standing
Close by, clung to the hand of her son, and bespeaking, address'd him :
“ Child, let us leave thy beloved friend lying, our grief notwith-

standing,
Seeing he low has been laid by decree of the blessed Immortals ;
10 Come, these arms now take, so surpassingly bright, from Hephaistos,
Beautiful, such as indeed no man e'er girt on his shoulders.”

Thus having spoken, the goddess divine, fair Thetis, the armour
Curiously wrought, loud-ringing the while, to Achilles presented.
Whereupon fear on the Myrmidons fell, nor did any one venture,
15 Waiting, to view it, but suddenly all fled forth ; but Achilles
Only became more wroth at the sight, and his eyes were terrific
Under his eyelids, burning as fire darts forth when it flashes.
Seizing the beautiful gift, joy thrill'd through his innermost bosom.
After his soul he had sated in viewing the glorious armour,
20 Turning, his mother he answer'd, in these wing'd accents addressing :
“ Mother, the god hath conferred such arms as a deity only
Skill had to forge, and an earth-born mortal in vain might attempt it.
Now I will gird me, but fear takes hold of my breast, lest intrusive
Flies may have enter'd Menoetios' son thro' the wound of the javelin,
25 Loathed worms breeding in swarms, mayhap, in the corse of the fallen,
All parts thus with putridity tainting, for life is extinguish'd.”

Answer'd the goddess in turn, fair Thetis, the silvery-footed :
“ O dear son, let not such sad thoughts be a care to thy spirit.
Flies thick swarming, be sure, I will ward off, shielding the body,

- 30 Maggots that fail not to breed, which devour men falling in battle ;
Even tho' left for a year, still fresh, ay, fragrant, I'll keep it.
Come then, haste, having summon'd the Danaad chiefs to a council,
Wrath 'gainst Atreides, the shepherd and guide of the people, abandon,
Afterwards gird thee for war's dread onslaught, showing thy valour."
- 35 This having said ; she infused great daring and strength in his bosom.
Then into warlike Patroclus' body she breathed by the nostrils
Sweetest ambrosial ruby of nectar, to keep it untainted.
Now went forth by the shore of the sea brave, godlike Achilles,
Shouting aloud as he went, and arousing the Danaad heroes,
- 40 So that the men who were erewhile wont to remain at the galleys,
Those who conducted the swift ships, skilfully holding the rudders,
Likewise the stewards employed at the fleet in distributing viands,
Hasten'd away forthwith to the council on seeing Achilles,
Seeing he long had himself kept back from the terrible battle.
- 45 Noble Odysseus, as also the war-famed offspring of Tydeus,
Two brave champions, limp'd as they went forth, servants of Ares,
Each on his war-spear leaning ; their wounds still causing them anguish.
Onwards advancing, they soon sat down, with their comrades commingling.
Last came, wounded as well, wide-ruling Atreides, for Coön,
- 50 Son of Antenor, the wound with his sharp brass spear had inflicted.
Then, when the brave-soul'd sons of Achaia were met in assembly,
Rose swift-footed Achilles among them, and speaking, address'd them :
" Better for thee had it been, and myself, O noble Atreides,
Sure, than it proved what time being wroth in our souls, our contention,
- 55 Spirit-devouring indeed, both nourish'd, a girl the occasion.
Would that an arrow, by Artemis shot, at the galleys had slain her
That same day, when I captured Lyrnessos and wasted the city.
Then, of a truth, far fewer Achaians had fallen in battle,
Under the hands of the foe, I nursing the wrath in my bosom.
- 60 This for the Trojans and Hector was best ; but the sons of Achaia
Long long hence will remember our mutual wrath and contention.
Now let us leave this strife as a thing that is past and concluded,
Grieved howsoever the souls in our breast, to necessity yielding.
Wrath I renounce henceforth and for ever ; becoming it were not,
- 65 Surely, my rage to indulge too long : come, quickly arouse ye,
Stir up boldly the long-hair'd Argives to battle, that, going
Forth 'gainst the Trojans, their strength I may test, if they still at the
galleys
Purpose to bide this night : but I judge, if I err not, the man, who,
Fighting, my spear shall escape this day, will be glad to repose him."

- 70 Thus did he speak : and the well-greaved Argives exulted on finding
Peleus' high-soul'd son had his long-nursed anger relinquish'd.
Next, Agamemnon Atreides, the ruler of peoples, address'd them,
Ev'n where erewhile sitting, not forth to the centre advancing :
- “ Danaad heroes, and much-loved comrades, attendants of Ares,
75 Fitting it is that to me, now rising, attention be given,
Seeing that speaking is no light thing for an orator even.
How can a man amid tumult and loud roars hear or address you,
Even albeit a clear-toned speaker, if once interrupted ?
Speak I shall now to Peleides Achilles ; ye other Achaians,
80 Harken and weigh well what I promulge ; and consider my meaning.
Frequently erewhile even the sons of Achaia rebuked me,
Scornfully speaking ; but nevertheless blameworthy I am not ;
No, 'tis Kronion, and Fate, and the dark shades-roaming Erinnyes ;
She at the council infused in my breast wild, fatal delusion,
85 That same day when I took from Peleides Achilles his guerdon :
Nathless what else could I do ? for resistless is Zeus, who his daughter
Ate pernicious employs to the ruin of such as are mortal :
Tender of foot, she disdains to alight on the ground as she passes ;
Men's heads walketh she over, and one she succeeds in ensnaring.
90 Even Kronion himself one day she deluded, albeit
Known as the greatest 'mong men and Immortals ; but Hera, tho'
female,
Him by her cunning deceived, that day when Alcmena in high-wall'd
Thebes was about to give birth unto Herakles powerful and warlike.
Once had he thus spoke, boasting, in presence of all the Immortals :
95 ‘ Hear me, ye gods and ye goddesses high, while now I announce it,
Speaking of those deep things which the mind in my bosom impels me.
Ilithyeia the birth over-ruler will bring into being
One this day who a hero will prove, and illustrious ruler
Over the regions adjacent ; a man of the blood of Kronion.’
100 Whereupon him thus Hera august, guile-pondering, answered :
‘ Liar thou'lt prove, and thy words will be soon found lacking perform-
ance.
Come, thou Olympian, swear the unchangeable oath in my presence,
Even that he who shall this day fall 'tween the feet of a woman,
Born of thy lineage noble, will rule all bordering regions.’
105 Thus she address'd him ; and Zeus of her deep-plann'd guile unsuspecting,
Thereon the great oath swore, to her stratagem falling a victim.
Forth from the summit of lofty Olympus at once flew Hera,
Borne to Achaia, to Argos, in haste, where Sthenelos' noble

Spouse she aforetime knew, the illustrious offspring of Perseus.

110 Pregnant she was of her son, and the month now near was the seventh :
Hera divine him brought to the light, as to months prematurely,
Ilithyeia restraining, and staying the pangs of Alcmena.

Then she herself as a messenger came, Zeus joyful saluting :

‘ High Zeus, hurler of lightning, momentous the tidings I bring thee :

115 Born on the earth is a man this day who the Argives will govern,
Even Eurystheus, descended of Perseus, and Sthenelos’ offspring,
Therefore thy own, and a man most meet to be ruler of Argos.’
Thus she address’d him ; on which deep grief stung mighty Kronion.

Whereon, incontinent, Ate he seized by her glittering tresses,
120 Grievously wroth in his soul, and a great oath swore that he Ate,
Pest universal, would ban from the starry abode and Olympus.
Thus having spoken, he hurl’d her afar from the glittering heavens,
Whirling her round till she came to the dwellings and turmoil of mortals.
Deeply, indeed, Zeus groan’d long after on seeing his dear son

125 Toiling at servile employments unworthy, imposed by Eurystheus.

“ Thus I myself too acted, when huge crest-flourishing Hector

Havoc was making on all at the sterns of the Danaad galleys,

Never forgot I the wrong vile Ate impell’d me to practise.

Render’d infatuate then by Kronion, and harm having suffered,

130 Now, I will gladly appease thee, with these rich ransoms I proffer.

Come, then, rouse thee for war, and thy bands stir up to assist thee :

Gifts I am ready to furnish, as many as noble Odysseus

Yesterday offer’d to give when he went to thy tent with the promise.

Wait, however, if this thou preferrest, before to the battle

135 Going, albeit impatient, and see, for my servants will bring them

Forth from my galley, the offerings costly designed to appease thee.”

Him in return swift-footed Achilles incontinent answer’d :

“ O most noble Atreides, thou ruler of men, Agamemnon,

Recompense fitting to give or withhold now rests with Atreides,

140 E’en as thou wilt ; but at once let us now go forth to the contest,

Mindful of valour, for this is indeed no time to be idly

Spent in conversing, for doubtless a great war-work is before us.

Some of you yet will behold, in the front rank fighting, Achilles,

Breaking the squares of the foe with his bright brass spear, and as *he*
fights

145 So fight *ye*, him still in your mind’s eye keeping in battle.”

Whereon Odysseus, for wisdom renown’d, thus answer’d Achilles :

“ Urge not the sons of Achaia in haste, O godlike Achilles,

Brave tho’ thou art, ere tasting of food, to advance upon Troia,

Fighting the foe, for when band meets band in the dreadful encounter,
150 Ay, and inspired by a god, long fear I the fight will continue,
Rather command that of food the Achaians partake at the galleys,
Victuals and wine both taking, for these are puissance and valour.
Lacking his food, no man could contend in the battle till sunset ;
No, for tho' yearning in soul for the combat, his limbs would be feeble,
155 Hunger and thirst would attack him, his knees eke fail in the struggle ;
Whereas the hero with food well strengthen'd, and wine, with the foeman
Fights all day, and the heart in his breast is courageous and daring,
Limbs unimpair'd aye stand him in good stead, e'en till he conquer.
Come, break up the assembly at once, and command that refreshment
160 Now be prepared for the people ; let King Agamemnon Atreides
Order the gifts to be forthwith brought, that the sons of Achaia,
Met in assembly, may see with their eyes, and thyself be delighted.
Ay, and let royal Atreides an oath now swear 'mong the Argives
Standing, that never her bed he ascended, in love to commingle,
165 Never as husbands are wont with their wives, O King Agamemnon :
Thus let thy own great soul in thy bosom, Achilles, be tranquil.
Last, let him soothe thy dissatisfied mind with a sumptuous banquet,
So that in nothing redress for the great wrong done may be wanting.
Afterwards much more just to another thou'lt show thee, Atreides,
170 Seeing it is not indeed inappropriate held, that a monarch
Even a subject appease whom himself first wrong'd or offended."

Him then answer'd in turn Agamemnon the ruler of peoples :
" Son of Laertes, the words thou hast spoken are good, and rejoice me :
Rightly indeed hast thou these things named, in their order detailing,
175 What thou hast sought I am willing to swear, for my spirit commands me,
Even in presence of Zeus I will swear,—swear falsely will never.
Here, howbeit, Achilles must tarry awhile, tho' for battle
Eager ; the others must likewise remain, till the gifts I have promised
Hither be brought from my tent, and the covenant sworn to between us.
180 Now to thyself I above all give this charge, and command thee,
Forthwith, choosing the bravest and best of the youths of Achaia,
Cause them to bring up hither the gifts from my ship, to Achilles
Yesterday faithfully promised, nor fail to remember the women.
This done, then let Talthybios all the Achaian encampment
185 Search for a boar, for the altar of Zeus, and the Sun, and prepare it."

Him in return thus answered anon swift-footed Achilles :
" O most noble Atreides, the ruler of men, Agamemnon,
Fitter it were hereafter to hold such things in remembrance,
Soon as the battle is o'er, and the ardour within me abated :

- 190 See, still lie on the field thick strewn, those mangled by Hector,
Offspring of Priam, subdued when by Zeus he was cover'd with glory.
Well, let them eat ; but indeed my counsel had been that the Argives
Fasting should haste to the field ; then, after the evening had fallen,
Victuals prepare for the whole, when we vengeance had ta'en on the
Trojans,
- 195 No, these lips shall not taste one morsel of food, nor of wine drink,
While my companion and friend, cut down by the spear of the foeman,
Lies at the door of my tent with his comrades lamenting around him.
Truly for such things care I have none in my soul, but I think of
Slaughter and carnage and gore, and the death-pang groanings of heroes."
- 200 Him then speedily answer'd Odysseus, excelling in wisdom :
" Noble Peleides Achilles, the bravest by far of the Argives,
Me thou surpassesest in no small measure in wielding the javelin,
Nevertheless in considerate counsel I surely excel thee,
More having learned in my day, for in years I am greatly thy elder :
- 205 Therefore thy spirit restrain, give heed to the counsel I tender.
Battles are rife, and satiety men soon feel with the labour,
Wearied with strewing the field with the dead mown down by the falchion :
Ay, and the harvest it yields is but scanty indeed when Kronion,
Mighty adjuster of battle, the scales holds up and inclines them.
- 210 Fitting it is not, be sure, that the Danai, fasting, their comrades
Mourn who are slaughter'd, for one falls after another
Daily around us ; and when is cessation from toil to be looked for ?
Doubtless the dead, whosoever they be, it is needful to bury,
Weeping for one day, bearing a mind still patient within us.
- 215 All who survive, howbeit, the onslaught dreadful of battle,
Wine should partake of and victuals, that fortified thus they be render'd
Fitter the lengthen'd encounter to bear ; meanwhile let our bodies,
All be in obdurate brass well-cased ; moreover let no one
Lingering wait till another command to arouse him be given.
- 220 Woful should that call sound to the man, whosoever he might be,
Lurking behind at the ships of the Argives ; but, boldly advancing,
On let us rush in a band and encounter the horsemen of Troia."
- Ended ; and chose as his comrades the sons of illustrious Nestor,
Warlike Meriones, Meges the offspring of Phyleus, and Thoas,
- 225 Bold Lycomedes, the offspring of Creon, and stout Melanippos :
Hastening, these then went to the tent of renown'd Agamemnon.
Whereon, obeying as order'd, at once they accomplish'd their mission.
Soon they produced from the tent, as aforetime promised him, tripods
Seven, and twelve fine coursers, and twice ten glittering goblets.

- 230 Afterwards, forward they led young women unblamable seven,
Skilful at work, and the eighth was the fair-cheek'd maiden Briseïs.
Then, having lifted of gold ten talents, the godlike Odysseus
Went in advance, by the youths of Achaia attending him, follow'd,
Placing the whole in the midst of the council : on which Agamemnon
235 Now rose up, and Talthybios, like an Immortal in accent,
Holding a boar with his hand, stood close by the guide of the people.
Then Agamemnon the knife drew forth with his hand which was ever
Hung on the sheath of the sword, and the forelock cut of the victim :
Whereon he pray'd, forth stretching his hands to the mighty Kronion,
240 Heavenward ; meanwhile all the Achaians around him were sitting,
Now that the rite was perform'd, to the voice of the ruler attentive.
Lifting his eyes to the wide-spread heaven he thus spoke, praying :
 "First be thou witness, Kronion supreme, of Immortals the wisest,
Hear, O Sun, hear Earth, and ye Furies beneath, who in darkness
245 Mortals chastise who a falsehood swear, whosoever they may be :
Never have I laid hands on the maiden Briseïs, nor wish'd her
Ever my couch to attend, nor in aught interfered with her freedom :
Pure and inviolate still she remains by my ship and pavilion.
False if in aught I have sworn, O then may the blessèd Immortals
250 Those woes bring on my head which on men foresworn are inflicted."
 Ended he, cutting the throat of the boar with the merciless falchion.
Whereon Talthybios, whirling it round, first into the ocean
Hoary and vast straight cast it, a prey to the fishes. Achilles
Thereon arose, and address'd, thus speaking the warrior Argives :
255 "O Zeus ! Father ! thou sendest on mortals calamities baleful,
Else had Atreides the king in my breast such fierce indignation
Never aroused, nor so madly the maiden away with him taken,
Spite of my efforts ; but Zeus has an end to accomplish, decreeing
Slaughter and death as the doom of the numerous sons of Achaia.
260 Come, food now let us take, that done, then off to the battle."
 Thus he address'd them ; the council in haste thereafter dissolving.
Then to his own ship each man went thence quickly dispersing :
Only the high-soul'd myrmidons tarried, the gifts to examine,
Afterwards bearing them on to the large-hull'd ship of Achilles.
265 Seats to the damsels they gave, and the gifts piled up in pavilions :
Others the while drove forward the steeds to the studs on the pastures.
Soon as Briseïs, delightful as fair Aphrodite the golden,
Saw with the sharp brass spear sore wounded, Patroclus, around him
Throwing herself, she her fair face tore, and her bosom, and soft neck,
270 Weeping aloud ; then fair as a goddess, in tears she address'd him :

"O my Patroclus, the friend most dear to my bosom, I left thee
 Living, what time I departed my tent, but returning, I find thee
 Dead, great chief. Oh me ! how ill's ill's follow successive !
 Him unto whom my beloved old father and mother betroth'd me,
 275 Saw I myself with the sharp brass wounded in front of the city.
 Three own brothers besides saw pierced, all sons of my mother,
 Sighing, I these still mourn, laid low that day so destructive.
 Still me, wretched, alas ! thou leftst not to weep my betroth'd one,
 Slain by Achilles, what time he the beautiful city of Mynes,
 280 Razed to the ground ; but thou tenderly saidst thou would'st make me
 the wedded
 Spouse of Achilles, and take in thy own fair galley to Phthia ;
 Saidst that the nuptial repast 'mong the Myrmidon brave thou wouldst
 furnish.

Thus thee gentle I mourn now dead, mourn ceaselessly weeping."

Thus, tears shedding, she spoke : and the women around her responsive
 285 Mourn'd for Patroclus, or seemed, for her own ill's each was lamenting.
 Gather'd the Danaad old men now, and surrounded Achilles,
 Urging him food to partake of, but moaning their suit he rejected :

"Ask me not, O dear friends," he exclaimed, "if ye wish to obey me,
 Food to partake of, or wine, since my soul is with deep grief heavy ;
 290 E'en till the sun go down, I shall wait and can patiently suffer."

Thus having spoken, the other enthroned chiefs left him, departing.
 Two of the sons of Atreides remain'd howbeit, Odysseus,
 Warlike Idomeneus, Nestor, and Phoenix, the agèd renown'd chief,
 Doing their best, him much cast down, to console : but in nothing
 295 Joy to his breast could they bring ere war's dread throat he had enter'd.
 Often a deep-drawn sigh would he heave, and exclaim as he ponder'd :

"Time was, dearest of all my companions, unhappy Patroclus,
 Thou hadst thyself in my tent a luxurious banquet prepared me,
 Speedily placed, and with careful concern, when the sons of Achaia
 300 Hasten'd to wage tear-gathering war on the horsemen of Troia ;
 Now all mangled thou liest, alas ! and of food I partake not,
 Neither of viands nor wine, tho' within these lie in abundance,
 Such is my grief ; for a loss more heavy could never befall me :
 No, not although I should hear of the death of my father, who haply
 305 Tears now tenderly sheds for his son, much-longed-for, in Phthia,
 While with the Trojans remote I contend for detestable Helen :
 No, nor of his, my beloved young son, Neoptolemos godlike,
 Whom (does he yet live ?) left I behind to be nurtured at Scyros.
 Ever aforetime truly I cherish'd the hope in my bosom

- 310 Fighting to perish alone, from renown'd, steed-nourishing Argos
Far far off, and that thou shouldst thyself go back into Phthia,
Taking my own dear boy by the hand in thy galley from Scyros,
Showing my high-domed dwelling, attendants and heritage ample.
Seeing I doubt not that Peleus already is dead, or, if living,
- 315 Great pain suffers from sad old age and infirmities, fearing
Sorrowful tidings to hear of my own death, daily and hourly."
Weeping he spoke ; and the high chiefs heard, all inwardly groaning ;
Each man thinking of some dear tie still left in his dwelling.
Kronos' son meanwhile felt pity, beholding them weeping,
- 320 Straight thus speaking in fleet-wing'd accents to Pallas Athena :
 " O dear daughter, thy brave-soul'd hero thou heedest not longer ;
 Carest thou no more in thy innermost soul for Achilles ?
 Yonder he sits in the front of his high-prow'd galley, bewailing
 Still his belovèd companion and friend ; while off to a banquet
- 325 Others have gone, he himself, unrefresh'd, still tarries behind them.
Therefore away now quickly, and into his bosom, delightful
Nectar instil, and ambrosial essence, that hunger he feel not."
- Spoke ; and Athena divine, prompt even before, he persuaded.
Whereupon she, like a broad-wing'd, shrill-voiced harpy, descended
- 330 Down from the heavens and ether. The Danaï through the encamp-
 ment
All meanwhile were their panoply donning, when into Achilles
Nectar she breathed and ambrosial sweets, that his knees might not fail
 him.
- Then to her great sire's firm-built mansion she, rising, ascended,
While the Achaians abroad stream'd forth, all leaving their galleys.
- 335 Even as white snow-flakes fall frequent from mighty Kronion,
Under the force of the cold, air-winnowing Borean breezes :
So from the ships close-rank'd, huge helmet on helmet descended,
Glittering bright, boss'd bucklers, and wire-wove corslets, and javelins.
Even to heaven the bright sheen shone : and the earth with effulgence
- 340 Smiled all round ; and the ground with the warriors' trampling re-
 sounded.
- Full in the midst of the host stood godlike Achilles accoutred,
Gnashing his teeth, and his eyes were as fire-balls vividly burning.
Wrung his enraged soul anguish terrific, and fury 'gainst Troia,
While in the armour Hephaistos with great skill forged he begirt him.
- 345 Foremost the greaves, well-polish'd and bright, on his thighs he adjusted,
Fasten'd with silvery clasps, on his breast thereafter the corslet,
Then on his shoulders he slung his immense sword, studded with silver.

- Lifted the huge shield last, like the moon far shining resplendent.
 E'en as the blaze of a fire bright-burning for mariner toiling,
 350 Kindled on some lone spot, high up on the top of a mountain
 (Still from their friends on the deep sea far they are driven reluctant):
 So from the beautiful, fine-form'd shield of Achilles the lustre
 Heavenward shone, as the brass-wrought helmet he placed on his
 temples,
 Where with its horse-hair crest like a star it effulgently shimmer'd ;
 355 While on the cone shook, nodding, the gold tufts wrought by Hephaistos.
 Girded, he now tried whether the bright arms fitted his stature,
 Moving his light-form'd limbs to essay if they carried him freely :
 Wings they to him proved, full scope giving the guide of the people.
 Then from its rest he uplifted his sires' long-shadowèd war-spear,
 360 Sturdy and stout, which in sooth no son of Achaia could brandish,
 Saving Achilles alone, who could hurl it ; of Pelion's famous
 Ash it was form'd, from the top of the mount, for his father by Chiron
 Whilom hewn, a destruction to prove long after to heroes.
 Alcimos now, and Automedon brave, having harness'd the horses,
 365 Yoked, with precision adjusting the beautiful collars : the bridles
 Next put into their mouths, and the reins drew back to the carriage :
 Whereon Automedon, seizing the glittering lash with a firm hand,
 Into the seat now leapt, and Achilles, accoutred for battle,
 Mounted behind, like the orient sun all dazzling in armour ;
 370 Giving in accents terrific the word to the steeds of his father :
 " Xanthos and Balios, both of the far-famed breed of Podarges,
 See that ye fail not, as whilom, your charioteer to the Argives
 Safe to restore, when his soul he has satiate fully with battle :
 Dead on the field him leave not, as erst my companion Patroclus."
 375 Him from the yoke thus answer'd the swift-limbed, beautiful courser
 Xanthos, incontinent hanging his head, as his mane from the brass
 ring,
 Fix'd to the yoke, droop'd low, till it trail'd on the ground underneath
 him,
 Hera the white-arm'd goddess with speech having gifted the courser :
 " Ay, this day we will carry thee safe, O daring Achilles :
 380 Nathless the hour draws onward, the fatal to thee, tho' in nowise
 Culpable we, but a deity mighty, and destiny powerful :
 Tardiness none we evinced, sloth none, when the Trojans the armour
 Stripped from Patroclus ; the bravest Immortal, whom Leto the fair-
 hair'd
 Bore, him slew in the van, thus glory according to Hector.

- 385 Ay, and albeit we fly as the breezes of Zephyr, the fleetest
Far of the winds, as by rumour affirm'd, still fated it thus stands,
Low thou shalt lie by the hands of a man god-sent to destroy thee."
Thus having spoken, the Furies anon interposed and restrain'd him.
Whereupon him thus answer'd enraged, swift-foot'd Achilles :
390 " Why, O Xanthos, my death foretell ? Ah ! ill it becomes thee.
Well I indeed know here by the gods I am fated to perish,
Far from my loved sires' side, and my mother's ; but fight I shall ever,
E'en till the Trojans themselves have of war to satiety tasted."
Ended ; and shouting, the firm-hoof'd fleet steeds vanward directed.

BOOK TWENTIETH.

THUS were the Argives, in bright arms girt, O offspring of Peleus,
Close by the side of the crook-prow'd ships, still thirsting for battle ;
While on the mount, in the midst of the plain, stood marshall'd the
Trojans.

- Zeus in the meantime Themis commanded to call the Immortals
5 Forth from the summit of deep-valed winding Olympus to council :
Whereon she bade them repair forthwith to the halls of Kronion.
Saving Oceanos, none of the Floods kept back, nor the Naiads
Haunting the rich green meads, clear springs, and agreeable woodlands.
These, then, reaching the halls of the great cloud-urging Immortal,
10 Now sat down upon seats, smooth-polish'd and bright, by Hephaistos,
Skilful artificer, cunningly fashion'd for father Kronion.
Thus these sat in the palace of Zeus ; nor did mighty Poseidon
Themis' command disobey, but he came forthwith from the ocean,
Taking his place in the midst, and inquired of Kronion his purpose.
15 “ Why, O hurler of bolts, hast thou summon'd the gods to a council ?
Say, dost thou weigh in thy mind aught touching the Trojans and Argives,
Seeing the fight once more is about to be kindled between them ? ”
Whereupon great, cloud-gathering Zeus thus spake and address'd him :
“ What I have purposed thou know'st, and for whose sake summon'd the
council,
20 O earth-shaker, for much I regard them, tho' ready to perish.
Here I'll remain still sitting awhile on the top of Olympus,
Whence I can look down, pleasing the soul in my breast, but depart
hence
All ye others, and go to the Trojans and sons of Achaia,
Each such aid to accord as inclined each feels in the contest.
25 Even alone should Achilles contend with the Trojans in battle,
Brave, swift-footed Peleides they dare not await to encounter.
Even aforetime once when they saw him, they fled in their terror ;

Much more now, when enraged on account of his friend and companion ;
Greatly I fear lest the wall he destroy, firm fate notwithstanding."

- 30 Thus Zeus spake ; and again roused up war's endless contention ;
Whereon the gods with conflicting desires went forth to the contest.
Hera and Pallas divine went down to the ships of Achaia,
Hermes the helpful as well, who excelled all others in prudence,
Likewise the great earth-shaking Poseidon, and limping Hephaistos,
35 Looking enraged in his strength, on his weak limbs under him halting.
Went to the aid of the Trojans immense crest-flourishing Ares,
Phœbus, with long locks flowing, and Artemis, goddess of hunting,
Leto and Xanthos, and fair Aphrodite, the lover of laughter.
Even so long as the gods kept wholly aloof from the contest,
40 Greatly the Argives exulted on seeing Achilles among them,
Seeing he long had his fierce wrath nursed, and withdrawn him from
battle.

Dread fear seized on the Trojans, and, fill'd with dismay, underneath them
Trembled their limbs when they saw swift-footed Peleides in armour
Radiant, equal in prowess to great man-slaughtering Ares :

- 45 Soon as the mighty Olympians came, howbeit, 'mong mortals,
Then fierce Eris, disturber of nations, arose, and Athena
Shouted with loud voice, now at the trench outside of the rampart,
Now as she stood by the shore of the deep-toned echoing ocean.
Ares again on the opposite side loud yell'd, in appearance
50 E'en as a whirlwind now, from the high built city the Trojans
Rousing, and now by the Simois hasting at Callicolone.

Thus did the blessèd Immortals incite both sides, in the contest
Joining, and, roused once more, fell strife in the several armies.

- Thunder'd from far high Zeus, dread father of men and Immortals,
55 While, at the same time, great earth-shaking Poseidon, the monarch,
Shook wide earth from beneath to the tops of the loftiest mountains.
Ida with rills interspersed from its deep base shook to its summit ;
Trembled the city of Troia, and every ship of the Argives.
Hades himself, from beneath, dread god of the nethermost regions,
60 Terrified, leapt from his throne, loud-shouting, lest mighty Poseidon
Over his head should the earth-vaults rend, and disclose to immortal
Eyes, and to mortal, his squalid abode, dark, loathed by the godheads.
Such was the tumult aroused by the high gods mingling in battle.
Facing the great earth-shaker himself stood Phœbus Apollo :
65 Arm'd with his wing'd shafts ; Ares the blue-eyed Pallas confronted :
Opposite white-armed Hera, the goddess divine of the golden
Bow, stood Artemis, huntress, the sister of Phœbus Apollo ;

- Opposite Leto, the helpful to men, aid-rendering Hermes :
Facing Hephaistos the lame was the broad deep-eddying river,
70 Called by the mighty Olympians Xanthos, by mortals Scamander.
Thus gods combated gods, but Peleides Achilles above all
Long'd to advance thro' the crowd against Hector the offspring of Priam,
Seeing his own soul earnestly urged him to satiate Ares,
Great and invincible god, with the blood of illustrious Hector.
- 75 Phœbus Apollo, inciter of hosts, howbeit, Æneas
Roused against Peleus' son, and infused strong courage within him.
Therefore in voice having liken'd himself to the hero Lycaon,
Offspring of Priam, Apollo the Zeus-born spoke, and address'd him :
" Where are thy threats, O counsellor sage of the Trojans, Æneas ?
80 Once while feasting thou vow'dst to the leaders and chiefs of the Trojans,
Saying thou even wouldst fight against godlike Peleides Achilles."
Whereon Æneas in turn thus spake, him promptly addressing :
" Why give orders to me disinclined, O offspring of Priam,
Noble Lycaon, to fight against godlike Peleides Achilles ?
85 This to essay with Achilles were hard, but it would not the first fray
Prove, for in good sooth once he aforetime chased me from Ida,
Wielding his bright brass spear, when he plundered us seizing our cattle,
Sacking Lyrnessos and Pedasos both : but Kronion preserved me,
Nimbleness giving my limbs, and my stout breast filling with courage,
90 Otherwise, soon had I fall'n, cut down by Peleides Achilles.
Aided by Pallas, who went in advance, and the victory gave him,
Causing him slay with his spear both Lelegans valiant and Trojans ;
Wherefore it is no man in the battle can fight with Achilles,
One of the gods being ever beside him to parry destruction.
- 95 Straight flies ever his shaft, nor is spent till the flesh of a mortal,
Reaching, it pierces ; and yet if the god dealt justly between us
Me he should nowise quell, tho' in panoply brazen begirded."
Him in return thus answered again King Phœbus Apollo :
" Prayers prefer, O hero renown'd, to the blessèd Immortals,
100 Seeing 'tis said thou likewise art sprung from divine Aphrodite,
Daughter of Zeus, but himself from a goddess inferior reckon'd ;
Child of Kronion the one, of the ancient of ocean the other.
Turn thy invincible brass right on him, nor suffer him ever
Thee with his arrogant speeches and threats to dissuade from thy purpose."
105 Thus having spoken : the high god breathed into warlike Æneas
Courage and strength, and he rush'd to the van in his glittering armour.
White-arm'd Hera's regard, howbeit, Æneas escaped not,
While on his way to the wide-spread ranks 'gainst Peleides Achilles ;

Whereupon she the Immortals address'd, having summoned them round
her :

- 110 “ Pallas and mighty Poseidon, revolve the event in your bosoms,
Now has Æneas advanced bright shining in brass 'gainst Achilles,
Peleus' son, urged onward to battle by Phœbus Apollo.
Come, howbeit, at once let us turn him again, or let some one
Stand by Achilles and great strength give him, nor suffer his courage
115 Ever to falter, and thus will he learn that the mighty Immortals
Love him indeed, and that those erst striving with earnest endeavour
Carnage and war from the Trojans to ward off vainly are fighting.
Down we have all now come from Olympus to mingle in battle,
Fearing lest haply to-day at the hands of the Trojans he suffer
120 Aught : hereafter indeed he shall suffer what evils soever
Fate in his life's web wove that day he was born of his mother.
Now should Achilles remain unapprised by the gods of their favour,
Fear would o'ertake him, methinks, should he meet one mingling in battle,
Ay, for the face of a god is terrific when seen by a mortal.”

- 125 Whereupon her earth-shaking Poseidon incontinent answer'd :
“ Hera, indulge not thine anger beyond just measure, 'tis needless.
Wish I have none, be assured, to engage these other Immortals
Here in the fight, since already 'tis known that ourselves are the strongest ;
Surely 'twere better to sit down yonder, and looking about us
130 Everything view, and relinquish to mortals the conduct of battle.
Nevertheless if Apollo begin the encounter, or Ares,
Keeping Peleides Achilles in check, and preventing him fighting,
Straightway then we shall enter the dread strife also, and doubtless
Glad they will be to return to Olympus and mix with their compeers,
135 Routed, and quell'd by our own strong hands, to necessity yielding.”

Thus having spoken, the blue-hair'd god led on to the lofty
Earth-built rampart of Herakles godlike, which Pallas Athena
Built, and the Trojans, that so he might safely escape from the sea-bred
Monster he fear'd, what time he was track'd thro' the plain from the
ocean.

- 140 Mighty Poseidon his seat then took and the other Immortals,
Over their shoulders a cloud unto mortals impervious drawing ;
Those on the opposite side sat down upon Callicolone,
Near to thyself, O Phœbus, and Ares the city-destroyer.
Thus they on both sides sat, schemes various planning, reluctant
145 Hoarse-voiced war to begin, but aloft Zeus sat and inspired them.
Fill'd was the wide-spread champaign with bright brass shining refulgent,
Crowded with heroes and horses, and under their feet, as they rush'd on,

- Hollow the firm earth sounded. But two brave heroes, distinguished
More than the others, advanced to the combat in midst of the armies,
150 Eager, Achilles renown'd, and Æneas the son of Anchises.
First came forward Æneas, with menacing aspect his helmet
Nodding above him ; in front of his breast his invincible buckler
Held he, with firm hand out, and his war-spear shook as he grasp'd it.
Godlike Peleides, on his part, rushed on Æneas, destructive
155 E'en as a lion, which brings whole villages out to the rescue,
Eager to slay him : at first notwithstanding he onward advances,
Scorning his foes, but by one of the vigorous youths of the village
Wounded at length with a sharp-edged missile, he stretches himself out,
Yawning, to spring, and the foam from his white teeth scatters around him
160 Audible groans too forth from his brave soul come, as he lashes
Fiercely his sinewy flanks with his tail, each side in succession
Rousing himself for the fight, then grimly he glares, as he rushes,
Borne by his strength straight on, till he one of the hinds, peradventure,
Slay in the crowd, or himself be destroyed in the deadly encounter :
165 Thus did the great strength filling the bosom of godlike Achilles
Urge him amain to advance against high-soul'd warlike Æneas.
Now when a short space only divided them, one from the other,
Foremost bespake swift-footed Achilles undaunted Æneas.
“ Why, O noble Æneas, advancest thou thus to oppose me,
170 Threading the crowd ? Does thy soul thus urge thee to fight with
Achilles,
Hoping to rule, mayhap, the renown'd horse-conquering Trojans
Now, in the place of magnanimous Priam ? But ev'n if thou slay me,
Never for such an achievement reward so great will he give thee,
Seeing his own sons live, and the mind in his bosom is steadfast.
175 E'en if I fall at thy hands, dost thou deem that the foe has apportion'd
Fertile enclosure surpassing in beauty to thee, for the vineyard
Suited alike and the plough ? No, hard thou wilt find it to quell me.
Once I aforetime put thee to flight with my spear, if I err not.
Haply thou dost not remember the day when I down the Idæan
180 Mountains with swift feet drove thee alone in my rage, from the cattle :
Never didst thou once venture to turn while eagerly flying,
Safe to Lyrnessos escaping ; but boldly attacking the city,
Aided by father Kronion and Pallas Athena, I sack'd it.
Likewise their women I led off captive, the day of their freedom
185 Perish'd for ever, but Zeus and the other Immortals preserved thee.
Now, howbeit, I deem not again they will save thee as vainly,
Doubtless, thou hopest, but thee I exhort to retreat to the army,

- Never with me to contend, lest some great evil befall thee.
Foolish is that man truly who learns from experience only.”
- 190 Whereupon him thus answer'd in turn brave, godlike Æneas :
“ Think not, Peleides, with vain words me like an infant to frighten,
Taunts and reproaches enow at command I have also, be certain.
Well do we both know who are our parents, and what is their lineage,
All these things having heard long since from the lips of our fellows,
195 Even albeit our parents to each were respectively strangers.
Rumour declares thee the offspring of fair-hair'd Thetis and Peleus ;
Whereas Anchises I boast as my sire, Aphrodite as mother.
One or the other of these will to-day mourn, weeping a dead son,
Ay, for with mere words, neither will surely relinquish the combat.
- 200 More of my lineage high wouldst thou learn, and the birth that I boast of
Well thou may'st know (for already, indeed, it is known unto many).
Dardanos first was by great cloud-urging Kronion begotten :
Dardanos famous, Dardania built, for the city of mortals
Gifted with language as yet had not risen in Ilium sacred.
- 205 Meanwhile dwelt in the region of rill-fed Ida our fathers.
Dardanos now had a son to him born, Erichthonios warlike ;
Monarch he was of the people, and reckon'd the richest of mortals,
Mares three thousand at least he possess'd, who at liberty pastured
Over the wide-spread swamps, in their foals as they wander'd delighting :
- 210 Boreas some of them fancied, and liken'd himself to a blue-maned
Courser, and cover'd them ; soon twelve fine she-foals were the issue,
These as they scamper'd along thro' the earth, with productiveness teeming,
Over the topmost stalks of the corn went sweeping, nor injured ;
Over the broad back too of the ocean when running they gamboll'd,
- 215 Skimming the top of the sea, all hoary with boisterous billows.
Father of Tros Erichthonios was, first King of the Trojans,
Tros in his turn was the father of three sons greatly distinguished,
Gallant Assaracos, Ilos, and Ganymede, famous in story ;
This last named was of mortals the finest in stature and bearing.
- 220 Him on account of his beauty the gods took up into heaven,
There with themselves to abide, cup-bearer to mighty Kronion.
Further, to Ilos a son was begotten, Laomedon warlike :
Priam, Tithonos, and Lampos as well, Hicetaon of Ares
Sprung, brave Clytios too, by Laomedon famed were begotten :
- 225 Warlike Assaracos Capys begot, this Capys Anchises,
Famous Anchises myself, King Priam, illustrious Hector.
Such is the lineage and blood which I boast to possess from my father :
Nevertheless high Zeus gives valour to men or withholds it,

E'en as he pleases, for Zeus is the greatest of all the Immortals.

- 230 Come, howbeit, as long as the fight still rages around us
Why should we idly of such things speak, fit prattle for children ?
Easy it is to indulge one's-self in reproaches and insults,
So that a galley of five-score oars would be sunk with the burden :
Seeing the language of mortals is fluent, and many its subjects,
235 Varied also its words, moreover of wide distribution.
Speak as it lists thee, the like words aye thou wilt meet with in answer.
Why such taunts however between us, that thus we should quarrel,
Even as women attack each other, who, raging with anger,
Fierce, soul-killing, proceed to the highway railing and scolding,
240 Uttering things now true, now false, for with rage they are madden'd ?
Words will not alter my mind, nor my valour subdue till the combat
First with thy brass thou beginnest : but come now, here let us quickly
Make the essay, with our sharp brass spears each other attacking."

- Ended, and hurl'd his immense spear forth 'gainst the terrible buckler,
245 Dreadful to view, and the shield with the stroke rang loud and resounded.
Whereon Peleides his shield with his hand pushed farther before him,
Fearing lest noble Æneas' long spear lightly might pierce it.
Foolish alarm ! he consider'd not then in his mind that the splendid
Gifts of the great gods yield not when struck by the hand of a mortal.
250 Never, indeed, did the ponderous spear of puissant Æneas,
Penetrate, stopp'd by the gold in the shield, rare gift of Hephaistos.
Nevertheless two layers it pierced ; howbeit the other
Three stood firmly, the god having put five folds on the buckler,
Two being tin inside, two brass outside, and the other
255 Golden, the one of the five which averted the stroke of the javelin.
Peleus' son next hurl'd his immense long-shadowèd war-spear
Forth from his firm hand, striking the full-orb'd shield of Æneas,
Hitting the outside edge, where thinnest the brass and the ox-hide
Coating around, and the Pelian ash pierced, breaking the buckler.
260 Frighten'd, Æneas in haste crouch'd down, and the buckler before him
Held, while over his back passed swiftly the spear, in the earth loam,
Planting itself, both rims of the ponderous shield having broken,
Passing at once right through. But Æneas, escaping the javelin,
Stood straight up, and intense grief darken'd his eyes, on beholding,
265 Fixed in the ground close by, the immense war-spear. But Achilles
Eagerly sprang on his foe, at the same time drawing his falchion,
Shouting tremendously : whereon Æneas a stone of immense weight
Seized, too mighty for two men even to carry, as mortals
Now-a-days are, but Æneas alone with facility bore it.

270 Then as he rush'd on, him had Æneas assuredly smitten,
 Striking his buckler or casque, but from death these shielded Achilles ;
 Ay, and Peleides had him in the close-fight slain with his falchion,
 Had not the great earth-shaker divine opportunely perceived it ;
 Whereon he thus spake, calling aloud to the gods, the Immortals :
 275 " O ye gods, grief comes on my soul on account of Æneas,
 Ah ! into Hades he soon will descend, laid low by Peleides ;
 Foolish ! persuaded by words of divine far-darting Apollo,
 Certain destruction who now no more can avert from Æneas.
 Wherefore should this man, guiltless himself, ills suffer which others
 280 Only should bear, for he never neglects gifts grateful and pleasing
 Duly to give to the gods who the wide-spread heaven inhabit ?
 Come, let save him from death, lest Kronion be wroth should Achilles
 Slay this hero ; besides, his escape is decreed, that the races
 Branching from Dardanos mighty, whom, more than his other descendants
 285 Born of a woman of earth, Zeus loves, should not utterly perish.
 Long against Priam himself and his race Zeus hatred hath nourish'd,
 Therefore the might of Æneas shall now rule over the Trojans ;
 Ay, and his sons, and his sons' sons eke, to remotest existence."

Him in return thus answer'd the ox-eyed matronly Hera :

290 " O earth-shaker, reflect in the innermost soul in thy bosom,
 Whether Æneas renown'd thou wilt lead safe out of the combat,
 Brave as he is, or permit to be quell'd by the offspring of Peleus ;
 Seeing already myself and the blue-eyed Pallas Athena
 Many a great oath truly have sworn among all the Immortals,
 295 Never to help to avert from the Trojans the day of destruction,
 No, not when all wide Troia is even in flames, and consuming
 Under the fierce fires kindled around by the sons of Achaia."

Soon as the great earth-shaker had heard these words of the goddess,
 Forward he went through the clashing of bright war-spears in the battle,
 300 Reaching the place where noble Achilles confronted Æneas.
 Whereon he dark night shed on the eyes of Peleides Achilles,
 Then drew forth from the buckler of godlike Æneas the ashen
 War-spear, circled with ferrules of strong bright brass to protect it ;
 This at the feet of Achilles he now laid down, but Æneas
 305 Thereupon push'd on, lifting him high from the ground ; and the hero
 Over the wide-spread army of horses and combatants bounded,
 Urged by the hand of Poseidon, and came to the rear of the host, where,
 Standing in battle array, the Cauconian bands were assembled.
 Near having drawn, thus great earth-shaking Poseidon address'd him :
 310 " Which of the gods, O warlike Æneas, desired thee to combat,

Here with Achilles, than thou more dear to the blessèd Immortals ?
Rearward turn wherever thou meetest the hero, lest haply,
Contrary even to Fate, thou art sent to the dwellings of Hades.
Soon as Achilles renown'd has his death-doom met, as predicted,
315 Then mayst thou no doubt fight in the front ranks, trusting thy valour,
Seeing thou never shalt fall by the hand of another Achaian."

Thus having spoken, he him there left, having everything told him.
Then straightway he dispell'd from the eyes of Achilles the darkness
Thick and impalpable over them spread, and he saw with distinctness ;
330 Groaning the while, with his own great soul then communed Achilles :

" O ye gods, I behold with my eyes this prodigy wondrous,
There on the ground lies doubtless the spear, but the man can I nowhere
See on the field, against whom I impell'd it, designing to slay him :
Therefore I deem that the gods must have borne great love to Æneas
325 Likewise, albeit I judged that without due reason he boasted.
Well, let him go ; no heart he will have hereafter within him,
Me to attack ; that he death has escaped is enough to rejoice him.
Come, howbeit, the Danaad chiefs now roused and encouraged ;
Some of the fleet-horsed Trojans I'll next try, rushing against them."

330 Speaking, he sprang forth into the ranks, those near him arousing.

" Now no more stand off from the Trojans, illustrious Argives,
On, and let man meet man, each bent on the terrible onslaught.
Hard it is truly for me, how valiant soever in spirit,
Such great numbers of men to attack, and with every one combat.
335 Neither, indeed, great Ares himself, an Immortal, nor Pallas,
Dares to encounter and labour against such hosts in the battle.
All that I can, however, with hands, feet, strength, I'll accomplish,
Now no longer remiss I will prove, no swerving you'll witness ;
Right thro' the strong line, pressing, I'll go, and I trow not a mortal
340 Joyful will feel in his heart if my spear's thrust only can reach him."

Thus he inciting them spoke. Meanwhile brave Hector, the Trojans
Taunted, to rouse them, declaring his purpose to combat Achilles.

" Fear not the offspring of Peleus, O high-soul'd warrior Trojans.
I too bandying words, could contend with the blessèd Immortals
345 Even, but hard were the task with the spear, for in might they excel us.
Never will Peleus' son bring all he has vow'd to fulfilment,
One part only performing he'll leave half-finish'd the other.
Him to encounter I'll straightway go, tho' his hands were as dreadful
Fire-flames, ay and his prowess were even as glittering iron."

350 Thus he address'd them, and roused, and the Trojans their spears in
a moment

- Lifted, and loud shouts rose as their firm ranks stood reunited.
Whereupon thus spoke Phœbus Apollo to Hector beside him :
 “ Hector, in nowise fight in the van with Achilles, but meet him
 Mingling amid the tumultuous crowd of the army, lest haply
355 Thee it may chance he shall hit, or in close fight strike with his falchion.”
 Spoke ; upon which brave Hector again fell back on the army,
 Fill'd was his soul with dismay upon hearing the voice of Apollo.
 Then in his great might clad, sprang in 'mong the Trojans Achilles,
 Shouting tremendously. Foremost of all, he Iphition gallant
360 Slew, brave son of Otrynteus, the leader of many a people,
 Whom to Otrynteus, the sacker of towns, fair Naïs the naiad
 Bore, close under the snow-capt Tmolos, in Lydian Hyda.
 Him as he rush'd straight on with his war-spear, noble Achilles
 Struck on the crown of his head, and in two halves cleft it asunder :
365 Crashing, he fell, upon which thus over him boasted Achilles :
 “ Son of Otrynteus, of all dread men most humbled thou liest ;
 Here death meets thee, tho' born on the banks of the famous Gygæan
 Lake, far off, where lie wide-spread thy paternal possessions,
 Near to the waters of eddying Hermos, and Hyllos the fishy.”
370 Proudly he boasted : but darkness Iphition's eyes overshadow'd :
 Whereon the Danaad steeds him dead in the front of the battle
 Crush'd with the wheel tires. Next smote godlike Peleides Achilles
 Famous Demoleon, scourge of the foe, bold son of Antenor,
 Right on the brass-cheek'd casque, straight piercing the brow of the
 hero ;
375 Seeing the hard brass vainly resisted, for through it the javelin
 Eagerly went, and the skull-bone broke, and the brain it enveloped
 Stain'd was with blood : thus him he subdued in the violent onslaught.
 Next he Hippodamas struck on the back with his glittering javelin,
 Down as he leapt from his car on the ground, while flying before him.
380 Breathing his soul forth deeply he groan'd, as a bull when he bellows,
 Dragg'd by the young men round the renown'd Heliconian monarch,
 Causing delight to the breast of divine earth-shaking Poseidon :
 Thus while groaning his fierce soul fled from his bones and departed.
 Then he attack'd with his bright brass spear Polydoros, the godlike
385 Offspring of Priam, forbid by his father to join in the combat,
 Being his youngest and best-loved son, and surpassing in fleetness.
 Still in the headstrong folly of youth, to exhibit his prowess,
 Forward he dash'd, and his young life lost in the van of the army.
 Him as he rush'd past noble Achilles attack'd with his javelin,
390 Striking the midmost part of the back, where, meeting, the golden

Rings of his girdle were clasp'd, with the twofold corselet above it.
Through to the navel the sharp spear point pass'd straight, as it pierced
him,

Whereon he fell on his knees loud groaning, enveloped in darkness ;
Then, low stooping, he drew with his hands his intestines together.

395 Soon as illustrious Hector perceived Polydoros his brother
Rolling about on the earth, loud groaning, and holding his entrails,
Suddenly over his eyes thick darkness was spread, and unable
Longer aloof to engage in the fight, he advanced 'gainst Achilles,
Wielding his sharp spear e'en as a flame : then godlike Peleides

400 Eagerly leapt up, soon as he saw him, and call'd out boasting :

“Near is the man who has stung most deeply the soul in my bosom,
He who my cherish'd companion has slain : no more at a distance
Here let us gaze thro' the opening ranks, each other regarding.”

Speaking in these words, scowl'd he on Hector severely, and added :

405 “Hither approach, for thy end draws near, dread death and destruction.”
Him crest-flourishing Hector undaunted incontinent answered :

“Me with thy words, O offspring of Peleus, expect not to frighten,
E'en as a mere young boy, I myself know well, of a surety,
How to address thee in words, such words as will chide and reproach thee.

410 Well do I know thou art brave, and myself thy inferior freely
Own ; but it lies no doubt in the power of the blessèd Immortals,
Whether, albeit inferior far, I shall smite thee in battle,
Taking thy life with my spear, for a sharp point eke has my weapon.”

Ended : and brandishing fiercely his spear, launch'd forth, but Athena

415 Turn'd it aside with a breath from the glorious hero Achilles,
Even tho' softly she breath'd : then back to illustrious Hector
Hasten'd the spear, and alighted anon at his feet. But Achilles,
Now all eager to slay, rush'd furious on against Hector,
Shouting tremendously : whereon with great ease Phoebus Apollo
420 Snatch'd him away from the fight, with a thick haze veiling him over.
Thrice swift-foot'd Achilles, the godlike, advanced with his bright spear,
Rushing on Hector, and thrice too smote at the haze which enclosed him :
Then when he rush'd on keen for the fourth time, like an Immortal,
Dreadfully chiding, in these wing'd accents he spoke, and address'd him :

425 “Death thou hast once more doubtless escaped, vile dog ; notwithstanding
Evil indeed came nigh ; but Apollo again has preserved thee :
Him thou art wont to invoke, ere joining the clashing of javelins.
Ay, but of thee I will short end make hereafter in battle :

This I'll accomplish, if aided by one of the blessèd Immortals ;
430 Now against others I rush, whomsoever I meet of the Trojans.”

Speaking, he Dryops anon in the windpipe, right in the middle,
 Struck, and he fell at his feet. Him thereupon leaving, he forthwith
 Gallant Demuchos, the son of Philetor, amain intercepted,
 Wounding his knee with his spear, then smote with his sword and de-
 spatched him.

435 Next he attacked both Dardanos brave and Laogonos warlike,
 Bias' two sons, hurling the twain from the chariot headlong,
 This with his war-spear striking in close-fight, that with his falchion.
 Tros he attack'd too, son of Alastor, who, towards him coming,
 Clasp'd him around by the knees, and besought him to spare, and dismiss
 him

440 Living, nor slay, and his pity implored from their age being equal.
 Foolish ! he knew not indeed to attempt to persuade him was idle.
 Yes, it was vain, for he was not a man kind-hearted, or gentle ;
 Dreadfully fierce was his nature : his knees Tros clasp'd with his two
 hands,

Suing ; but him with his falchion he struck on the liver and wounded,
 445 Whereon, protruding, the liver anon fell out, and the black blood
 Issuing cover'd his breast : and in darkness his eyes were o'ershadow'd,
 Life having fled. Then, standing beside him, he smote with his javelin
 Mulios right on the ear, and the sharp point instantly enter'd,
 Piercing the other. He next with his huge sword Echeclos striking,
 450 Son of Antenor renown'd, him smote on the head, in the centre ;
 Heated the falchion became with the blood all over, and purple,
 Death and severe fate him now seizing, his eyes were o'ershadow'd.
 Next, where under the elbow the tendons unite, with his javelin
 Smote he Deucalion, piercing his hand, who advanced with it powerless,
 455 Seeing malign fate waiting before him, and death ; but Achilles
 Fetch'd him a blow on the neck with his sword, and his head with the
 helmet

Falling aside, from the spine sprang forth in a moment the marrow ;
 Whereon Deucalion stretch'd on the ground lay lifeless extended.
 Peleus' son then hasten'd amain in pursuit of the blameless
 460 Rigmos, of Pireus, the offspring from Thrace who had followed the army :
 Him in the middle he smote, and the spear fix'd deep in his entrails ;
 Falling he roll'd from his seat ; and Achilles incontinent wounded,
 Right on the back with his spear, Areithoos brave, his attendant,
 While he was turning the steeds, from the war-car throwing him head-
 long ;

465 Whereupon, now unrestrain'd, back flew in confusion the horses.
 E'en as a fire burns, blazing afar in the dells of a mountain

Arid from drought, and the woods far-stretching consumes in its progress,
Winds loud blowing the while, and the fierce flames everywhere spreading:
So like a god he on all sides rush'd with his glittering javelin,
470 Chasing the death-doom'd thence till the plain lay cover'd with carnage.
E'en as when one yokes broad-brow'd oxen to trample the barley
Out on the well-clean'd hard-press'd floor of a barn, and it quickly,
Under the feet of the bellowing oxen, is crush'd into atoms :
Thus did the firm-hoof'd horses of great-soul'd noble Achilles
475 Tread down corpses and shields ; and the axle-tree under the carriage,
Likewise the rings of the seat, were with blood-drops thickly bespatter'd,
Thrown by the hoofs of the horses and wheels : and the hands of
Achilles,
Eager himself to achieve great glory, with blood were polluted.

BOOK TWENTY-FIRST.

Now on the vast host reaching the waters of eddying Xanthus,
Flowing serenely along, which Kronion himself had begotten,
There having scatter'd the foe, some bands he pursued thro' the wide plain,
Towards the city ; the same road taking which lately the Argives
5 Traversed, when, fill'd with dismay, all fled from illustrious Hector.
Terrified, this way pour'd they dishearten'd, but Hera their flying
Hinder'd, by raising before them a haze : meanwhile in the river,
Flowing in deep broad silvery eddies, the others were rolling.
Loud was the noise that arose as they plunged, and the river resounded,
10 Loud too echoed responsive the banks far stretching, as, shrieking,
Here they were swimming, and there, whirl'd round in the eddying currents.

Even as locusts when driven by fire-flames forth, to a river
Seek to escape, but the flames upon all sides spreading and blazing
Ardently burn, and the locusts, alarm'd, fall into the water :
15 So the resounding expanse of the deep-stream'd eddying Xanthus,
Gorged, by the strokes of Achilles, was cover'd with men and their horses.
Hasting, the Zeus-sprung hero his war-spear left on the margin,
Laid on a tamarisk tree, and, with only his sword as a weapon,
Sprang in ev'n as a god, bent firmly on deeds of destruction,
20 Striking on all sides. Sad were the deep-drawn groans which the wounded

Utter'd, and dreadful to hear, and with red blood fill'd was the river.
Even as fish fly speedily off from a ravenous dolphin,
Filling the innermost nooks of a safe-built harbour of refuge,
Greatly alarm'd, for whatever he catches he instantly swallows,
25 So lurk'd, hiding, the Trojans in caves by the waters of Xanthus,
Rushing disturb'd. But Achilles, when weary with slaughter and carnage,
Chose from the stream twelve youths still living, a just compensation

- Meant for Patroclus the dead, brave son of Menœtios warlike.
These then even as stupified fawns from the stream he conducted,
30 Tying the hands of the captives behind them with leathern belting,
Form'd from the well-twined thongs of the tunics the captives themselves
wore ;
Giving them over in haste to his friends to conduct to the galleys,
While he himself rush'd once more on all eager for slaughter.
Soon he encounter'd the son of Dardanian Priam, Lycaon,
35 Flying amain from the stream, that son whom he captured aforetime,
Coming at night on the youth, him leading afar from the homestead
Held by his sire, while pruning a wild fig-tree of its tender
Twigs with his sharp brass knife, to convert into chariot girdles.
There upon him came noble Achilles, an evil unlook'd for :
40 Thence he convey'd him afar in his ship into populous Lemnos,
Selling him there ; and the offspring of Jason the price for him offer'd.
Ransom'd by Jason's companion, Eëtion, namely, of Imbros,
Gifts full many he gave him, and sent him to pleasant Arisbe ;
Whence, too, secretly flying, he came to the house of his father.
45 Now upon homeward returning from Lemnos, himself for eleven
Days he enjoy'd with his friends ; on the twelfth, howbeit, the godhead
Placed him again in the hands of Achilles, who thereupon purposed
Him to the dwellings of Hades to send, however reluctant.
Therefore so soon as renown'd swift-footed Achilles perceived him
50 Naked, with neither his helmet, nor buckler, nor spear, for he all these
Suddenly cast to the ground, for the sweat overcame him when flying
Forth from the stream, and his stout limbs under him fail'd with his
efforts ;
Thus, with his own soul holding communion, he spake in his anger :
“ O ye gods, I perceive with my eyes, yes surely, a marvel.
55 Doubtless the high-soul'd Trojans I slew will awaken from darkness,
Even as this man here has arisen, escaping the dreadful
Day, though sold at the holiest Lemnos ; nor him has the ocean
E'en kept back, though many restraining in spite of their wishes.
Come, this man, howbeit, shall taste of the point of my javelin
60 Speedily here, that I forthwith know of a truth in my spirit
Whether he also will hitherward come peradventure, or whether
Earth will restrain him, which many restrains, ay, even the strongest.”
Pondering thus he remain'd, but in terror Lycaon approach'd him,
Eager his knees to embrace, for his soul yearn'd strong in his bosom
65 Death's dire doom to escape, and the black fate over him hanging.
Meanwhile noble Achilles his great long-shadowèd war-spear

- Lifted to smite him, on which he at once stoop'd forward, and ran in
 Under it, seizing his knees, and the spear in the earth was implanted
 Over his broad back, eager indeed for the flesh of a hero.
- 70 Whereon he stoop'd, and with one hand clasping his knees, interceded,
 Holding the sharp brass spear, which he would not resign, with the other ;
 Thus then, urging his suit, he in these wing'd accents address'd him :
- “ Clasping thy knees I implore, take pity and spare me, Achilles ;
 O Zeus-bred, show favour to one who appeals to thy bounty,
- 75 Seeing with thee I indeed first tasted the fruits of Demeter,
 That same evening when me in the well-till'd field thou didst capture,
 Leading me far from my father and friends, and at Lemnos the sacred
 Selling me ; where for the value of five-score oxen they bought me :
 Thence, howbeit, at thrice this price I myself did repurchase.
- 80 This is the twelfth morn's dawn since I came into Troia, and truly
 Much have I suffer'd, and here to thine own hands destiny direful
 Yields me again : sure strong hate Father Kronion must bear me,
 Leaving me thus to thy mercy. My mother Laothœ bore me,
 Daughter of Altes the old, ah me ! doom'd early to perish,
- 85 Altes who still lives ruling the war-train'd Lelegan races,
 Pedasos lofty possessing, not far from the Satnio river,
 Priam his daughter, and many another, retain'd in his palace ;
 Two were by her brought forth, and to slay both now thou hast purposed.
 One of the twain, Polydoros renown'd, thou hast conquer'd already,
- 90 Vanward fighting on foot, with thy sharp spear smiting and slaying :
 Me too evil alike here waits, for indeed I expect not
 Thee to escape, since a deity, no doubt, brought me beside thee.
 One thing more will I tell thee, and ponder it well in thy bosom,
 Take not my life, I entreat ; for the same womb me and my brother
- 95 Bore not, my brother who slew thy companion, the gallant and gentle.”
- Such suit far-famed noble Lycaon, the offspring of Priam,
 Proffer'd Achilles ; but stern words only he gave him in answer :
- “ O fool, think not I'll thee now ransom, 'tis idle to name it.
 Ere my companion Patroclus his destiny fatal accomplish'd,
- 100 So long consonant ever it proved to my mind and delightful,
 Mercy to show to the Trojans, and many I sold whom I captured ;
 Now, howbeit, there lives not before wide Troia a Trojan,
 No, not a man among those whom the deity deigns to vouchsafe me,
 Death shall escape, but, above all, none of the offspring of Priam.
- 105 Die then surely thou shalt, good friend : why tears art thou shedding ?
 Died not Menœtios' brave son too, who was more than thy equal ?
 Look at myself, how mighty in bulk, how finely proportion'd !

- Noble my much-loved sire was by birth, and a goddess my mother :
Death notwithstanding, and fate's dread doom upon me as on thee wait,
110 Whether it chance in the morning, or evening, or haply at noontide :
Some man me will deprive of my life one day with his weapon,
Smiting me either at hand with a spear, or from far with an arrow."
- Ended Achilles ; the limbs and the heart of Lycaon relaxing :
Whereon he sat down, losing his hold of the spear, and extending
115 Both hands out ; then, drawing his falchion, Achilles his neck bone
Cut right through ; and the two-edged sword sunk deep in the fracture :
Straightway prostrate he lay, on the ground stretch'd out, and the black
blood
Copious flow'd from the wound, and the loam-soil moisten'd beneath him.
Seizing him then by the foot, forth into the river he threw him,
120 Thence to be swept far off ; and in these wing'd accents exulted :
" Lie low there with the fishes, which all undisturb'd will thy red blood
Drink from thy wound ; no tears will thy mother, lamenting, for thee
shed,
Laying thee down on thy funeral couch ; but the eddying Xanthus
Thee will afar bear off to the widespread bosom of ocean.
125 Some fish, piercing the billows, will fly to the darkening surface,
There to devour 'mid the ripples the delicate fat of Lycaon.
Perish, ye Trojans, till reaching the city of Ilium sacred,
Ye in your flight, while I in pursuit make havoc of many ;
Even the silvery-eddying Xanthus will nothing avail you,
130 That same river to which ye have sacrificed bulls in abundance,
Throwing the firm-hoof'd horses alive too into its eddies.
Thus shall ye die, die wretched, Patroclus' death to atone for,
Friend of my heart, and the slaughter ye made of the sons of Achaia,
Those whom ye slew by the swift-keel'd galleys, myself being absent."
- 135 Thus did he speak, but the River was still more wroth and indignant,
Pondering much in his soul how best to retard in his labour
Brave swift-footed Achilles, and keep dread war from the Trojans.
Peleus' son meanwhile with his great long-shadowèd war-spear
Leapt upon Asteropæos, the offspring of Pelegon warlike,
140 Eager to slay him, whom brave Aecessamenos' daughter, his eldest,
Fair Peribœa, had borne to the wide-spread Axios river,
Seeing the broad deep-eddying River with her had commingled.
Rush'd then forward Achilles, but Asteropæos, emerging,
Opposite stood, two spears in his hand ; for the River had great strength
145 Given him, wroth on account of the young men slaughter'd in battle,
Those whom Achilles had slain in the river, nor pitied in slaying.

Then when they drew near one to the other, prepared for the onslaught,
Foremost of all him thus swift-footed Achilles accosted :

“ Who then truly of mortals art thou, me daring to combat ?

150 Sons of the hapless are they who presume to encounter my prowess.”

Whereupon him the illustrious offspring of Pelegon answer'd :

“ Why dost thou ask of my birth, O high-soul'd offspring of Peleus ?

Loamy Pæonia, lying afar, is the home of my fathers,

Where I commanded the long-spear'd, noble Pæonian heroes.

155 Mornings eleven have dawn'd since I came to the city of Troia ;

Yes, my descent is from broad-stream'd Axios, pouring his waters

Over the earth in a beautiful clear flood, fairest of rivers.

Pelegon brave he begat, far-famed at the spear ; and 'tis rumour'd

Pelegon me. But to battle at once now, noble Achilles.”

160 Spoke thus, threatening ; whereon Achilles his Pelian weapon

Raised ; but his two sharp spears at the same time stout ambidexter

Asteropæos incontinent seized, and the shield with the one struck,

Nathless it pierced not the armour divine, by the gold intercepted ;

Still with the other the flesh of the right arm, close to the elbow,

165 Wounded he, causing the dark-tinged blood gush forth, but the javelin,

Longing to feast on his flesh, in the earth stood deeply implanted.

Peleus' son, now lifting his Pelian spear, straight-flying,

Hurl'd it anon, all eager to slay brave Asteropæos.

Miss'd he his aim, howbeit, the sloping declivity striking,

170 Deep in the high bank driving the sharp ash-spear to the centre.

Godlike Pelides his bright brass sword now drew from its scabbard,

Springing upon him enraged, while Asteropæos endeavour'd

Vainly to pluck from the bank the immense war-spear of Achilles.

Three times, tugging, he shook it, desiring to pluck it, but three times

175 Fail'd he in strength ; at the fourth he resolved in his innermost bosom,

Bending, to snap the Æaciden war-spear through with an effort,

Him, howbeit, Achilles at hand, first slew, and prevented ;

Smiting him right on the trunk, at the navel, and all his intestines

Roll'd on the ground, where, gasping, his eyes were in darkness o'er-
shadow'd.

180 Leapt on his breast then noble Achilles, and, boasting, despoil'd him :

“ Lie there ; vain it is truly for thee, though born of a River,

Daring, to fight with a Zeus-born hero, for such is my lineage,

Yes, of a wide-spread River thy boast is that thou art descended ;

Greater is mine, for I come of the race of immortal Kronion.

185 Peleus begat me, the hero who governs the Myrmidon races,

Offspring of Æacos ; Æacos famed, from Kronion descended ;

- Surely Kronion is greater than Rivers which flow to the ocean,
 Ay, and the lineage of Zeus is before that sprung from a river.
 Further, a well-known River is here, if in aught he is able
 190 Succour to lend, but supreme Zeus none may presume to contend with.
 Therefore the king Acheloös attempts not to cope with Kronion,
 No, nor the strength of the deep wide-flowing Oceanos ventures ;
 Even albeit from him all rivers and every ocean
 Flowing proceed, and the deep well-springs of the earth, and her foun-
 tains.
- 195 Even Oceanos fears great Zeus when his lightning is flashing,
 Thunder astounding the while wide heav'n, far rattling athwart it."
 Spoke thus ; plucking his brass spear forth from the bank as he ended.
 Whereupon, after his life he had ta'en, there lying he left him
 Stretch'd on the sand, and the broad stream's dark wave wash'd him in
 passing.
- 200 Round him the fishes and lithe eels swam, all busied devouring,
 Nibbling the fat which in white flakes lay on his entrails and kidneys.
 Meanwhile hasten'd Achilles to fight the Pæonian horsemen,
 Those who already had taken to flight by the eddying river,
 Soon as they saw that the bravest by far in the dreadful encounter
 205 All were subdued by the falchion and hand of Pelides Achilles.
 Further, he slew bold Mydon, Thersilochos, Thrasios, Mnesos,
 Ænios warlike, Astypylos too, and renown'd Ophelestes.
 Many Pæonian warriors more swift-footed Achilles
 Surely had slain, had not, gurgling with wrath, thus answer'd the River,
 210 Speaking from out its vortiginous depths, like a man in appearance :
 "Noble Achilles, in strength thou excellest, but deeds unbecoming
 Workest, and aid no doubt thou receiv'st from the blessèd Immortals.
 Yes, if the Trojans are given to thee by Kronion to slaughter,
 Hasten away from myself and perform such feats on the champaign :
 215 All my agreeable eddies are now choked up with the corpses,
 Longer I cannot my streams, thus gorged with the dead, to the ocean
 Carry, thou, ruthless in soul ! men wounding and slaying around thee.
 Come now, cease, I am stricken with awe, O Warrior Chieftain."
 Whereupon him swift-footed Achilles incontinent answered :
 220 "Things shall be done to thine own heart's wish, Zeus-nourish'd Sca-
 mander.
- Cease howbeit I shall not from slaying the treacherous Trojans,
 Even till them I enclose in the city, and Hector in close fight
 Meeting, anon prove whether Achilles shall vanquish or Hector."
 This having said ; he again rush'd forth like a god on the Trojans ;

225 Whereon the eddying River address'd great Phœbus Apollo :

“ God of the silvery bow, famed son of Kronion, his counsel
Ill hast thou kept, for he earnestly charged thee to succour the Trojans
E'en till the sun sank low in the west, earth veiling in darkness.”

Spoke : and at once into mid-stream plunged swift-footed Peleides,
230 Springing amain from the bank ; but the River, enraged, in a torrent
Rush'd on too, with its waves all turbid, the numerous corses
Floating around, which Achilles had slain there, pushing before him.
Roaring as wild bulls roar, on the strand upheaved he the corses,
Shielding the living alone, in his own fair murmuring eddies,
235 All of them low in the deep vast gulfs of his waters concealing.
Dreadful the waves stood raging around brave god-like Achilles,
Down on his shield fell, pouring, the water, oppressing his spirit,
Fail'd him his swift feet too, but an elm-tree speedily seizing,
Mighty and well-grown, rooted he up ; and, dislodged, the immense bank
240 Now gave way, and the beautiful stream with its boughs interrupted,
Falling within it, and bridging it over ; on which, on his swift feet
Springing, he leapt from the gulf, and dismay'd fled over the champaign.
Ceased not the god of the river, but veiling its surface in sable
Ripples, he after him rush'd wild raging, that noble Achilles
245 So might be forced to desist, thus ruin averting from Troia.
Whereon Peleides at once leapt backward as far as a spear's-throw,
Keen as a black-plumed eagle, the strongest and swiftest of hunters.
E'en as the eagle he now rush'd forth, and the brass on his shoulders
Dreadfully clank'd ; but, obliquely inclining, he fled from the River
250 Flowing behind, loud roaring, enraged, him following after.
E'en as a ditcher a dark-tinged rivulet leads from a fountain,
Holding a spade in his hands, as he throws up every obstruction
Choking the channel, directing its course thro' plantations and gardens ;
Under the stream ring clearly the pebbles as forward it rushes,
255 Down by the slope of a height, loud clamouring, onward advancing,
Far outstripping the ditcher himself, who endeavours to guide it :
So did the River Achilles, tho' nimble, unceasingly follow,
Him overtaking ; for gods are indeed more powerful than mortals.
Even as oft as Achilles essay'd to oppose him by standing,
260 Eager to make sure whether the whole of the gods, the immortal,
Dwelling alone in the widespread heavens, pursued him in flying ;
Even so often a huge swell'd surge Zeus-sent from the river
Over his shoulders rolling : himself meanwhile in his spirit
Greatly subdued, sprung up on his feet, and the rapidly-flowing
265 River, relaxing his knees, drew out from beneath him the gravel.

Whereupon Peleus' son groan'd loud while looking to heaven :
 " Father Kronion, alas ! me none of the gods interposing
 Deigns from the River to save ; once saved no death would appal me.
 None of the other Immortals so culpable seems as my mother,
 270 She who my sorrow relieved full oft with her treacherous falsehoods,
 Saying I only should perish at last by the shaft of Apollo,
 Under the battlements high with the mail-girt Trojans contending.
 Would that indeed brave Hector, the noblest of heroes, had slain me,
 Then had a brave man died, and a brave him stript of his armour.
 275 Here I perceive I am doom'd to a death most vile and ignoble,
 E'en to be 'whelmed in a widespread flood, like the hind of a swineherd,
 Drown'd as he fords some rain-swoll'n stream in tempestuous weather."

Thus did he speak : and Poseidon and Pallas Athena, advancing,
 Speedily stood by his side, man's figure and garb having taken ;
 280 *His* hand then in their own hands taking they soothed him, and
 strengthened :

Whereon began, thus speaking, divine earth-shaking Poseidon :
 " Offspring of Peleus, alarm none feel nor dismay in the spirit,
 Such great succour in us twain allies the gods shall accord thee,
 Even in Pallas divine, and myself, with Kronion's approval.
 285 No, thou'rt not doom'd, be assured, to be vanquish'd or 'whelmed by a
 River.

This foe soon will be quell'd, and thyself ere long shalt behold it.
 Come, let our counsel be ta'en, if obedience due thou wilt yield us,
 Never relax thee from war, that scourge of mankind and destroyer,
 Never till fast thou hast pent in their far-famed ramparts the Trojans,
 290 All who escape. Then, Hector himself having slain in the contest,
 Back to the black-hull'd galleys return, for we glory shall give thee."

Thus having spoken ; they thereon departed on high to Olympus.
 Peleus' son, howbeit, advanced to the plain, as commanded
 E'en by the gods, and a vast flood roll'd, overspreading the champaign.
 295 There much beautiful armour was floating along in the currents,
 Mingled with corpses of young men slain ; still onward he bounded,
 Laving his knees in the flood ; not the widespread turbulent River
 Him could restrain, for Athena endow'd him with marvellous prowess.
 Neither indeed did Scamander in strength give way, at Peleides
 300 Much more wroth than aforetime even, and curling his monstrous
 Billows before him, he shouted to Simois thus, and encouraged :

" O dear brother, a check let us put to the prowess of this man,
 Else he will ere long ruin the widespread city which Priam
 Governs as monarch ; for vainly the Trojans in battle oppose him.

- 305 Come then, aid me with all thy resources at once, from thy fountains
 Draw forth rills, into rivulets turn them, and turbulent rivers,
 Rouse up huge swoll'n waves, and create vast tumult and turmoil,
 Branches and stones hurl down to restrain this furious hero,
 Conqueror even already, and eager the gods to encounter.
- 310 Vain he his beauty and prowess will find, no aid will they bring him,
 Vain his magnificent arms, which shall lie in my nethermost gullies,
 Cover'd with slimy excrescence and mud ; and himself I will bury
 Deep in the sand, and around heap up huge masses of rubbish.
 Hence and for ever the sons of Achaia will wonder and know not
- 315 Where to explore for his bones, in my slime bed laid, to conceal them.
 There will he lie deep buried, nor need will there be of another
 Tomb, when the Argives assemble his obsequies duly to honour."

- Ended : and rush'd with his turbid vortiginous flood on Achilles,
 Gurgling with rage, all cover'd with brown foam, carnage, and corpses.
- 320 Whereon the streams of the Zeus-born flood dark-flowing and raging
 Stood high raised and abrupt, then seized on Peleides Achilles.
 Shriek'd now Hera aloud in her fears for her favourite hero,
 Dreading the flood would engulf him, and sweep far off in its waters ;
 Therefore she these words spoke, her beloved son calling, Hephaistos :
- 325 "Haste thee, Hephaistos, my son, for we almost account that the
 Xanthus,
 Eddying wild, is a fit match even for thee in the battle ;
 Off, and with all speed help, and thy fire-flames many exhibit.
 Go will I likewise myself, and a hurricane dreadful with whirlwinds
 Bid bright Notos and Zephyros raise mid the waters of ocean,
- 330 So that thy flames may be carried along and alight on the Trojans,
 Burning their heads and their armour. Away, on the banks of the
 Xanthus

- Light both herbage and trees, hurl fire at himself, and regard not
 Either his fine smooth speeches or threats, nor desist from thy purpose ;
 Never a moment thy fire-flames quench nor relax in thy efforts,
- 335 Even till, shouting, I sign, then stay thy unwearying labours."
- Spake thus : whereupon fire fierce-flaming Hephaistos emitted.
 First, on the wide plain kindling it burn'd up bodies unnumber'd
 Over it strewn, all slain by the hand of relentless Achilles ;
 Thus was the water restrain'd, and the whole plain dried on the instant.
- 340 Even as Boreas dries in the season of Autumn a garden
 Recently water'd, delighting the heart of the peasant who tills it :
 So was the wide plain dried, and the bodies consumed in the fire-flames,
 Whereon his fire with its dazzling refulgence he turn'd on the river ;

Every elm he consumed, and the tamarisk-trees, and the willows,
345 Every lotus was burn'd, and the sedges and rushes profusely
Clothing the margin and banks of the beautiful eddying river ;
Fishes and eels were disturbed while threading their way in the waters,
Diving about, now here, now there in the glittering currents,
Plagued with the hot steam raised by ingenious-working Hephaistos.
350 Burn'd up thus was the might of the River, who spoke and address'd
him :

“None of the gods can oppose thee, Hephaistos, on equal conditions ;
Thee to attempt to resist, with thy fire-flames burning, were futile.
Cease from the fight, and let Peleus' son drive forth from the city
Every Trojan. Concern I have none in their wars and encounters.”
355 Spoke thus, scorcht'd ; and again boil'd up, loud gurgling his waters.
E'en as a caldron capacious, by fires lick'd under and round it,
Bubbles within, while boiling a well-fed sow in its fatness,
Billets of dry wood now and again being thrown underneath it :
So were his fair pure streams dried up with the fire, and the water
360 Boiling, arrested became, unable to flow ; and the vapour
Caused by the breath of ingenious Hephaistos distress'd him ; but Hera
Soon he approach'd, and bespoke her, in these wing'd accents imploring :

“Why does thy son, O Hera, my streams thus vex, and assail me,
Such strong enmity showing, for still more guilty are others
365 Doubtless besides, who openly aid have accorded the Trojans ?
Ready I am to desist, moreover, if only thou biddest ;
Godlike Achilles desisting as well : and an oath I will swear, too,
Never to aid in averting the dread-wing'd day from the Trojans,
No, not although all widespread Troia in one conflagration
370 Burning be seen, when the brave-soul'd sons of Achaia shall light it.”

Whereupon, soon as the goddess, the white-arm'd Hera, had heard
him,

Thus she bespoke, and address'd her beloved son, cunning Hephaistos :

“Cease, my illustrious offspring Hephaistos, for fitting it is not
Thus an Immortal to harass, and that for the sake of a mortal.”

375 So did she speak ; and Hephaistos his fierce fire slack'd and ex-
tinguish'd ;

Whereon the reflux water again rush'd down to its channel :

Then when the force of the Xanthus, subdued, sunk down into stillness,
Ceased they, for Hera herself interposed to assuage it tho' wrathful.

Violent strife meanwhile broke out 'mong the other Immortals,

380 Troubles inducing, for divers proposals were made and rejected ;

Vast was the tumult they caused, and the wide earth heard and resounded,

Echoed as well high heaven above. Zeus heard the resounding,
Sitting aloft on Olympus, and chuckled with joy in his bosom,
Laughing aloud, when he saw the Immortals engage in the contest.

385 Long they remain'd not aloof ; for at once the renown'd shield-piercer
Ares began, and in haste rush'd first against Pallas Athena,
Holding his huge brass spear, and in accents abusive address'd her :

“ Why, dog-fly, with audacity rare dost thou urge the Immortals
Forth to the battle ? Thine own proud soul, no doubt, has impell'd thee.

390 Dost thou remember the day when thou urgedst Tydides to smite me ?
Ay, and the radiant spear in thine own hand seizing didst hurl it
Right on my breast, and my well-shaped form thus grievously mangled.
Thee I'll chastise, be assured, for the ill erewhile thou didst work me.”

Thus having spoken ; he smote her amain on the ægis terrific,
395 Fringed all round, and impervious ev'n to the bolts of Kronion.
This dread shield did the gore-stain'd god then strike as he ended.
Whereon Athena retired, and with strong grasp seized an immense stone,
Rugged and black in appearance, that lay on the plain, which in old times
People had set up there as a boundary-mark for a vineyard.

400 Ares she struck on the neck, as she hurl'd it, relaxing his muscles.
Acres at least full seven he fill'd as he fell, and his flowing
Hair was with dust intermix'd, and his armour resounded around him.
Laughing, Athena in these words now spoke, over him boasting :

“ Fool, hast thou yet to be taught how much I consider mine own self
405 Better than thou, that with me thou hast ventured to measure thy
prowess ?

Thus thou wilt haply appease the Erinnys malign of thy mother,
Mischiefs against us who meditate working, enraged that the Argives
Now thou at length hast deserted, and aidest the arrogant Trojans.”

Thus having spoken ; her bright blue eyes from the god she averted.
410 Then Aphrodite, the daughter of Zeus, his hand having taken,
Led him away loud-groaning, unable his spirit to master.

Whereon when white-arm'd Hera perceived him she Pallas accosted :

“ Gods ! O child of the ægis-upholding, resistless Kronion,
See once more how, wasp that she is, man-slaughtering Ares
415 All thro' the roar of the fiery battle she leads ; but pursue them.”

Thus did she speak : and Athena pursued, as commanded, rejoicing.
Springing upon her, she smote her at once with her hand on the bosom,
Whereon her knees were relax'd, and her heart sank fainting within her ;
Both on the earth now laid, thus Pallas Athena exulted :

420 “ Would that the allies of Troia, as many indeed as assist them,
All were as daring and hardy, when fighting against the Achaians

Girt in their brass greaves, even as fair Aphrodite the goddess,
Coming with haste to the succour of Ares, my power contravening !
Then would Immortals have long ere now ceased mingling in battle,
425 Leaving the ramparts of well-built Ilium razed and demolish'd."

Thus she exulted, and smiled fair Hera with joy as she heard her.
Whereon the great earth-shaker address'd thus Phœbus Apollo :

" Why, O Phœbus, do we twain stand here idle, the others
Joining the fight ? Most shameful it were if we back to Olympus
430 Went, and the brass-floor'd mansions of Zeus, nor appear'd in the contest.
On, then, seeing that thou art the younger by birth, and unfitting
Truly it would be for me, more wise than thyself, and thy elder.
Foolish, insensate of heart ! is there no trace left nor remembrance
More, of the evils we suffered at Troy, when alone of Immortals
435 High we ourselves two went to Laomedon proud, and a whole year
Work'd at a fixed wage, haughty Laomedon giving us orders ?
There I indeed soon built for the Trojans a city and rampart ;
Splendid the city and spacious, impregnable too its defences :
Whilst thou, Apollo, his strong-hoof'd, crook-horn'd oxen didst pasture
440 Down on the meadows of deep-val'd, rill-fed, beautiful Ida.
Season of payment at length having come, brought round by the jocund
Hours, proud-raging Laomedon us of our wages defrauded,
Adding beside harsh words full many, and so he dismiss'd us.
Much he alarm'd us, declaring our hands and our feet he would shackle,
445 Ay, and would sell us besides far off 'mong the islands of ocean.
Telling us both that our own ears he would eke cut off with his falchion :
Therefore we quickly return'd, much grieved in our souls and indignant,
Wroth that we each were deprived of our just wage, earn'd by agreement.
Say, wouldst thou such men gratify now ? Why rather not *us* aid ?
450 Even, that all these treacherous Trojans may perish ignobly,
Torn from the root, and the virtuous wives of their bosom and children ?"

Him in return far-darting Apollo incontinent answer'd :

" Great earth-shaking Poseidon, thou wouldst not consider me prudent
Surely, if thee I should join, in contending with pitiful mortals,
455 Mortals, who e'en as the leaves are, at one time wondrously blooming,
Feeding themselves on the fruits of the earth, and again at another
Wretchedly dying. But rather let us twain cease from contending
Now when we may, in their own lands leaving their own undertakings."

Thus having spoken, himself he at once turn'd round, for he dreaded
460 Greatly the thought, with his sire's proud brother, Poseidon, to grapple.
Whereupon Artemis, queen of the woodland prowlers, his sister,
Him thus harshly reproach'd, and in these words sternly upbraided :

“ Fliest thou, great far-darter ? and yieldest thou up to Poseidon
Victory, glory, to him unearn'd, vouchsafing submission ?

- 465 O fool, why dost thou bear all vainly a bow that is useless ?
Now no more will I hear of thy boasts in the halls of our father,
Even as erewhile once thou didst boast 'mong the blessed Immortals,
- Saying thou dardest contend in the battle, opposing Poseidon.”

Spoke : but to her no answer returned far-darting Apollo.

- 470 Hera, the matronly spouse of Kronion, enraged, to the goddess
Arrow-rejoicing replied, and in these harsh accents rebuked her :

“ How dost thou dare stand up, vile, impudent wretch, to oppose me ?
Ah ! hard task thou wouldst find it, I wot, to resist my puissance,
Famed bow-bearer albeit thou art. Has Kronion 'mong women
475 Made thee a lioness dreadful, to kill whomsoever thou pleasest ?
Surely 'tis far more fitting for thee wild beasts of the mountain
Boldly to kill, and the stags of the forest, than fight with thy betters.
Nevertheless, if thou'rt fain to acquire some knowledge of battle,
Try me, and learn how much I excel thee in strength when we combat.”

- 480 Thus having spoken ; her two hands seizing at once, with her left hand
Grasp'd she the wrist ; with the other she wrested the bow from her
shoulders ;

Smiling, her ears with the bow she chastised next, wrathful, the huntress
Writhing about, till with struggling the shafts fell out of the quiver.
Weeping, the goddess anon fled forth, as a dove from a falcon

- 485 Flies to a cavity rocky, her fleet foe's talons escaping ;
Weeping she thus fled, leaving her bow and her arrows behind her.
Whereon the slayer of Argos, the messenger, Leto accosted :

“ Leto, I never will combat with thee, it were arduous labour,
Truly to fight with the wives of the great cloud-urging Kronion ;

- 490 Rather, indeed, go thou, and with vehemence boast to the high gods,
Saying that me thou hast utterly quell'd by thy terrible prowess.”

Ended : and Leto collected together the bow and the arrows,
Those in the dust that had fallen and lay all scatter'd around her :
Then, having lifted the arrows, she forthwith follow'd her daughter.

- 495 Now she Olympus had reach'd, and the brass-floor'd halls of Kronion,
Where she had sat down wet with her tears at the feet of her father,
While her ambrosial robe shook tremulous. Drawing his daughter
Towards himself, then Zeus with a smile her question'd, addressing :

“ Which of the dwellers on high, dear child, has with rashness
aggrieved thee ;

- 500 Even as if thou hadst openly done some deed that was evil ?”

Whereon the fair-crown'd queen of the chase thus answer'd Kronion :

“ Father, thy own wife, white-arm'd Hera the goddess, has hurt me,
Truly from her now strifes and dissensions await the Immortals.”

Thus they together conferring on high talk'd one with the other.

505 Meanwhile Phœbus Apollo had hasten'd to Ilium sacred,
Seeing the rampart of well-built Troy was a care to his bosom,
Fearing its fall that day by the Danai, fate notwithstanding.
Gone meanwhile had the other Immortals on high to Olympus,
Some in their breasts wrath nursing, and others elated and boastful,
510 Whereon they sat down close by the dark cloud-urging Kronion.
Slaughter'd the Trojans the while, and their firm-hoof'd horses, Achilles :
Even as smoke from a city in flames rolls curling, ascending,
Reaching the wide sky, roused by the wrath of the dreadful Immortals,
Labour severe thus giving to all, woes sending to many ;

515 So did Achilles severe toil bring on the Trojans and sorrow.
Meanwhile Priam the agèd a high-built tower had ascended,
Whence he perceived huge godlike Achilles, the Trojans before him
Driving with ease, all scatter'd and routed, for courage within them
Longer was none. Then, groaning aloud from the tower he descended,
520 Hasting to lead the illustrious guards at the gates by the rampart.

“ Now hold firmly the gates with your hands till the multitude flying
Enter within, for Achilles himself draws nigh and pursues them,
Routing, and fears now seize me that dread deeds here will be acted :
Soon as they safely are in, howbeit, and breathe at their freedom,
525 Then let the well-framed gates be again fast-closed, for my bosom
Trembles, lest this great bane and destroyer should enter the ramparts.”

Thus did he speak ; and they open'd the gates, and the bolts push'd
backward,

Whereupon all seem'd safe. Out now leapt Phœbus Apollo
Quickly to meet them with aid, and avert from the Trojans destruction.
530 Then they, from thirst in their parch'd throats suffering keenly, and
cover'd

Over with dust, fled forth thro' the plain to the city and rampart.
Meanwhile godlike Achilles pursued with his spear, for a fearful
Rage kept hold of his heart, and his soul burn'd eager for glory.
Then had the high-wall'd Troia been ta'en by the sons of Achaia,
535 Saving for Phœbus Apollo, who roused up noble Agenor,
Son of Antenor, a hero indeed, both blameless and daring.
Standing beside him and leaning himself on the stem of a beech tree,
Courage he into his brave soul pour'd, that he thus might be certain
Death's fell hand to avert : still him dread darkness o'ershadow'd.
540 Then when Achilles he saw, the destroyer of cities, he halted ;

Dark was his mind, and he sigh'd as he thus with his great soul communed :

- “ Woe's me, alas ! if I that way fly from destruction, which others
Flying for safety have ta'en, and been put to the rout notwithstanding,
Me would Achilles o'ertake, and unnerved by my fears he would slay me.
545 Ay, but again, if I suffer them now to be thrown by Achilles,
Into disorders, and, taking another direction, myself fly.
On by the wall thro' the Ilian plain, till the valleys of Ida
Safely at length I shall reach, and its thick groves enter to screen me,
Then meanwhile having bathed at the eventide hour in the river,
550 Back I again may return to the city, from sweat having wash'd me.
Why, howbeit, in this strange way with my own breast commune ?
Me he perchance may perceive upon leaving the plain for the city,
Then with his swift feet soon he would go in pursuit, and o'ertake me ;
Death and my fate to resist I should then no longer be able,
Seeing his strength is exceedingly great, all others surpassing.
555 Well, what then ? Shall I venture against him in front of the city ?
Flesh he has pervious even as others to wounds from the javelins,
Soul he has one, one only, and rumour affirms he is mortal,
Even albeit the mighty Kronion accordeth him glory.”

- Thus having spoken, he drew himself up, and awaited Achilles ;
560 Dauntless, his heart beat strong in his breast, and he burn'd for the
battle,

- Ev'n as a pard springs forth from the tangled recess of a jungle,
Boldly the hunter to meet, ne'er thinking of fear nor of danger,
Scorning to fly from her foe tho' she hears dogs yelling around her ;
Even although, outstripp'd in the fight, she is stricken or wounded,
565 Still thus pierced with a javelin or spear she declines not the dreadful
Combat, but, rushing at length close in, she is slain in the struggle :
So brave-hearted Agenor, illustrious son of Antenor,
Never would fly till a trial he made of the strength of Achilles :
No, but his buckler on all sides equal before him with firmness
570 Holding he took sure aim with his spear, thus shouting and speaking :

- “ Doubtless thou feelest assured in thy own mind, noble Achilles,
Ruin to bring this day on the city of glorious Troia.
Fool ! ere Ilium fall, woes many must yet be accomplish'd,
Seeing her citizens numerous are, and undaunted in spirit,
575 Men who will Troia defend for their parents, their wives, and their
children.

Here Fate meets thee be sure, tho' a warrior daring and dreadful.”

Ended Agenor ; and hurl'd from his ponderous hand his immense spear,

Striking him low down under the knee, on the ankle, nor miss'd him ;
Loud clankt ringing the greave of the new-wrought tin, and resounded ;
580 Back howbeit the sharp brass weapon recoil'd from the armour,
Powerless to pierce, for the gift of the god stood firm to resist it.
Straightway Peleus' son now rush'd against godlike Agenor
Glory to gain ; notwithstanding, Apollo refused to vouchsafe it,
Snatching him out of the way, in a thick haze veiling him over ;
585 Peacefully sending him thence, far off from the tumult of battle.
Then by a stratagem Phœbus Apollo, the offspring of Peleus,
Snatch'd from the host ; having taken the likeness and form of Agenor,
Stood he in front of Achilles, who hasten'd at once to pursue him.
Him he pursued far over the rich corn-fields of the champaign,
590 Then turn'd towards the broad, deep-eddying river Scamander,
Phœbus Apollo a short way keeping before to deceive him,
Buoying him up with the hope that he now was about to o'ertake him.
Meanwhile, joyful the scatter'd remains of the Trojans, the ramparts
Reach'd in disorder, and ere they were fast closed multitudes enter'd.
595 Neither had any the courage to wait outside the defences,
Each of his neighbour to ask who happy had been in escaping,
Who, too, hapless had fallen, but glad all enter'd the city,
Even as many as strength in their feet and their knees had to save them.

BOOK TWENTY-SECOND.

- FLYING like wild deer, hurried the Trojans dismay'd to the city ;
There they their hot thirst quench'd, and the sweat wash'd off from their
bodies,
Leaning the while on the battlement's crest ; but the Argives advancing,
Nearer approach'd, with their shoulders join'd, close-locking their bucklers.
- 5 Destiny dire, howbeit, allured brave Hector to ruin,
Chaining him still at the Scæan gates, outside of the city.
Whereupon Phœbus Apollo address'd thus godlike Peleides :
- “ Why, O Peleus' offspring, pursuest thou me with thy swift feet,
Deity I, thou only a mortal ? nor e'er hast discover'd
- 10 Who I in truth am—blind in the rage that possesses thy bosom.
Carest thou then no more to confront the discomfited Trojans,
Safely enclosed in the city, thou, devious, hitherward turning ?
Me, moreover, thou never canst slay, for immortal I boast me.”
- Him in return thus answer'd enraged swift-footed Achilles :
- 15 “ Ill hast thou dealt, Far-darter, with me, thou god ever wrathful,
Luring me thus from the wall ; else, sure full many a foeman,
Falling, had bitten the ground ere reaching the Ilian ramparts.
Glory from me has thou snatch'd, them wanting in prowess, protected ;
Fear thou hadst none in thy soul dread vengeance to meet in requital.
- 20 Vengeance on thee full soon would I take, were I only permitted.”
- Thus having spoken ; majestic in mien, he advanced to the city.
E'en as a courser who lightly the goal wins, hurrying forward,
Straining his nerves while whirling the chariot over the campaign :
So moved, plying his swift limbs nimbly, Peleides Achilles.
- 25 Looking abroad, him Priam revered first saw, as he hasten'd
Over the plain, all glittering bright like a star which in autumn
Comes forth, shining effulgently out amid others around it,
Deep in the twilight of night ; as the Dog-star known, and Orion :
Dazzling is this bright star, but malignant the omen it carries,

- 30 Great heat bringing on earth to the dwellings of mortals unhappy.
Dazzling the brass thus shone on the breast of Achilles advancing.
Seeing him, Priam the old man groan'd, and his head with his hands
smote,
Lifting them high, loud wailing ; and, calling on Hector his dear son,
Piteously urged him. But meanwhile, Hector, in front of the portals
35 Standing, remain'd soul-rapt in his yearning to fight with Achilles.
Whereon the old man, stretching his hands out, woful address'd him :
“ Hector, my own loved son, O wait not alone unassisted
That dread man, who approaches, lest ruin precipitate 'whelm thee,
Quelling the strength in thy breast, for Peleides excels thee in prowess.
40 Barbarous man ! O would that he were to the blessèd Immortals
Only as dear as to me ! full soon would the dogs and the vultures
Him low-lying devour ; this soul's deep anguish assuaging.
Many a fair son now do I mourn, ah ! he has bereaved me,
Some having slain, some sold to the far-off islands of ocean :
45 Even my two loved sons, among those pent up in the city
Vainly I look for around, Polydoros, and gallant Lycaon,
Sons which Laothœe erst me bore ; she, fairest of women.
Oh, if they still are alive at the tents of the foe, we will surely
Ransom them both, for of brass and of gold we have stores in abundance.
50 Ay, for renown'd old Altes bestow'd rich gifts with his daughter.
Dead if they lie, howbeit, dismiss'd to the mansions of Hades,
Grief it will cause to my soul, and Laothœe likewise who bore them.
Lighter the sorrow will prove to the rest of the dwellers in Troia
Haply, if thou too, fall not, my son, to the spear of Achilles.
55 Come inside of the wall then, Hector, my son, and the safety
Prove of the city, of women and men ; great glory permit not
Peleus' son to achieve, and thine own life take in thy manhood.
Wretched ! on me take pity, my son, while reason is left me,
Wretched, alas ! whom Father Kronion himself by a dire fate
60 Slays in my old age, evils enow I long having suffer'd :
Brave sons dead, all slain by the foe ! dragg'd captive my daughters !
Rifled their chambers ! and dash'd on the earth in the conflict their
infants !
Sons' wives torn from me too by the violent hands of the Argives !
Lastly, myself, who knows ? raw-worrying dogs, in my palace
65 Fed by my own hands, e'en at my table, the guards of my portals,
Me will devour ! ay, gnaw at the porch outside of my dwelling,
After with murderous brass some foe has despatch'd me, my spirit
Sending to Hades ; the dogs, meanwhile, in my vestibule lying,

Furious, lapping my blood. If a young man falleth in battle,
70 Pierced with the sharp brass, calmly he lies, and the posture becomes
him,

Seeing to him such death is befitting, and glory attends it ;
Otherwise fareth the man in his old age slain, for the hoary
Head, and the beard, and the nakedness then by the dogs are dis-
honour'd :

This is of all ills mortals are doom'd to endure the severest."

75 Ended the old man, tearing his snow-white locks, with his own hands
Pulling them out from his head. But unmoved, brave Hector retired not.
Likewise his mother lamented, with one hand baring her bosom,
Then as her tears dropp'd fast, with the other she gently exposed it,
Copiously weeping the while, and in these wing'd accents address'd him :

80 "Hector, my son, O look upon this, and on me take pity.
Yea, if I ever did give thee the breast, grief's balm to the infant,
Think upon this, my belovèd, and coming within the defences
Yon dread man beat back, nor remain outside to oppose him.
Wretched, alas ! should he slay thee, I neither shall mourn my beloved
son,

85 Tending his couch, nor thy rich-dower'd wife, but the dogs will devour
thee,

Far from our sight, by the black-hull'd ships of the sons of Achaia."

Weeping, the parents in these words spoke, interceding with Hector,
Him both earnestly urging, but vainly ; they could not persuade him ;
Firm he remain'd outside, still waiting tremendous Achilles.

90 E'en as a dragon, with poisonous herbs full-gorged, lies lurking,
Waiting a wayfaring man, fell rage in its vitals fermenting,
Glaring destructive askance, round coiling itself at its cavern :
So brave Hector, with courage unquench'd, still steadfast in purpose
Stood ; but his radiant shield having placed 'gainst a battlement's buttress,

95 Thus he indignant began, with his own great spirit communing :

"Woe's me, alas ! if I enter the ramparts and portals of Troia,
Foremost of all upon me will Polydamas cast his reproaches,
Seeing he bade me the host once more lead back to the city,
That dire night when Achilles again came forth to the battle.

100 Him I obey'd not, but far more wise had it been to have yielded.

Now by my own blind obstinate will having injured the people,
Fear I the taunts of the army, and long-robed women of Troia.
Greatly I dread, lest perchance some wretch should harangue them, ex-
claiming :

'Hector, his own strength trusting alone, work'd woe to the people ;'

- 105 Thus will they speak : and, indeed, for myself far nobler and better
 Sure it had been, had I slain in the close fight noble Achilles,
 Coming again safe back, or had warrior-like then fallen.
 Well, if I now lay down my accoutrements, helmet and buckler,
 Resting my spear on the wall, and advance against mighty Achilles,
 110 Promising Helen herself and the untold gifts to surrender,
 Precious indeed tho' they are, which renown'd Alexander to Troia
 Brought in his deep-hull'd galleys, the cause of our present contention,—
 Promising these to return to the brothers Atridæ, and even
 More still stored in the city to give to the sons of Achaia ;
 115 Taking an oath from the elders of Troia, that nothing concealing,
 All they will mete out justly, in equal proportions dividing
 Such rich stores as are still piled up in the beautiful city.
 Why should I commune thus with my soul, these questions revolving ?
 Well, if I go and approach him ; and he no pity accord me,
 120 Neither respect, but despatch me at once, no armour to shield me,
 E'en as a woman, myself all naked and helpless before him !
 No time this for a parley with him from an oak or a cavern,
 E'en as a nymph and a swain, as a swain and a nymph interchange words.
 Better it were him meeting in fight to confront, that we both know
 125 Even at once unto which the Olympian glory awardeth."
- Ponder'd he thus, still lingering on : but Achilles, advancing,
 Nearer approach'd, like the war-helm-flourishing Ares appearing,
 Brandishing over his huge right shoulder his Pelian war-spear.
 Dreadful around him the bright brass shone, like the splendid effulgence
 130 Cast by a fire fierce blazing, or even the sun on ascending.
 Whereupon fear seized Hector on seeing the hero, nor dared he
 Longer remain, but he fled, soon leaving the portals behind him.
 Trusting his swift feet, after in hot haste follow'd Peleides.
 E'en as a hawk of the mountains, of all birds swiftest in flying,
 135 Rising on light wing, darts in pursuit of a terrified pigeon,
 Flying obliquely, the hawk meanwhile loud-screaming above her,
 Pouncing again and again, urged on by his spirit to seize her :
 Thus, all ardour, he flew straight onwards, but Hector in terror,
 Moving his swift-paced limbs, fled under the walls of the city.
 140 Forward they both rush'd, passing the out-look height of the rampart,
 Keeping the great high road, by the fig-tree fann'd by the breezes,
 Afterwards nearing the two fair rills, clear fountains from which flow
 Forth through the champaign, the twain nurse-streams of the eddying
 Xanthus.
 One flows warm, and a stream as from hot fires rises around it,

- 145 Gently meanders the other, which, even when summer is raging,
Cold as the hail-drop flows, or as snow, or pellucidest rill-ice.
There are the white-stone troughs, where often the matrons of Troia
Used to be seen, by their daughters accompanied, washing their fine robes,
While peace reign'd in the land, no Argive as yet to disturb it.
- 150 Thither they both ran, one hard following after the other.
Brave was the hero who fled, still braver his rapid pursuer ;
Race was there none for a prize, for a bull's-hide buckler, or victim
Meant for the gods, but they ran for the life of illustrious Hector.
Even as firm-hoof'd coursers accustomed to win in the circus,
- 155 Running for some great prize, at the funeral games of a hero,
Say for a tripod, or virgin, exert to the utmost their vigour :
So with their fleet feet these two compass'd the city of Priam,
Circling it thrice, the assembled Immortals beholding the contest :
Whereon the father of gods and of men thus spoke and address'd them :
- 160 " Ah, sad spectacle ! yonder a warrior dear to my bosom,
Fleeing I see, round Troia pursued, and my soul is in sorrow,
Grieving for Hector, who thighs full often of oxen has offer'd,
Grateful to me, on the summit of rill-vein'd loftiest Ida,
Oft on the Ilian heights ; but the glorious hero Achilles
- 165 Tracks him on swift feet under the walls of the city of Priam.
Come now, calmly consider, ye gods, weigh well in your bosoms
Whether at this great juncture we save him from death, or subdue him
Under the hand of Achilles, his far-famed feats notwithstanding."
- Whereon the blue-eyed goddess Athena bespake, and address'd him :
- 170 " O sire, black-cloud urger, and hurler of glittering lightning,
What strange accents are these ? interpose on behalf of a mortal !
Saving from death one long by decreed fate doom'd to destruction.
Save him, but we and the other Immortals abjure the decision."
- Her in return thus answer'd the great cloud-urging Kronion :
- 175 " Come, my Tritonia, dear loved child, take courage ; I spake not
Then in a grave mood, no, for to thee I would ever be gentle ;
Do what thy mind thee moves, and its prompt execution delay not."
- Ended : and Pallas aroused, all eager already for action ;
Whereupon, springing, she down from the heights of Olympus descended.
- 180 Peleus' son, meanwhile, untired, press'd hard upon Hector.
E'en as a fierce dog chases the fawn of a deer in the mountains,
Roused from its lair, and pursues it through bosky recesses and valleys,
Even when, fear struck, low down crouching it hides in the jungle,
Still he pursues, unremittingly tracking it out till he find it ;
- 185 So brave Hector escaped not in flight swift-footed Peleides.

- Oft as he rush'd straight on to the lofty Dardanian portals,
 Under the strong-built towers, there hoping their missiles would aid him,
 Him outstripping, Achilles again forced back to the champaign ;
 Hector in vain still striving to keep close under the city.
- 190 Even as one in a dream, who pursues some fugitive, moves not,
 Both chain'd fast to the spot still standing, pursued and pursuer :
 So in the contest, the one could not seize, nor escape could the other.
 How then, fated, could Hector elude dread death and destruction,
 Saving that Phœbus Apollo again came down to the rescue,
- 195 Lending him aid, in his spirit and swift knees courage infusing?
 Making a sign with his head, meanwhile brave, godlike Achilles,
 Hinder'd the others from hurling their death-wing'd weapons at Hector,
 Glory to gain by the deed, and himself thus strip of the honour.
 Reaching the springs in their race, howbeit, at length for the fourth time,
- 200 Promptly the Great Sire lifted the bright gold scales in the heavens,
 Placing within two lots of the long death-sleep that awakes not,
 This for Achilles, and that for renown'd, horse-conquering Hector.
 Grasping the scales by the centre, he poised them, when down into Hades
 Hector's decreed day fell, death-doom'd, and Apollo departed.
- 205 Whereon the blue-eyed goddess Athena, approaching Peleides,
 Stood at his side, and in swift-wing'd accents bespake, and address'd
 him :
 " Now, O noble Peleides, to Zeus most dear, of a surety
 Glory and honour we twain to the Argives shall bring at the galleys,
 Hector, insatiate ever of dread war, slaying in battle.
- 210 Reason for fear there is none, be assured, that at last he escape us,
 No, not if high far-darting Apollo should labour to aid him,
 Throwing himself at the feet of the ægis-upholding Kronion.
 Now stand fast, and thy breathing recover ; myself in the meanwhile,
 Going, will try to persuade him to stay and oppose thee in battle."
- 215 Thus spoke Pallas Athena ; Achilles rejoicing obey'd her,
 Leaning anon on his brass-tipp'd ash-spear, forward inclining.
 Pallas in haste there left him and came to illustrious Hector.
 Whereon, assuming Deïphobos' loud-toned voice and appearance,
 Standing beside him, she these wing'd words now spoke, and address'd
 him :
- 220 " Brother, the swift-limb'd offspring of Peleus assuredly galls thee,
 Tracking thy steps round the city of Priam revered, with his fleet feet :
 Come, let us both stand here, and awaiting the hero, subdue him."
 Her in return thus answer'd renown'd, crest-flourishing Hector :
 " Kindly Deiphobos, thee I indeed loved ever aforetime

225 More than the others, my brethren, whom Hecuba bore unto Priam ;
Yes, but in sooth to my heart, thou art now far dearer than ever,
Seeing thou even hast ventured for *my* sake forth from the ramparts
Soon as thou sawest me here ; while others remain in the city."

Whereupon him thus answer'd the blue-eyed goddess Athena :

230 " Brother belovèd, my father, and mother revered, interceded,
Urgently clasping my knees, and my friends all join'd them, and begged me
There to remain, such terror has seized all men in the city :
Nathless I could not, for grief for thy fate seized hold of my spirit.
Come, let us forthwith fight with our whole souls, sparing of war-spears
235 Longer be none ; to the proof let us now come, whether Achilles
Conquer us twain, and our blood-stain'd spoils to the Danaad galleys
Carry, or haply himself be subdued by thy terrible javelin."

Thus having spoken, Athena the blue-eyed wily the way led.

Now when they drew near, each 'gainst the other with courage
advancing,

240 Spoke thus brave crest-flourishing Hector to godlike Achilles :

" Thee no longer I'll fly, as I erewhile fled thee, Peleides ;
Thrice round the widespread city of Priam I've run, nor have ventured,
Waiting, to meet thy approach, but my soul now urges me forward ;
Thee I shall slay, or be slain, be assured. Come, here the Immortals
245 Foremost of all let us solemnly praying, attest, for beyond doubt,
Holist witnesses far are the gods, best covenant-keepers.

Neither, indeed, on thy head will I insults heap, if Kronion
Grant me success, vouchsafing thy life to my prowess ; but after
Spoiling thy corse of its beautiful armour I'll render it, trust me,

250 Sacredly back to the Argives ; to Hector, Achilles, the like do."

Him then sternly regarding, enraged, thus answer'd Achilles :

" Talk not to me, O Hector accursèd, of covenant-keepers :
Concord none can exist between ravaging lions and shepherds,
Neither are lambs of the same mind ever with wolves of the mountains ;

255 No, but they hate each other, hostility ceaselessly nursing :

So 'tis in vain to imagine 'tween us twain foes that a friendship
E'er can subsist, nor shall league be between us, till one of us, falling,
Satiates Ares himself with our blood, that warrior mighty.

Therefore recall thy invincible valour, for, certes, thy utmost

260 Daring and strength will be put to the proof, and address as a spearman.

Longer thou shalt not escape, no verily, Pallas Athena

Thee will subdue by my javelin, the untold sorrows avenging,

Brought on myself and companions, when slain in thy merciless fury."

Ended : and brandish'd aloft his immense spear, darting it forward ;

- 265 Whereupon Hector, perceiving it thrown, crouch'd low and escaped it,
 Opposite coming, and over his head passed harmless the weapon,
 Striking the ground ; but Athena the spear pluck'd out, to Achilles
 Giving it forthwith back, unperceived by illustrious Hector.
 Then thus Hector bespake, and address'd brave Peleus' offspring :
- 270 " Ah ! thou hast err'd in thy mark, O godlike Achilles, not knowing
 Zeus's decree, though boasting thyself of my fate a diviner ;
 Subtle thou art in thy accents, nor more, poor babbler, that, trembling,
 Thee I may dread, and forget my acknowledged puissance and courage.
 Think not my back to behold, to be pierced by thy spear in pursuing ;
- 275 No, by my breast it must enter, if e'er, while rushing to meet thee ;
 Ay, and the gods must befriend thee ; but thou, take heed of my javelin.
 O that my spear-shaft's length may thy heart's core pierce in an instant !
 Then would the toil of the siege more light to the Trojans be render'd,
 Thou being slain, for to them thou hast proved most baneful of mortals."
- 280 Ended : and, brandishing, darted his great long-shadowèd war-spear,
 Striking the midmost disk of the buckler with aim that not failed him :
 Far, howbeit, the spear from the buckler rebounded ; and Hector
 Storm'd when he found fled forth from his firm hand vainly the weapon,
 Gazing with downcast look on the spear, no other possessing.
- 285 Whereon he hail'd the renown'd white-shielded Deïphobos, shouting,
 Calling anon for a spear, but his friend no longer was near him.
 Then brave Hector perceived in his soul, and exclaim'd, as before him
 Open'd his doom, " O dreadful ! to death I'm deliver'd by Pallas ;
 Ay, for I deem'd that the hero Deïphobos near me was standing,
- 290 While he is safe inside, and Athena herself has deceived me.
 Now dread death is at hand, not indeed far off, to escape it,
 Ah ! is beyond man's power ; O this was assuredly erewhile
 Grateful to Zeus and his son, far-darting Apollo, who succour
 Hitherto sent me, propitious ; but now dire fate overtakes me.
- 295 Nathless, ignobly, like some poor dastard I never shall perish,
 Some great feat I'll achieve to be named hereafter for ages."
- Thus having spoken ; he straight drew forth from its scabbard his
 falchion,
 Hung at his side, huge-sized, and withal well-temper'd and weighty ;
 Whereon his strength now gathering up, like an eagle that swoops down,
- 300 Low on the plain from aloft, thro' the thick black clouds that sur-
 round it,
 Either to pounce on a meek-faced lamb or a leveret timid :
 So rush'd on brave Hector, his sharp sword holding before him.
 Nursing his wrath, with revenge full-fraught, rush'd also Achilles,

Fiercely, his broad breast screen'd by the beautiful buckler he carried,
 305 Curiously wrought, while nodded his four-coned glittering helmet,
 Shook with a tremulous motion the pure gold tassels resplendent,
 Spun by Hephaistos, the cone of his war-helm richly encircling ;
 Even as Hesperus, brightest of all bright stars in the heavens,
 Comes forth, lighting the darkness of night with unrivall'd effulgence,
 310 So shone brightly the sharp spear-point, which Achilles, on evil
 Purpose intent against Hector, aloft in his right hand brandish'd,
 Glancing his fair frame over, to see where best he could strike him.
 Thoroughly girt his entire form seem'd, in the glorious armour,
 Shining with bright brass, stripp'd erewhile from the hero Patroclus ;
 315 Still, he discovered a place at the neck-bone, close to the shoulders,
 Where life ever is easiest taken, inviting his spear's thrust.
 Noble Achilles within this part thrust fiercely his javelin,
 Urging the point right through to the fine-form'd neck of the hero ;
 Heavy with brass howbeit, the ash spear cut not the windpipe,
 320 So that his speech was preserved, and he still held parley, tho' falling
 Low in the dust, then godlike Achilles exulting address'd him :

“Hector, thou whilom didst deem, in despoiling my comrade
 Patroclus,

Safe it would prove, no fear for myself, then absent conceiving.
 Foolish ! behind I remain'd at the galleys, the fiercer avenger,
 325 Only to come ; yes, I who thy knees have released ; and the vultures
 Thee will destroy, while him will the Danai bury with honour.”

Him thus languidly answer'd renown'd, crest-flourishing Hector :
 “Thee I implore by thy own great spirit, thy knees,¹ and thy parents,
 O do not suffer the dogs at the ships of the Argives to tear me,
 330 Rather accept those ransoms of armour and gold, to be doubtless
 Offer'd with liberal hand by my mother revered, and my father ;
 Send home safely my corse, that the Trojans and wives of the Trojans
 Meet place find, me dead, with funeral pageants to bury.”

Him then sternly regarding, address'd swift-footed Achilles :
 335 “Dog that thou art, me neither implore by my knees nor my parents ;
 Would that my soul and revenge would combine to incite me thy raw
 flesh

Now into pieces to tear and devour ; such ill hast thou done me.
 Lives not a man who would kindly repel fierce dogs from thy carcass,
 No, not if tenfold even, or twice tenfold, were the ransom
 340 Brought for thy corse, and a promise of more hereafter were given.
 No, if Dardanian Priam himself should desire for his offspring

¹ The knees of the conqueror were considered a sanctuary of refuge.

Gold to bestow as a ransom, not then should thy matronly mother,
Thee whom she bore, stretch'd out on a bier, wail over, lamenting ;
No, but the vultures and dogs should devour thee, and tear thee in pieces."

345 Answer'd again, now dying, renown'd, crest-flourishing Hector :

" Ah, thee knowing, alas ! too well, from the first I foresaw this ;
Hope I had none to persuade thee, the soul in thy bosom is iron.
Ponder it well in thy breast, lest the gods hereafter requite thee,
That dire day when illustrious Paris and Phœbus Apollo

350 Thee, though daring, shall slay at the Scæan gates of the city."

E'en while speaking his end drew near, o'ershadow'd by dark death ;
Fled from his body, dissever'd, the soul, and descended to Hades,
Mourning its sorrowful doom in relinquishing vigour and manhood.
Whereon again, though dead, thus noble Achilles address'd him :

355 " Die thou ; fate I'll accept, whensoever Olympian Zeus may
Issue the fiat divine—great Zeus, and the other Immortals."

Spoke : and the weapon apart now laid, from the corse having
pluck'd it,
Stripping the blood-stain'd armour with which he was girt from his
shoulders ;

Whereupon gather'd around him in vast crowds other Achaians,
360 Marvelling much at the stature and fine-form'd figure of Hector ;
Each man, too, as he came, some wound on the body inflicting,
Some man eke would exclaim, while looking askance at his neighbour :
" O ye gods ! he is now of a truth more gentle to handle,
Far than when burning the deep-hull'd ships in the terrible fire-flames ;"

365 Thus would they gibe as they gazed, and the dead corse mar with their
gashes.

Then, having stripp'd him in haste of his arms, swift-footed Achilles,
Out from the midst of the Argives in wing'd words spoke and address'd
them :

" Oh, dear friends, high chiefs of the Argives, and counsellors noble,
Seeing the gods have decreed that we this great hero should slay, who
370 Ills more numerous wrought us than all who were leagued as our
foemen ;

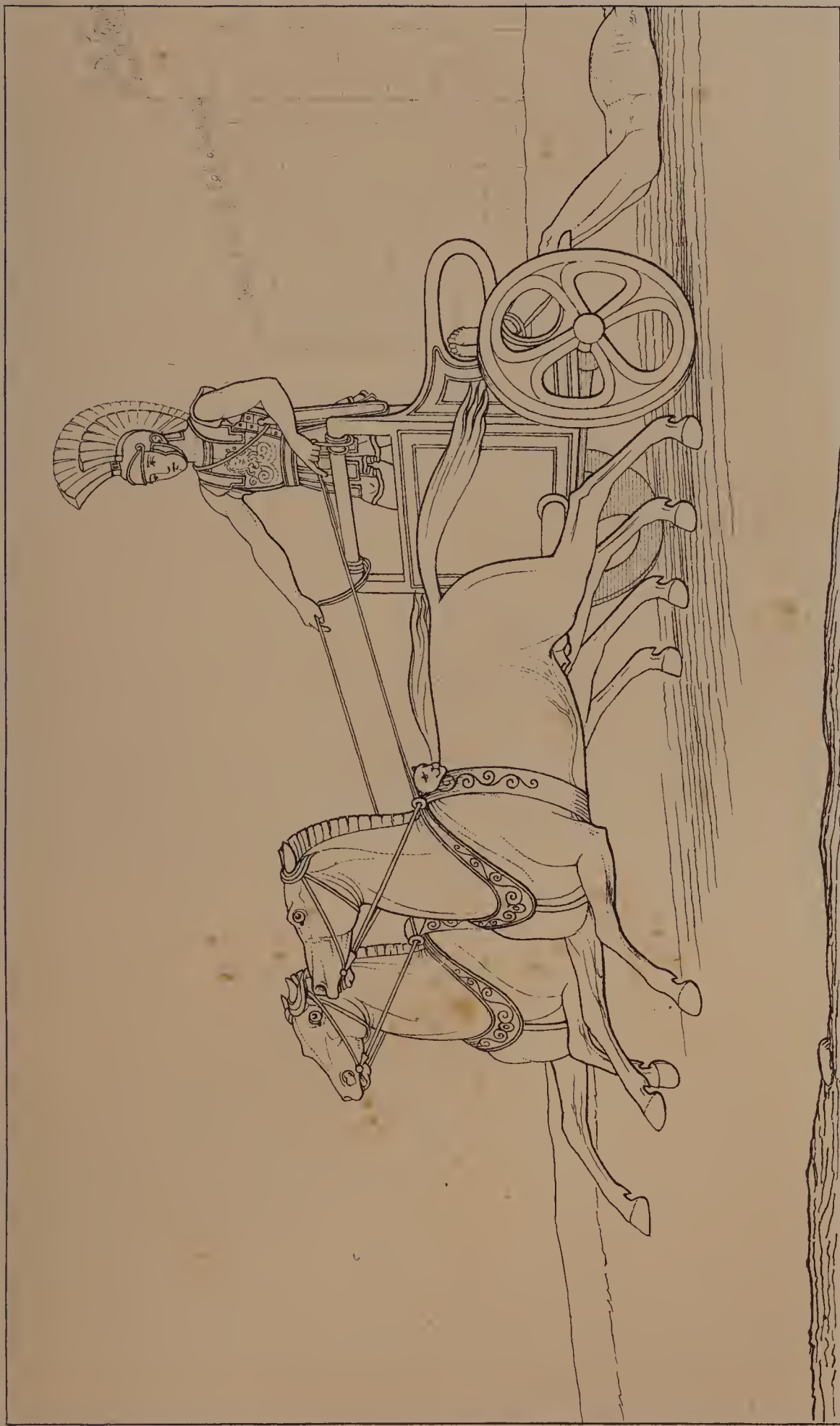
Come, let us forth and the city itself try, girt in our armour,
There to discover the enemy's purpose, if this we can compass,
Whether they mean to abandon the citadel, he in the battle
Now having fallen, or still to remain there, this notwithstanding.

375 Why, howbeit, revolve these things in the soul in my bosom ?

Lies at the galleys a corse, unwept, unburied, Patroclus ;

Him while power in my knees I possess, and have life, I'll forget not,

- Even albeit in Hades the dead mayhap are forgotten ;
 Him I will there still think of and cherish, my friend and companion.
- 380 Come, let us all forthwith, brave youths of the sons of Achaia,
 Singing a pæan, return to the ships, him dead with us bringing ;
 Glory we've earned, great glory, in slaying illustrious Hector ;
 Him whom the people in wide-way'd Troy as a deity worshipp'd."
- Ended : he purposing still in his soul foul deeds against Hector.
- 385 Boring from ankle to heel both feet close under the tendons,
 Leathern thongs with his fingers he took, drew through them and bound
 him
 Fast to his chariot, leaving his head low trailing behind it.
 Then on his chariot mounting, and taking the radiant armour,
 Lashing, he drove straight on, and the steeds flew willingly forward.
- 390 Dust-clouds rose round the corse as they trail'd it, his clustering dark
 hair,
 Sweeping dishevell'd the ground, and his whole head, beautiful erewhile,
 Lay, scarce seen, thick cover'd with dust ; Zeus mighty had granted
 E'en in the land of his birth that his foes him so should dishonour.
 Thus was his whole head cover'd with dust, and his mother, in looking,
- 395 Lifting her white veil up, wept loud as she threw it behind her,
 Tearing the hair from her head with her hands, on beholding her Hector.
 Groan'd too, piteous weeping, his sire ; and the people in vast crowds
 Long long wept salt tears, through wide-way'd Troia lamenting,
 Spectacle woful as if all Ilium smoulder'd in ashes.
- 400 Hardly, indeed, could the people the old man, wild in his sorrow,
 Hinder from rushing impetuous forth from the gates of the city,
 Frenzied, for, rolling himself in the dust, low laid, he entreated
 Every one, calling them each by his own name, loudly exclaiming :
 " Hinder me not, dear friends, but allow me alone from the city
- 405 Forth to depart, sore grieved as I am, to the ships of the Argives.
 There I will supplicate this most reckless and wicked of mortals.
 Haply my years he'll respect and my old age view with compassion ;
 Seeing his own sire, Peleus, is old too, he who begat him,
 Rearing him up as my soul's great grief, and a bane to the Trojans.
- 410 Ay, sons many of mine has he slain in their vigour of manhood,
 Nathless, for none have I mourn'd as for Hector, tho' mourning in-
 deed all,
 Sorrow for whose sad fate will, alas ! soon send me to Hades.
 Would he had died in my arms ! O then we had solaced our bosoms,
 Weeping and wailing, myself and the mother unhappy, who bore him."
- 415 Spoke thus weeping ; the people around all groaning responsive.



Achilles dragging the body of Hector. Book XXII. l. 385.

Hecuba next her lament pour'd forth 'mid the women of Troia :

“ O dear son, why, why do I live thus desolate, thou dead !
O what grief I have suffer'd ! By night and by day in the city
Ever my soul's chief boast, O Hector, wert thou, and a succour
420 Both to the daughters and heroes of Troy, who were wont to receive thee
E'en as a god : for on them erewhile thy achievements, when living,
Brought great glory, but Destiny baleful and Death have dismiss'd
thee.”

Weeping she thus spoke. Nothing as yet had the consort of Hector
Heard of the sorrowful tidings, for none trustworthy had, going,
425 Told her of Hector's remaining exposed outside of the city.
Sitting retired in an upper recess of the palace, she tarried,
Weaving a twofold beautiful web, ornamented with garlands.
Here to her fair-hair'd maiden attendants she orders had given,
Water to place on the fire in a tripod, that Hector, returning
430 Back from the battle, a warm bath ready might find to refresh him.
Foolish ! not knowing that no baths more were required by her Hector,
Pallas the blue-eyed him having slain by the hands of Achilles.

Nevertheless, when she heard from the tower loud shrieks and
lamentings,

Trembled her limbs with alarm, and the shuttle escaped from her fingers ;
435 Whereon her fair-hair'd damsels she eager bespoke, and accosted :
“ Two of you come, for I fear some weighty mischance has befallen.
Heard I the voice of the queen, the revered dear mother of Hector ?
Cold are my limbs, and the heart leaps up to my lips from my bosom :
Bodings I feel that calamity threatens the offspring of Priam.

440 O that the word may be far from my ear ! but I dread lest Achilles,
Haply already my brave-soul'd Hector's retreat having hinder'd,
Back from the city may force him to turn now toward the champaign,
Causing him there to relinquish his soul's great valour and prowess,
Fatal, alas ! for he never remain'd in the ranks of the army,
445 Never, but sprung to the front, and to no one yielded in valour.”
Thus having spoken ; like one all frenzied she rush'd thro' the palace,
Follow'd by some of her damsels, her heart loud throbbing in running.
Coming at length to the tower, and the vast crowd standing, she look'd
round

Over the wall, and beheld him below it in front of the city,
450 Ruthlessly dragg'd by the swift-limb'd steeds to the ships of the Argives ;
Whereon the lids closed over her eyes, and in darkness she sunk down ;
Backward she fell, and her soul breathed forth in a swoon, as in dying.
Dropp'd from her brow her magnificent head-dress, garland and network,

Likewise her rich twined band, and the veil Aphrodite the golden
455 Gave her, the day upon which crest-flourishing Hector had led her
Forth from Eëtion's halls, with her nuptial adornments and presents.
Cluster'd around her in numbers her sisters-in-law, and her sisters,
Bearing her up in their arms in the death-like swoon which oppress'd
her ;

Coming at length to herself, and her soul now clear and collected,
460 Sobbing at intervals, thus to the dames she exclaim'd who were near
her :

“ O me, wretched, my Hector, to one fate both were begotten,
Thou in the city of Troy, in the palace of Priam thy father,
I in the wood-girt Placos, in Thebes, in Eëtion's palace ;
O ill-fated himself, ill-fated he rear'd me in childhood,
465 O that he ne'er had begot me ! for now to the mansions of Hades
Goest thou under the depths of the earth, and in measureless sorrow
Leavest me here in thy palace a widow, thy boy but an infant ;
Him unto whom, ill-fated, we both gave birth ; nor delight now,
Dead as thou art, wilt thou prove to the infant, nor he to his father.
470 Even if haply we 'scape this tear-rife war of the Argives,
Still there is nothing for him hereafter but labour and hardships,
Others, the land-marks changing, will rob him of all his possessions ;
Yes, when a boy is bereft, that day all living desert him ;
Ever he downcast looks, and his cheeks tears wet as they trickle ;
475 Penury feeling, the boy will the friends of his father solicit,
One by the cloak-skirt haply he'll pull, by the tunic another ;
Pitying, some will a pittance, or small cup give him, it may be,
Wherewith to moisten his lips, while hungry his palate continues.
Some one mayhap both parents possessing will him from the banquet
480 Push with a blow from his hand, while thus with reproaches up-
braiding :

‘ Off with you ! even thy father himself does not feast at our banquets !’
Then shall the boy, tears shedding, return to his widow'd mother,
Even Astyanax youthful, who once on the knees of his father
Sitting, partook of the fine rich fatness of lambs and the marrow.
485 Ay, and when soft sleep over him crept, and his childish complainings
All were at length hush'd low, who was wont upon pillows to slumber,
Laid in the arms of his nurse on a soft bed, pamper'd with choice food.—
Youthful Astyanax, aye so called by the people of Troia.
Seeing his sire was the surest defence of their portals and ramparts,
490 Sorrows must many endure, now missing his much-loved father.
Hector, alas ! by the wide-hull'd ships, far, far from thy parents,

After the dogs have been gorged with thy flesh, loathed worms shall
devour thee

Naked ; thy splendid attire, howbeit, of texture the finest,
Wove by the fingers of women, is still laid up in thy palace ;

495 This, now useless to thee, I will burn in the fire, for thou'lt never
Lie in it more henceforward ; but first to the Trojans I'll show it,
Heroes and women alike shall behold it, and think of thy glory."
Spoke thus weeping : the women around all wailing responsive.

END OF BOOK TWENTY-SECOND.

BOOK TWENTY-THIRD.

SUCH was the mourning thro' all wide Troia ; the Danai meanwhile,
Reaching their ships and the Hellespont shore, went each to his galley.
Godlike Achilles the Myrmidon host, howbeit, dispersed not ;
Standing amid brave bands of his comrades he spoke and address'd them :

- 5 “ Friends most dear to my soul, ye swift-horsed Myrmidon heroes,
Loose not the firm-hoof'd steeds from the chariots yet, I command you,
No ; but with horses and chariots both draw near, and the hero,
Warlike Patroclus, bewail, for the dead claim this from their comrades.
Soon as our hearts sore laden with grief we have eased by our wailings,
10 Here our repast let us take, having first unharness'd our horses.”

- Spoke ; then gathering round they bewail'd, led on by Achilles.
Thrice round the body their fair-maned coursers they drove, and lamented ;
Thetis herself having kindled the longing desire in their bosoms.
Wet was the sand with their tears, wet, likewise, their radiant armour ;
15 Such was the sorrow they felt for a hero so valiant in battle.
Laying his blood-stain'd hands on the breast of his cherish'd companion,
Godlike Achilles himself thus led the funereal wailing :
“ Hail ! my Patroclus beloved ; ay, e'en in the dwellings of Hades,
Now, I fulfil to thy soul what I erewhile promised thee living,
20 Hector to give to the dogs to devour, having hitherward dragg'd him ;
Twelve of the heads of illustrious Trojans besides to dissever,
All on thy pile to be laid, thee slain to avenge in my anger.”

- Spoke : foul deeds against high-soul'd Hector the hero devising,
Him having stretch'd in the front of the bier of Menœtios' dead son
25 Prone in the dust, each then from his shoulders his radiant armour,
Shining with brass, stripp'd off, and the steeds shrill neighing unharness'd.
Sitting in bands by the galley of brave swift-footed Achilles,
All of the funeral banquet partook, which himself had provided.
Many a white bull lay, with its throat cut, prostrate beside them,

- 30 Slain by the steel, sheep many, and goats late plaintively bleating :
White-tusk'd swine well-fed full many, abounding in fatness,
Lay there singed and prepared for the spit at the flame of Hephaistos ;
While by the dead stream'd blood upon all sides copious flowing.
Meanwhile fitly the chiefs of Achaia the leader conducted,
- 35 Noble Æacides, thence to the tent of renown'd Agamemnon,
Hardly persuading him, wroth as he was for his friend and companion.
Now, when arrived at the tent of the ruler of men, Agamemnon
Atreus' brave son order'd the heralds to place on the embers
Promptly a trivet and huge-sized caldron, if Peleus' offspring
- 40 So he might tempt, and persuade, peradventure, to wash from his blood-
stain'd
Body the slime ; but he swore with an oath, and refused to obey him.
“ No, by Kronion supreme, of the blessèd Immortals the highest,
Fitting it were not, indeed, that my head should be cleansed with
ablutions,
Ere on the pile I Patroclus have laid, and a tomb have erected,
- 45 Ay, and my locks shorn ; seeing that no such sorrow will ever
This heart visit again while left in the land of the living.
Nevertheless, let us join the repast, however unwelcome :
Then give orders, thou monarch of men, Agamemnon, that hither,
Fagots be brought at the dawn, and the wood laid down in a manner
- 50 Meet, and befitting the dead to enjoy on descending to Hades.
Thus the insatiate fire him soon will consume from our presence,
Leaving the bands to return once more to the toils of the battle.”
Thus he address'd them : and all gave ear to his words, and obey'd him ;
Afterwards each for himself his repast made ready, and forthwith
- 55 Feasted ; and none of the guests lack'd aught at the sumptuous banquet.
Whereon, their appetites fully appeased with the viands and goblet,
Leaving the feast, each man to his own tent hasten'd to rest him.
Only Peleides himself lay down by the billowy ocean,
Groaning aloud 'mong his Myrmidon host on a space unpolluted,
- 60 Where on the shore wave following huge wave, boisterous dashes :
There, worn out, sweet sleep crept over his eyes and possess'd him,
Soothing the cares of his bosom ; for weary indeed were his swift feet,
Tired with pursuing round wind-swept Ilium's battlements Hector.
There, as he lay, came gliding the spirit of hapless Patroclus,
- 65 Like him as well in his beautiful eyes, voice, figure, and stature ;
Him he in all things look'd, and the same garb girdled his body.
Over him standing the ghost of his friend thus spoke and address'd
him :

- “Sleepest thou, noble Achilles, thy friend hast thou wholly forgotten ?
 Me thou rememberedst living, but dead no longer regardest.
- 70 Bury me forthwith, so that I pass thro’ the portals of Hades ;
 Else I am driven afar by the dead, now shades disembodied,
 Me who permit not, the river beyond, with themselves to repose me,
 Leaving me lonely to roam through the wide-door’d dwellings of Hades.
 Give me thy hand, howbeit, I pray thee, for know that I never
- 75 Earth will revisit again when my corse to the pyre has been given.
 Never again shall we hold sweet counsel together, as living,
 Sitting apart from our friends we were wont : for the fate which befel me,
 Even from birth-hour, hateful indeed and malign has absorb’d me :
 Ay, and thy own fate too, O godlike Peleides Achilles,
- 80 Even is this, by the walls of the high-born Trojans to perish.
 One thing more I command, if obedience due thou wilt yield me,
 Godlike Achilles, our bones let not even the sepulchre sunder ;
 Nurtured together of yore were we both in the halls of thy father ;
 Boy as I was, by Menœtios led to renown’d Opoëis,
- 85 Safe to thy home, on account of a homicide rashly committed,
 That same day when Amphidamas’ son by an accident slew I,
 Wroth on account of the dice, but in no wise meaning to kill him.
 Then it was chivalrous Peleus received me at once in his palace,
 Carefully reared me, and kindly, and made me thy body attendant.
- 90 So may the same urn hold hereafter our mutual ashes,
 Even the one which thy mother revered erst gave thee, the golden.”
- Whereupon him thus answer’d in turn swift-footed Achilles :
 “Why hast thou hitherward come, my revered friend ? Wherefore on me
 thus
 Lay thy commands ? Be assured in thy mind I will all thou hast bid me
 95 Gladly perform, and obey to the full whatsoe’er thou desirest.
 Come, stand nearer, that here each other we clasp, and embracing,
 Short tho’ the time prove, thus may assuage sad sorrow’s lamentings.”
- Thus having spoken, his brotherly arms forthwith he extended,
 Him notwithstanding he missed ; for the shade went muttering down-
 ward,
- 100 Even as thin smoke under the earth. Then noble Achilles,
 Wondering, sprang up, wringing his hands, thus sadly exclaiming :
 “O ye Immortals on high ! there is then in the dwellings of Hades
 Something of spirit and form : ah, yes, but the substance is lacking.
 All night long my belovèd companion Patroclus’ spirit,
 105 Wretched, alas ! stood here at my side, low moaning and wailing,
 Wondrously like to himself, and he laid on me many injunctions.”

Ended he speaking : exciting in each fresh sorrow and mourning ;
Even when Dawn, rosy-finger'd, appeared in the heavens, she found them
Sorrowing still, and in tears, as they circled the corse. But Atreides
110 Over the whole tents went, and commanded the men with their sleek
mules

Wood to transport, and a man brave-hearted appointed to lead them,
Even Meriones, henchman and friend of Idomeneus warlike.
These with their keen-edged axes in hand, and with cords well-twisted
Went on their journey as order'd, their sleek mules driving before them,
115 Clambering up rough crags, into deep-cleft valleys descending,
Straight roads taking, and cross, until reaching the forests of Ida ;
Where, on arriving, they soon with their sharp brass axes the timber
Fell'd, and the oaks high-towering, when brought down loudly resounded.
Then when the fell'd wood quickly asunder was split, and together
120 Tied, it was bound on the mules, and the ground shook under their firm
feet,

All were so eager the close-wove thickets to quit for the champaign.
Huge trunks also were carried by those who as hewers were busied,
E'en as Meriones, henchman of warlike Idomeneus, order'd.
Afterwards these were with due care piled on the shore, as an ample
125 Tomb, by Achilles designed for himself, and Patroclus his comrade.

Now, when on all sides round they had piled up masses of billets,
Waiting, they sat down close in a body ; but noble Achilles
Order'd the warrior Myrmidon hosts forthwith in their brazen
Armour to gird them, and those who had chariots under their keeping
130 Promptly their horses to yoke ; and they girded themselves as com-
manded.

Mounted the war-cars then, both combatants daring and drivers ;
Foremost the chariots moved, and in vast bands, marching in order,
Follow'd the foot, and Patroclus was borne in the midst by his comrades.
Cutting their hair, they began now strewing it over the body,
135 Noble Achilles supporting the head from behind, and lamenting
Loud, for a blameless companion, and loved, he was sending to Hades.

Now when they came to the spot erewhile by Achilles appointed,
There they the corse laid down, and a huge pile formed of the fagots.
Whereon at once swift-footed Achilles, remembering, ponder'd :
140 Speedily going apart from the pile, he the hair of his own head,
Beautiful, bright-hued, cut sheer off, tho' preserved for Sperchios ;
Then with his eyes turn'd towards the wine-dark sea he lamented :

“ Vain was the promise, Sperchios, my loved sire Peleus himself made,
Saying, when safe I my own home reach'd, and the land of my fathers,

- 145 Shearing my locks, I should vow them to thee, and a hecatomb offer,
Stout rams fifty, besides, to my sacrifice due superadding,
Where thou hast fountains enow, and a grove, and an odorous altar.
Thus did the old man vow ; but his wish thou hast fail'd to accomplish :
Therefore since never again I return to the land of my fathers,
- 150 These locks, shearing, I give to be borne by Patroclus the hero."
Speaking, the locks he had shorn in his dead friend's hands he enfolded,
Raising anew in his train great longing to weep and lament him.
So had the light of the glorious sun gone down on them weeping,
Had not Achilles address'd Agamemnon, as near him he now stood :
- 155 " Offspring of Atreus (for *thy* words ever the sons of Achaia
Willingly hear), one even at last may be weary of weeping :
Therefore, dismissing the train, give orders repast be provided.
Here I myself and my friends who have chiefly the dead in our keeping,
All that pertains to the rites will arrange, but the chiefs must not leave us."
- 160 Hearing his wish, straightway Agamemnon, the ruler of peoples,
Scatter'd the host, each man to his own ship instantly sending ;
Only the mourners remain'd, wood heaping in masses for fuel,
Forming a high pile, five-score feet long every way stretching :
Laying the dead on the top, deep-grieving at heart and lamenting.
- 165 Fat sheep many, and broad-hoof'd, crook-horn'd oxen they, flaying,
Dress'd in the front of the pile ; and from these the illustrious hero,
Taking the fat off, laid it in flakes on the corse of Patroclus ;
Afterwards heaping on all sides round flay'd carcasses many.
Towards the bier, then, flagons of honey and oil he inclined and
- 170 Placed on the top of the pile, and incontinent heaving a deep sigh,
Threw on the pyre four high-neck'd coursers of pedigree noble :
Two of the nine fine dogs erewhile at the board of the monarch
Bred as companions, he hastily kill'd, to the sacrifice adding.
Last, twelve valorous sons of the high-soul'd Trojans he now slew,
- 175 Cutting them down with the brass, dark deeds in his bosom designing ;
This having done, he applied strong fire to the whole to consume it,
Groaning aloud, and addressing by name his belov'd companion :
" Ev'n in the mansions of Hades rejoice, dear comrade, Patroclus,
All I aforetime promised to thee will at length be accomplish'd ;
- 180 Twelve brave sons of the high-soul'd Trojans with thee shall the fire-
flames
Burn into ashes ; but Hector, the offspring of Priam, I will not
Suffer the fire to consume ; no, never ; the dogs shall devour him."
- Such were his threats ; but the dogs were not destined to touch him
nor injure ;

- These Aphrodite, the daughter of Zeus, drove daily and nightly
185 Off, and the body with rosy ambrosial unguent anointed,
So that the corse of the dead might receive no blemish in dragging.
Over him also a dark cloud Phœbus Apollo extended,
Downward from heaven to earth, which the champaign beneath over-
shadow'd,
Even as much as the dead corse fill'd, lest the sun in his ardour,
190 High on ascending, might stiffen the muscles and nerves of the hero.
Burn'd not the funeral pyre, notwithstanding, of godlike Patroclus ;
Whereon again swift-footed Achilles, remembering, ponder'd.
Zephyros, therefore, and Boreas then, he invoked and entreated,
Standing apart, an appropriate sacrifice vowing to offer :
195 Many libations he eke pour'd forth, as he pray'd, from a golden
Goblet, to urge them to come and the body consume in the fire-flames,
Causing the wood blaze up. Then swift-wing'd Iris the goddess
Hearing the prayers pour'd out, went forth to the Winds as a lieger.
These in the palace of Zephyros stormy were seated together
200 Feasting, when Iris the messenger hastening stood on the marble
Threshold ; whom, on beholding, they, rising, invited to join them,
Each for himself, but in these words answer'd the goddess declining :
“ No seat : no, I return forthwith by the flowings of ocean,
Back to the far Æthiopian land, where hecatombs many
205 Freely they offer the gods, and I thitherward hasten to share them.
Thence I have come, for Achilles to Boreas prays, and sonorous
Zephyros, bidding them go and enkindle the pyre and consume it,
Where lies godlike Patroclus, by all the Achaians lamented.”
This having said, she departed ; on which these hasten'd to follow,
210 Flocking with vehement tumult, the thick clouds driving before them.
Blowing incontinent reach'd they the ocean, and under the breezes
Strong and sonorous the waves roll'd high ; and they came to the fertile
Troad, and fell on the pyre, and the fire blazed up loud roaring.
All night long simultaneous blowing, the winds upon each side
215 Scatter'd the flames, and Achilles the whole night through with a
twofold
Cup pour'd wine on the ground, having drawn it himself from a golden
Flagon, invoking Patroclus, and soaking the earth with libations.
Ev'n as a father laments when consuming the bones of a loved son
Just on the eve of his nuptials, whose death has afflicted his parents :
220 So mourn'd godlike Achilles in burning the bones of his comrade,
Pensively pacing the ground by the pyre, deep groaning in spirit.
Soon as the star, day's herald, arose, howbeit, proclaiming

- Light to the dark earth, saffron-attired Morn bringing, which Ocean
 First with his beam gilds, smoulder'd the red fire, wasted to embers.
- 225 Whereon the Winds flew back, as before, to their halls in the heavens,
 Over the Thracian sea loud groaning and heaving its surges.
 While brave godlike Achilles, aside from the pyre disappearing,
 Lay down weary, and soon sweet sleep crept over his eyelids.
 Gather'd the others in crowds, meanwhile, Agamemnon surrounding,
- 230 Atreus' son, with their boisterous tumult awaking Achilles ;
 Whereupon, rising, he straight sat up, and address'd them, exclaiming :
 " Offspring of Atreus, and all ye other illustrious Argives,
 Foremost with dark wine hasten away, and extinguish the burning,
 Even the whole that the fire has invaded ; and then let us gather
- 235 Sadly the bones of Menœtios' dead son, valiant Patroclus,
 Marking them well, for the bones can be easily known and distinguish'd
 Seeing he lay in the midmost part of the pyre, but the others,
 Towards the verge, a promiscuous heap, with their horses beside them.
 Soon as the bones have been found, in a twofold caul let us wrap them,
- 240 Then in a gold urn place, till myself shall descend into Hades.
 Raise moreover a mound, not indeed too ample, but fitting ;
 Afterwards, O ye Achaians, extend this labour, and make it
 Lofty and broad, all ye who remain at the ships and survive me."
- Thus did he speak : and they gladly obey'd swift-footed Peleides :
- 245 First, they the dark wine pouring, extinguish'd the fire they had lighted,
 Even as far as the flames had approached, and the ashes when met shrunk.
 Weeping, the white bones next of their gentle companion they gather'd,
 These in a twofold caul having wrapp'd they disposed in a golden
 Urn, then laid in the tent and in soft white linen enveloped.
- 250 Tracing the place they design'd for the tomb, the foundation they next
 laid
 Close by the pyre, and an earth-mound forming they fill'd the enclosure,
 Heaping it high, and return'd. But Peleides Achilles the people
 Longer detain'd, and they sat down there in assembly together.
 Then from the galleys he brought forth prizes of tripods and goblets ;
- 255 Virgins with small waists, steeds, mules, oxen, and glittering iron.
 Foremost he staked, as the prizes for swift-paced horses, a woman
 Beautiful, skill'd in embroidery-work, and a tripod with handles,
 (Twenty-and-two full measures it held,) this prize was the highest.
 Next, for the second, a six-years' old mare fresh and unbroken,
- 260 Bearing a mule-foal. Then, for the third, a magnificent tripod,
 Four full measures containing, untarnish'd as yet by the furnace.
 Two gold talents he staked for the fourth ; and a vessel with twin ears

Staked for the fifth, unsullied by fire ; then rising address'd them :

“ Offspring of Atreus, and all ye well-greaved sons of Achaia,

265 These rich prizes are now in the circus awaiting the horsemen.

Held we our games some other illustrious Argive to honour,

Then should my own tent surely be graced with the first of the prizes.

Well it is known my coursers surpass all others in breeding,

Seeing they both are immortal. Poseidon to Peleus my father

270 Gave them, and afterwards both to myself loved Peleus presented.

This notwithstanding, apart I'll remain with my coursers beside me,

Seeing they now no more have a charioteer so distinguish'd ;

One who himself full oft in the murmuring rivulet wash'd them,

Oft on their beautiful manes too pour'd soft oil in abundance.

275 Motionless standing they him now mourn and lament, with dishevell'd

Manes to the ground low drooping ; dispirited, thus they demand him.

Come, howbeit, whoever professes superior skill and

Confidence feels in his chariot steeds, let him gird for the trial.”

Spake : and the swift-wing'd charioteers as commanded bestirr'd
them.

280 First to contend rose famous Eumelos, the monarch of peoples,

Son of Admetos, a man who excell'd all others as horseman.

Afterwards Diomede, brave-soul'd son of illustrious Tydeus,

Under the yoke led forward the horses of Tros, which he erewhile

Took from Æneas, whose life was preserved at the time by Apollo.

285 Next came forth for the contest the offspring of yellow-hair'd Atreus

Brave Menelaus, conducting the mare of renown'd Agamemnon,

Fleet-paced Æthe, as also his own fine courser Podargos.

Her Echepolos, the son of Anchises, to king Agamemnon

Gave, that he might not be order'd to follow Atreides to wind-swept

290 Troia, but tarry at home, and enjoy him ; for Zeus had endow'd him

Plenteously, giving him riches in Sicyon, where his abode was :

Keen for the race, her under the yoke, Menelaus conducted.

Fourthly, Antilochos, high-soul'd son of illustrious Nestor,

Offspring of Neleus, his beautiful-maned steeds, Pylian nurtured,

295 Harness'd, and yoked : and his sire now standing beside his beloved son,

Him thus counsell'd, with kindly intent, tho' himself ever prudent :

“ O my Antilochos, Zeus and Poseidon have certainly loved thee,

Seeing, albeit but young, all kinds of equestrian practice

Known are to thee, so need there is none that I further instruct thee.

300 Versed thou art doubtless to turn with expertness the goal ; but thy
coursers

Tardy in pace are at times, whence evils might chance to befall thee.

- Others possess steeds famed for their fleetness of foot, but they know not
 Verily better than thou how best to manœuvre and guide them.
 Therefore, my son, take heed, first every expedient ponder,
 305 So that the prizes by some ill chance or another thou miss not.
 Skill to the stout woodcutter is far more precious than vigour :
 Pilots by skill'd hand easily steer swift galleys, when tossing,
 Driven by fierce winds over the face of the blackening ocean :
 Chariot-driver by skill, too, chariot-driver surpasses.
- 310 One too sure of success with his horses and chariot leads them
 Over the course-ground, driving them uselessly hither and thither ;
 Check them he cannot, and therefore his fleet steeds devious wander.
 Otherwise is it with him who is skill'd in his art, tho' conducting
 Steeds less fleet, for he looks at the goal-post, clipping it closely,
 315 Thinking beforehand how he can turn, well handling his bridle :
 Safely he drives, and his eye keeps fix'd on the coursers before him.
 Now I will show thee the well-seen goal, that thine eye it escape not :
 Yonder a scantling of dry wood stands of the height of a cubit,
 Either of oak or of pine, woods little affected by weather :
- 320 There two white stones, one upon each side, stand on the highway,
 Where it is narrow ; and level the race-ground stretches around them.
 Either before it was used as a goal at the race, or erected
 Haply in times long past for a hero, a thing monumental ;
 Now once more as the goal swift-footed Achilles has named it.
- 325 Driving thy horses and chariot near, go close to the signal,
 Gently inclining thyself in the well-built chariot leftward,
 Using the whip, give rein to the right-hand horse, and encourage :
 Then let thy left-hand courser be turn'd close into the signal,
 So that the nave of the well-form'd wheel may appear to the gazers
 330 Touching the top, but the stone take heed to avoid, for it may be,
 Striking, the steeds thou mightst hurt, and the chariot splinter in pieces,
 Proving a shame to thyself, and a great joy giving to others.
 Now, my beloved son, look that thou carry thyself circumspectly,
 Look, if only the goal thou canst first reach, certainly no one
 335 Thee will o'ertake, or o'ertaking at least outstrip and be winner,
 No, tho' Arion he drove in thy rear, famed steed of Adrastos,
 Heaven descended, or those of Laomedon, nurtured in Troia."

This having said, on his loved son's mind these lessons impressing
 Duly, Gerenian Nestor again sat down 'mong his comrades.

- 340 Fifthly, his coursers with manes full-flowing Meriones harness'd.
 Casting the lots in, each man then on his chariot mounted.
 Noble Achilles the lots next shook, and Antilochos, Nestor's

Son's, leapt forth ; then that of Eumelos the monarch of peoples ;
Afterwards, came spear-famed Menelaus', the offspring of Atreus ;
345 Following Atreus' offspring Meriones' came : to Tydides,
Bravest by far of the racers, to set out last was allotted.
Then they in order at length all stood, and the goal by Achilles
Now being shown far off in the level expanse of the champaign,
Where he had Phoenix, his own sire's henchman, as umpire appointed,
350 Bidding him look to the race, and report each circumstance plainly,
Each man lifting his lash as with one mind over his coursers,
Struck them, and struck with the reins, then urged them vociferous
onward.

Over the wide plain swiftly they flew, far off from the galleys ;
Under their feet dust rose like a whirlwind, circling around them,
355 While upon all sides, tossing, their full manes waved in the breezes.
Now, scarce touching the earth, down whirling, the chariots bounded,
Now, quick sprung they aloft, on their perches the charioteers all
Standing erect, and the bosom of each man eager to conquer
Throbb'd with desire, while urging his swift steeds, shouting and
cheering.

360 Quickly they flew, dust raising, and scattering over the champaign.
Now when the fleet-wing'd horses their last long circuit were running
Back to the hoary tumultuous ocean, the charioteers vied
One with the other, and push'd to the utmost the speed of the coursers.
Foremost of all came in at the goal, Pheretiades' swift steeds :
365 Afterwards came in Diomedes' Troy-bred beautiful stallions,
Near him from even the first start keeping, and never relaxing,
Ever they look'd as if mounting the chariot running before them,
Warming the shoulders and back of the charioteer who preceded,
Breathing upon him, and over him leaning their heads as they gallop'd.
370 Then had he certainly pass'd, or at least made victory doubtful,
Had not Apollo divine, full fraught with desire to avenge him,
Shaken the glittering lash from the hand of the offspring of Tydeus ;
Down from the eyes of Tydides the tears now fell, as, indignant,
Saw he the rest of the charioteers more swiftly advancing,
375 While he, without lash driving his steeds, in the race was retarded.
'Scaped not Athena's regard, howbeit, the art which Apollo
Practised to injure Tydides, for, hastening, soon she approach'd him,
Putting a lash in his hand, and renew'd strength giving his coursers.
Next, to the son of Admetos, the goddess, indignant, advancing,
380 Shatter'd his yoke, upon which, wide flew both horses asunder,
Out of the course, and the pole to the ground fell broken to splinters.

Down he was thrown on the ground, stretch'd close to the wheel of the carriage,

Both arms bruised by the fall, and his mouth torn wide and his nostrils :
Wounded was likewise his brow, at the eyebrows ; under his eyelids
385 Gather'd the tears, and his soft-toned accents were choked with vexation.

Diomedes then rush'd past, with a firm hand guiding his coursers,
Sweeping along, now far in advance of the rest, for Athena
Vigour infused in his steeds, for himself great glory designing.

Afterwards came fair-hair'd Menelaus, the offspring of Atreus ;
390 Whereon Antilochos, cheering his own sire's coursers, address'd them :
"Come, push on ! Stretch forward with all speed, yonder the goal
stands.

Vain 'tis to vie with the steeds of Tydides, the strife were unequal,
Seeing Athena has given them speed, and himself great glory :
Still make up if you can, with your rapidest pace to Atreides'
395 Steeds, nor be left here lagging, lest Æthe, a mare should disgrace you.
Why should ye flag, O bravest of steeds, and inferior show you ?
This I declare, and ye both shall assuredly see it accomplish'd,
Nestor, the guide of the people, will show no favour to you two ;
No, far otherwise, you with the sharp brass blade he will soon slay,
400 Once we return, no adequate prize having gain'd, thro' remissness.
Haste in pursuit, and with all speed follow ; myself will arrange it
So that ye pass where narrow the course is ; for this shall not 'scape me."

Thus did he speak ; and the coursers the charioteer's threat dreading
Quicken'd their pace for a time ; but Antilochos warlike, in haste forth
405 Looking, beheld that part of the course foreshown as the narrow.
Wintry torrents had there scoop'd out, wild raging, a channel,
Tearing the road up, leaving instead a precipitous gully ;
Thither, avoiding the clashing of wheels, drove brave Menelaus.
Sideways turning, his firm-hoof'd horses Antilochos guided

410 Out of the way, and pursued for a time full speed with his coursers.
Then in his fears thus Atreus' son to Antilochos shouted :

"Rashly thou drivest thy steeds ; for the present, Antilochos, check
them ;

Narrow the course looks here, but it widens, and then thou may'st pass
me ;

Take good heed lest thou damage us both, running foul of my carriage."
415 Thus he exclaim'd : but Antilochos drove on faster than ever,
Lashing his steeds still, deaf to the well-meant counsel he tender'd.
Even as far as the cast of a quoit flung forth from the shoulder,
Thrown by a vigorous stripling, when trying the strength of his manhood :

- So far ran they abreast ; but the steeds of the offspring of Atreus
420 Now fell back, for he ceased of his own free will from the contest,
Fearing lest haply the firm-hoof'd coursers might jostle together,
Thus overturning the well-built chariots both, and themselves, too,
Throwing below in the dust, while keenly for victory vying.
Whereupon him fair-haired Menelaus, addressing, reproved thus :
425 " Truly, Antilochos, more thou delightest in mischief than most men :
Plague on thee ! foolish ! we sons of Achaia consider'd thee prudent.
Still, no prize shalt thou carry away till an oath thou hast taken."
Thus having spoken ; his horses he cheer'd on briskly, exclaiming :
" Keep not behind, nor dispirited stand by chagrin overtaken ;
430 *Their* knees sooner will weary than yours, for their vigour has faded."
Thus did he speak ; and their charioteer's voice dreading, the horses
Bounded along more fleetly, and soon came close to the others.
Sat meanwhile in the circus assembled the Argives, the coursers
Viewing as onward they came, dust scattering over the champaign.
435 First were the horses discern'd by Idomeneus, chief of the Cretans,
Sitting aloft on a high watch-tower outside of the circus ;
Whereupon, hearing afar one coaxing his coursers, he knew him :
Likewise he noticed a far-famed steed outstripping the others,
Chesnut the colour appeared throughout, save only the forehead,
440 Where was a white spot clear as the moon, which conspicuous mark'd it.
Instantly, standing erect, these words he address'd to the Argives :
" O friends, chieftains and counsellors sage of the sons of Achaia,
Do I alone these coursers discern, or behold ye them likewise ?
Different horses and charioteer seem foremost advancing.
445 Those which were hitherto first in the race mayhap have been wounded
Crossing the broad plain, certain I am, with my eyes I beheld them
Turning the goal ; no more can I see them, albeit the Trojan
Plain I can view all round, as my eyes, keen searching, survey it.
Either the charioteer has the rein-bands dropp'd, or has haply
450 Fail'd in attempting to rein in firmly the coursers in turning.
There thrown out from his seat he his chariot doubtless has broken,
While, wild rage on their strong wills seizing, the horses have bolted.
Come, now stand, look forward yourselves, for I cannot distinguish :
Nathless the hero appears to my ken the Ætolian nurtured
455 Chief of the Argives, the warrior Diomedes, offspring of Tydeus."
Him swift Aias, the son of Oileus, reproachfully answer'd :
" Why dost thou prate thus ever, Idomeneus ? Doubtless thou seest
Over the widespread champaign afar steeds wildly careering.
Youngest thou art not in sooth, no, neither dost see from thy forehead

460 Clearer than other Achaïans ; but still thou art constantly prating.
Need there is none of thy sage words here, for thy betters are present.
Still, as before, are the mares of Eumelos the foremost of any,
While he himself stands holding the reins in his hand, and advances."

Whereupon him thus answer'd the chief of the Cretans indignant :

465 " Aias, the best at abuse and austere words aye, to the Argives
Second in all things else, and in temper morose and insulting ;
Come now, here let us stake, say, either a tripod or caldron,
Both Agamemnon Atreides appointing as judge, to determine
Which of the coursers are first ; so teaching thee wisdom by losing."

470 Thus he address'd him ; on which swift Aias, the son of Oïleus,
Wrath in his mind, now rose to reply, harsh language employing.
Then had the strife, no doubt, upon both sides warmer and warmer
Waxed, had Achilles himself not arisen, and, speaking, address'd them :

" Aias, Idomeneus, blame no more each other in accents

475 Angry, and tending to wound ; such conduct is truly unfitting.
Blamable him you would hold, who should act such part, and resent it :
Rather indeed sit down in the circus, and look to the horses,
These will arrive ere long all keenly for victory vying :

Every one then will descry, each man for himself, on the instant,

480 Who in the race will the first prize win, who likewise the second."

Thus he address'd them : but Tydeus' son came nearer and nearer

Following close up, lashing the shoulders and back of the steeds, which,
Flinging their hoofs high, bounded along, and completed the circuit,
While as they ran dust mingled with sweat-drops spatter'd their driver ;

485 Followed the chariot close at the heels of the steeds, ornamented
Finely with gold and with tin, and so swiftly it flew that behind it
Scarcely a tire-track even was left in the dust it divided.

Then in the midst of the circus he stood, while sweat in profusion

Down to the ground from the shoulders and chests of the coursers was
pouring.

490 Next he himself leap'd down on the ground from his glittering carriage,
Resting the lash which he bore on the yoke : nor did Sthenelos warlike
Linger behind, but he now seized eagerly hold of the guerdon,
Giving his high-soul'd comrades the woman to lead, and the two-ear'd
Tripod to carry away ; he himself unyoking the horses.

495 Next came, driving his coursers, Antilochos, offspring of Neleus,
Far outstripping by cunning, not speed, fair-hair'd Menelaus.
Nevertheless Menelaus advanced close by with his coursers :
Even as far as a horse is apart from the wheel, when, exerting
Every muscle, to carry his charioteer thro' the champaign,

- 500 Touching at times with the hair of his long tail even the wheel tires,
 Rolling the chariot on, short space intervening between them :
 So far only as this did Antilochos brave Menelaus
 Pass, though even as far as a quoit-cast led he on starting :
 Now, howbeit, he him overtook, for renown'd Agamemnon's
 505 Fine mare *Æthe*, the beautiful maned, wax'd stronger and stronger.
 Yes, had the circuit been longer to both, he assuredly quickly
 Him had surpass'd in the race they were running, nor dubious left it.
 Now far-famed Menelaus a stone's throw left to the rearward
 Gallant Meriones, friend of Idomeneus brave and his henchman,
 510 Seeing his fair-maned steeds were the slowest of all and himself eke,
 Far least skilful of any as chariot-driver, or horseman.
 Now came also the son of Admetos, the last of the racers,
 Dragging his chariot forward himself with his horses before him.
 Whereon divine swift-footed Achilles perceiving him, pitied ;
 515 These wing'd words to him speaking anon, as he stood 'mong the Argives :
 " Truly, the best man comes in last with his firm-hoor'd coursers ;
 Nevertheless let us give him as right, of the prizes, the second,
 Keeping the first, however, for Diomede, Tydeus' offspring."
 Thus did he speak : and the whole gave willing assent to his judgment :
 520 Then had the mare been bestow'd upon him, for the Argives acceded,
 Had not Antilochos' offspring of high-soul'd Nestor, arising,
 Spoke on the question of justice to noble Peleides Achilles :
 " Godlike Achilles, if these same words thou fulfillest, indignant,
 Truly, I'll feel, for myself thou wilt rob of my merited guerdon,
 525 Merely for this, that his skill notwithstanding, his carriage and fleet-paced
 Coursers were injured : he nevertheless should have pray'd the Immortals,
 Then should he never have come in last in the race with his horses.
 Him if thou pitiest truly, and deemest it fitting and proper,
 Much gold lies at thy tent, much brass, and abundance of cattle,
 530 Firm-hoof'd coursers enow thou possessest, and many a maiden :
 Taking from these stores, give him a better reward as his guerdon,
 Afterwards, ay, or at present ; that now the Achaians may praise thee.
 This I will never, indeed, give up ; let the champion stand forth
 Now, whosoever he be, who will venture to try my puissance."
 535 Ended Antilochos brave : then smiled swift-footed Achilles,
 Him much liking, for truly his comrade was dear to his bosom ;
 Whereupon speaking, in these wing'd words he address'd his companion :
 " Noble Antilochos, seeing thou biddest me give to Eumelos
 Other reward of my own, thy express'd wish gladly I grant thee.
 540 This I will give him, the corslet I stripp'd off Asteropæos ;

Brazen it is, and around it a glittering border is twisted,
Fashion'd of fine bright tin ; moreover, the corslet is priceless."

Spake : and his much-loved comrade Automedon order'd to bring it
Forth from his tent straightway ; and he went as commanded and
brought it.

545 This in the hands of Eumelos he placed, who received it rejoicing.

Then in the midst of them, grieving in soul, stood forth Menelaus,
Wroth with Antilochos. After the sceptre was now by the herald
Placed in his hands, and the Danaï silent, the hero address'd them :

" Noble Antilochos, what hast thou now done, hitherto prudent ?

550 Truly my skill thou hast greatly dishonour'd, and injured my coursers,
Driving thine own first in, tho' inferior greatly in breeding.

Come, howbeit, ye leaders and counsellors sage of the Argives,
Give just judgment between us, and do not determine by favour.

No, lest perchance hereafter in these words one may express him :

555 ' Brave Menelaus Antilochos conquer'd, by stratagem only
Gaining the mare, for, albeit his coursers were worse than his rival's,
Still he himself outshone him in prowess and skill as a driver :'

Come, I myself will decide, and believe no man of the Argives
Me blameworthy will find, for be sure stern justice will guide me.

560 Come then hither, thou noble Antilochos, nursed by Kronion,
Stand forth right in the front, and with both hands laid on thy coursers,
Holding the pliable scourge meanwhile which thou usedst when driving
Forward the chariot, swear by divine earth-circling Poseidon,
Willingly never my war-car once by a sleight thou didst jostle."

565 Whereupon him in return thus prudent Antilochos answer'd :

" Bear with me now, since I'm younger by much than thyself, Menelaus
Ruler supreme ; for superior far thou indeed art, and elder.

Well with the various errors of youth thou art doubtless acquainted,
Flighty is youth's quick mind, and his counsel is frequently foolish.

570 Therefore be patient in soul, and the mare I will willingly give thee,
Won by myself : and if aught else still from my stores thou demandest,
More would I gladly bestow, far rather, indeed, than for ever
Forfeit thy favour, thou great Zeus-bred, and offend the Immortals."

Spake : and the offspring of high-soul'd Nestor, conducting the courser,
575 Gave it to famed Menelaus, whose spirit within him was melted,
Even as cornfields bristling are mellow'd by dew when descending.

Thus was the soul in thy rough breast soothed, far-famed Menelaus ;
Whereupon speaking, in these wing'd words he Antilochos answer'd :

" Now I will cease from my anger, for flighty or foolish aforetime
580 Never wert thou, and to-day 'tis thy volatile youth that misleads thee.

Take good heed, overreach not again those reckoned thy betters ;

Yea, for indeed no other Achaian could lightly appease me.

Much thou hast suffer'd thyself, I am ready to own, and for *my* sake,

Good deeds many hast done, and thy excellent father and brother,

585 Therefore I yield to thy urgent entreaties, and give thee the courser,

Mine tho' it be, that the rest may perceive full well I am never

Either relentless in soul, or myself bear proudly to others."

Thus he address'd him ; and gave to Noëmon, Antilochos' comrade,

Thereon the mare to be led ; and himself took only the caldron.

590 After, Meriones lifted the two gold talents, and took them,

Seeing he fourth had arrived ; but the fifth prize lay ; which Achilles

Bore thro' the Danaad crowd, and bestow'd upon Nestor, exclaiming :

" Take now this, O good old man, as a burial keepsake,

Long to commemorate much-loved, faithful Patroclus, for never

595 More wilt thou see him again 'mong the Argives ; and, trust me, I give it,

Freely, for never again wilt thou fight with the cæstus, nor wrestle,

Neither indeed wilt thou ever again in the hurling of javelins

Mingle, nor run in the circus ; for old age burdens thee sorely."

Speaking ; he placed the memorial gift in his hands, which, rejoicing,

600 Nestor accepted, and, speaking in these wing'd accents, address'd him :

" Well, O son, hast thou all these things most certainly spoken.

Strong no longer, indeed, are my feet, dear friend, nor my muscles,

Neither as once they were wont do my hands move free from my shoulders.

Would that I yet were as young, and my vigour of frame as enduring,

605 Now, as when erst the Epeans renown'd at Buprasium buried

King Amarynceus, and prizes were staked by the sons of the monarch.

No man there could at all be compared with myself in the circus,

Neither the Pylians, no, nor Ætolians brave, nor Epeans.

Bold Clytomedes, the offspring of Enops, I vanquish'd at boxing ;

610 Likewise Ancæos of Pleuron, at wrestling, who rose to oppose me ;

Iphiclos, too, I surpass'd in the race, tho' renown'd for his swiftness ;

Phyleus and brave Polydoros I conquer'd at launching of javelins.

Only because of their steeds and superior number did Actors'

Two brave sons drive past me ; for jealous they were of my winning,

615 Knowing for that race staked was the prize most costly of any.

Two they indeed were, and portion'd the work well, one with precision

Guiding the swift steeds, while at the same time lash'd them the other.

Thus was I erewhile ; now, howbeit, let those who are younger

Such great feats and achievements perform ; for it surely becomes me

620 Sad old age to obey, tho' aforetime first of my compeers.

Go, thy beloved friend's obsequies celebrate now in the circus.

Gladly thy gift I accept, and the spirit within me rejoices
Greatly that mindful of me thou dost prove ; nor forgettest thou ever
Such due honour to pay as is fit in the sight of the Argives.

625 O may the gods some suitable meed vouchsafe for thy goodness !”

Spake thus : whereupon Peleus' son, thro' the crowd of Achaians
Met in assembly, retired, when he heard sage Nestor's achievements.
Then he proposed a reward for a well-fought trial at boxing.
Leading a six-year-old fine mule, most patient of labour,

630 Hard to be tamed, and unbroken, he tether'd it fast in the circus ;
Staking as well for the vanquish'd a twofold cup as a guerdon.

Whereon he stood up, speaking in these wing'd words to the Argives :

“ O ye offspring of Atreus, and other accoutred Achaians,
Now, two heroes I summon, expert with their fists, to the combat,
635 Promptly for these to contend ; and to whom great Phœbus Apollo
Victory grants, and the sons of Achaia approve, let him forthwith
Lead to his tent as his due yon fine mule patient of labour :
Further, the twofold cup shall be given as prize for the vanquish'd.”

Spake thus : whereon a hero arose, both mighty and valiant,
640 Panopeus' offspring, Epëos his name, far-famed as a boxer :
Laying his hand on the patient, laborious mule he address'd them :

“ Hither, whoever the twofold cup is desirous of winning,
None of the brave-soul'd Argives, I ween, notwithstanding in boxing,
Victor, shall take this mule ; for the best at athletics I boast me.
645 This for my fame is enow, for renown in the battle I care not.
No man ever in all things hopes to attain to perfection.
More I will tell you indeed, and be sure you will see it accomplish'd,
These same hands will his strong bones fracture, and bruise him to atoms :
So let his many companions remaining assembled around him
650 Tarry, to bear him away, when he vanquish'd has been by my prowess.”

Thus he address'd them ; and all stood mute, none daring to answer.
Only Euryalos brave stood forward, a warrior hero,
Son of Mecisteus the monarch, descendant of famed Talaïon ;
He who aforetime coming to Œdipos' burial honours,
655 Vanquish'd at Thebæ the whole of the race of assembled Cadmeans.
Near him the spear-famed offspring of Tydeus remain'd to support him,
Stirring the courage within him, for much he desired him to conquer.
First then, round him his girdle he threw, and incontinent after
Handed him, cut from the hide of a wild bull, leathern thongs too.
660 These twain, now being girded, advanced to the midst of the circus,
Both at the same time keenly engaging, and, lifting their stout fists,
Grappled the one with the other, and hard blows, mingling, deliver'd.

- Dirce was the crashing of jaws that ensued, and the sweat upon all sides
Pour'd from their limbs ; on Euryalos, fiercely advancing Epëos
665 Smote him amain on the cheek, while looking around, and he could not
Longer the combat endure, for his huge limbs totter'd beneath him.
E'en as a fish leaps out on the weed-strewn shore from the surface,
Curl'd by the cold north wind, which the wave as it rolls in covers :
So, struck down, he rebounded : but forthwith noble Epëos
670 Laying his hands on him, lifted ; and mates who had gather'd around
him
Led him away thro' the circus, on both limbs tottering feebly,
Red gore clotted ejecting, and drooping his head on his shoulders ;
Then him wholly unconscious they led to a seat 'mong his comrades,
Carrying with them his guerdon, the twofold cup which was promised.
675 Other rewards, now, third, for the wrestlers Achilles allotted,
Showing the whole to the Argives ; the victor's reward was a tripod
Fit for the furnace, and valued at twice six beeves by the people :
Also a maid in the centre he placed, as the meed for the vanquish'd ;
One who in household work was experienced, valued at four beeves.
680 Whereupon standing erect, he in these words spoke to the Argives :
“ Now stand forth, all ye who are willing to come to the contest.”
Thus he address'd them ; on which rose huge Telamonian Aias,
Likewise Odysseus excelling in counsel, in stratagems skilful.
These two, girt for the contest, advanced to the midst of the circus,
685 Grappling at once with their firm-thew'd hands each other in wrestling,
E'en as the rafters of some high dome by an architect famous
Carefully coupled, to ward off winds when tempestuous blowing.
Creak'd now loudly their backs, strain'd hard by the powerful exertions
Made with their hands, and the copious sweat pour'd down from their
bodies ;
690 Thick welks rose on their shoulders and flanks, blood-stain'd with their
struggles.
Victory much they desired, as the fine-form'd tripod they thought of.
Neither indeed could Odysseus discomfit illustrious Aias,
Tripping him up ; nor could Aias Odysseus, restrain'd by his prowess.
Thinking the well-greaved sons of Achaia were tired with the wrestling,
695 Thus Telamonian Aias Odysseus bespoke, and address'd him :
“ O thou illustrious son of Laertes, designing Odysseus,
Lift, or be lifted, and leave the result to the care of Kronion.”
Speaking, he lifted him up : but Odysseus a stratagem practised :
Striking his ham from behind, he relax'd in a moment his muscles,
700 Throwing him down on his back, still clinging himself to the hero.

- Stupor at once seized all as they stood there gazing with wonder.
Next, much-bearing Odysseus his powerful antagonist lifted,
Raising him only a little indeed from the ground, not entirely,
Bending his knee, howbeit, and both on the ground as they grappled
705 Fell each other beside, and with dust all over were cover'd.
Speedily rose they again, for the third time ready to wrestle,
Had not Achilles himself stood up, and, addressing, restrain'd them.
“ Cease, no longer contend, nor yourselves wear out with exertions.
Both have the victory gain'd ; go, therefore, receiving an equal
710 Guerdon, that other Achaïans may likewise contend for the prizes.”
Thus he address'd them : on which both willingly, hearing, obey'd
him ;
Wiping the dust from their bodies, they put on promptly their tunics.
Whereupon Peleus' son staked other rewards for the runners :
Foremost a well-wrought goblet of silver, which held six measures,
715 None on the whole wide earth could surpass it in beauty of finish,
Finely emboss'd as it was by the best of Sidonian workmen ;
Over the wine-dark ocean Phœnician sailors had borne it ;
Landing at length in a port they presented the goblet to Thoas.
Gallant Euneös, the offspring of Jason, the cup to Patroclus
720 Gave as a ransom for Priam's renown'd son, warlike Lycaon.
This then noble Achilles in honour of him his companion
Staked as a new prize now, for the man who was swiftest in running :
Further, a well-fed bullock in fatness abounding as second ;
Likewise the half of a talent of gold for the last of the runners.
725 Rising, and standing erect, then thus he address'd the Achaïans :
“ Now come forward, whoever is ready to join in the contest.”
Thus he address'd them ; on which swift Aias the son of Oïleus
Rose, next followed Odysseus the wise, then Nestor's renown'd son
Warlike Antilochos, known to excel all others in swiftness.
730 Then, as they stood forth, each in his own place, noble Achilles
Pointed afar to the goal, and they started. The son of Oïleus
Rapidly now sprung forward, and followed him wily Odysseus,
Close at his heels. As a well-woof'd shuttle is thrown by a buxom
Woman with practised hand, who the thread draws out and inserts it
735 Into the warp, while holding it close to her bosom in bending :
So ran noble Odysseus behind, still keeping beside him,
Filling his footsteps even ere dust had effaced their impression.
Thus then, eagerly running, unceasingly noble Odysseus
Breathed on his rival : and all the Achaïans applauded the hero,
740 Ardent for victory, cheering him on as he rapidly follow'd.

Then, when the last long race they were running, and almost had ended,
Pray'd in his spirit Odysseus to blue-eyed Pallas Athena :

“Hear, O goddess divine, haste, aid these feet with thy favour.”

Spoke thus praying : and him heard, Pallas Athena, propitious ;

745 Nimbleness giving his limbs, hands, feet, and the hero restoring.

Now when arrived at the goal, and impatient to dart on the guerdon,

Aias his foot tripp'd running (Athena the cause of the mischief),

Making him slip on the droppings of some loud-bellowing oxen,

Slain by Achilles in honour of warlike Patroclus his comrade ;

750 Whereon his nostrils and mouth were bedaub'd with the dung of the
oxen.

Then much-bearing Odysseus anon seized hold of the goblet,

First having come to the goal ; and the ox claim'd valorous Aias :

Holding the labouring ox then firm in his hand, he advancing

Spoke to the Danai, sputtering out, while speaking, the ordure :

755 “Ah ! I've been tripp'd, no doubt, while running, by Pallas Athena ;
E'en as a mother Odysseus she stands by, lending him succour.”

Thus he address'd them ; and all burst out loud laughing at Aias :

Then the remaining reward brave-hearted Antilochos, grasping,

Took, and address'd the Achaians in these words, smiling in speaking :

760 “This I will tell you, my much-loved comrades, albeit ye know it,
Ever the blessèd Immortals consider and honour the aged.

Aias the son of Oileus in years has of me the advantage :

Ay, and Odysseus belongs to the heroes and times of our fathers,

Strong he is still held even in old age : none of the Argives

765 Truly with him may contend as to speed, save only Achilles.”

Thus he address'd them ; and praised swift-footed Peleides Achilles :

Whereon Achilles in these wing'd words thus answer'd, exclaiming :

“Well, not in vain shall thy praises be spoken, Antilochos noble :

Doubled the guerdon shall be, for a full gold talent I'll give thee.”

770 Ended he ; placing the gift in his hands, which the other, rejoicing,
Gladly received. Next Peleus' son now brought to the circus,

Laying it down, an immense long spear, and a buckler, and helmet ;

Armour which valiant Patroclus had stripp'd from the hero Sarpedon.

Whereupon, standing erect, he address'd, thus speaking, the Argives :

775 “Now we invite two warriors brave, whosoever are bravest,

Girding themselves with the sharp flesh-sundering brass, and in armour,
Promptly to prove each other for these, in the front of the army.

Now, who first thro' the armour the fair flesh wounds and the entrails,

Black blood drawing, to him will I give this Thracian falchion,

780 Studded with silver, which whilom from Asteropæos I captured.

These arms here, howbeit, I give as a suitable guerdon,
Common to both, and to both I will give a magnificent banquet."

Thus he address'd them : on which rose up Telamonian Aias ;
Stood forth likewise illustrious Diomedes, offspring of Tydeus.

785 Whereon, apart each now having girded himself in his armour,
Both to the centre advanced, firm bent in their spirit to combat,
Dreadfully scowling in mien ; and aghast the Achaians beheld them.
Then as the twain stood up, and were near each other, advancing,
Thrice they anon rush'd forth, and in close-fight fiercely contended ;

790 Aias the round-shaped buckler of Diomedes pierced in an instant,
Still to his body it reach'd not, protected beneath by his corslet :
Tydeus' brave son next with the point of his glittering javelin
Aim'd at his foe's neck, over his huge shield stretching, to reach it :
Whereon the Danai, great fear feeling for Aias, desired them

795 Both to desist, and the guerdon apportion in equal divisions.
Noble Achilles bestow'd, howbeit, the beautiful falchion,
Likewise its sheath, and the well-cut belt, upon Diomedes warlike.

Peleus' son staked, further, a bar of original iron,
Mighty in size, which the strength of Eëtion wielded aforetime.

800 This, with the rest of his spoils, swift-footed Peleides Achilles
Brought in his ships. Now, standing, he spoke, and address'd the
Achaians :

"Come, stand forth, all ye who desire to dispute for the guerdon :
E'en if the wide corn-lands which he owns lie far in the country,
Here is enow for his use, for at least five years as they circle :

805 Ploughman nor shepherd of his need ever proceed to the city,
Iron to purchase, for here is a lump that will give him abundance."

Thus did he speak ; and incontinent rose up brave Polypoetes ;
Stood forth also the terrible might of distinguish'd Leonteus ;
Rose too noble Epëos, and brave Telamonian Aias ;

810 Each in his place now stood : then noble Epëos the iron
Seized, and in throwing it, whirl'd ; upon which laugh'd loud the
Achaians.

Afterwards follow'd Leonteus, descendant of Ares, and threw it.
Then with his strong hand, third, came huge Telamonian Aias,
Throwing, and hurl'd it anon, far passing the marks of the others.

815 Now when renown'd Polypoetes in turn took hold of the iron,
Even as far as a herdsman of oxen the crook which he launches,
Whirling it round, sends off 'mong the large herd feeding before him :
So far threw he beyond his antagonists met in the circus.
Loud shouts rose, and the comrades of brave Polypoetes arising

820 Bore to their deep-hull'd ships right gladly the prize of the ruler.

Next, for the archers he staked fine iron attemper'd for arrows,
Ten war-axes besides, of a large size, ten of a smaller,
Likewise the mast of a blue-prow'd galley he placed, and erected
Far on the sands ; and to this by a thin cord fasten'd a pigeon

825 Timorous, tied by the foot, as a mark for the swift-wing'd arrow :

“ Whoso the dove hits takes for his guerdon the axes with two blades ;
Whoso the cord, thus missing the pigeon, the axes with one blade.”

Spoke : and arose forthwith the puissance of Teucer the monarch ;
Likewise Meriones, henchman and friend of Idomeneus warlike :

830 Whereupon, placing the lots in a bright brass helmet, they shook them.
Forth sprang Teucer's at once ; upon which, straight forward advancing,
Boldly an arrow he shot, yet vow'd not to Phœbus Apollo
Firstlings of lambs, if he gain'd, as a hecatomb fitting to offer.

Therefore the pigeon he miss'd, for success great Phœbus refused him,

835 Struck he the cord, however, by which to the mast it was fasten'd,
Close to the foot, which the swift-wing'd shaft straight severed asunder.
Rose toward heaven the pigeon anon, but the cord which had tied it
Earthward fell, and the sons of Achaia exultingly shouted.

Quickly Meriones now snatch'd forth from the hand of the monarch

840 Teucer the bow ; and the shaft held long in his hand, when directed :
Meanwhile vowing to great far-darting Apollo in heaven
Firstlings of lambs of the flock as a hecatomb fitting to offer.

Soon high under the clouds he distinguish'd the timorous pigeon,
Which, as she wheel'd round, aiming, he hit close under the pinion ;

845 Pierced in a moment the shaft, and again in the circus alighted,
Hard by the foot of Meriones warlike ; but quickly the pigeon
Lighted afar on the mast for the blue-prow'd galley intended,
Drooping her neck, and her feathery closed wing feebly expanding :
Soon at a distance she fell, and her spirit its tenement quitted.

850 Wonder'd the people assembled, and all seem'd seized as with stupor.
Promptly Meriones lifted the ten large axes, and Teucer
Lifted the small, forthwith to the deep-hull'd galleys conveying.

Further, a long spear Peleus' son now brought to the circus,
Likewise a caldron emboss'd all over with flowers, and in value

855 Rated as high as an ox, and incontinent staked them. The spearmen
Instantly rose : rose great Agamemnon Atreides, the ruler,
Likewise Meriones, henchman renown'd of Idomeneus warlike.

Whereupon thus swift-footed Achilles address'd Agamemnon :

“ Noble Atreides, we know full well how much thou excellest

860 Others in all things, how thou excellest in strength and the javelin ;

Therefore thou 'rt free this prize to the large-hull'd galleys to carry,
Only the spear let us give to Meriones warlike as guerdon ;
This I propose, if thy own mind haply agree with my counsel."
Thus did he speak : nor did King Agamemnon not gladly obey him.
865 Handing Meriones warlike the rich brass javelin, Atreides,
Lifting his own prize, then to the herald Talthybios gave it.

BOOK TWENTY-FOURTH.

- FORWARD the crowd now moved, and the people, dispersing, departed
Each to his own swift galley ; of sleep's sweet rest and the banquet
All being mindful. But godlike Achilles, his friend and companion,
Fondly remembering wept ; him sleep, all-powerful on others
5 Falling, approach'd not ; but hither and thither uneasy he turn'd him,
Yearning in soul for the vigour of brave true-hearted Patroclus ;
Calling to mind those deeds they together had done, and the hardships
Suffer'd in fighting with heroes, and tempting the dangerous ocean.
Thinking of all these things, warm tears fell fast ; as he restless
10 Toss'd from his sides to his back, and his face, unceasingly turning.
Starting anon he would rise, and afar by the shore of the ocean
Wander away all lorn, and in sadness ; escaped not his notice
Morn, notwithstanding, as over the sea and the shore she ascended :
Whereon his swift-paced steeds to his chariot oft he would harness,
15 Fastening Hector thereto, to be dragg'd in dishonour behind it.
Thrice round the tomb of Menœtios' dead son's corse having driven,
Back to his tent he again would retire ; there leaving him lying,
Stretch'd full out, with his face in the dust. Howbeit Apollo,
Touch'd with compassion for Hector, the hero, tho' dead, from his body
20 Kept all taint and pollution away ; with the ægis of bright gold
Circling him round, lest the corse might be marr'd peradventure in
dragging.
Thus with insatiate wrath he insulted illustrious Hector.
Him, howbeit, the blessèd Immortals, beholding, did pity,
Moving the slayer of Argus possession to gain of the body,
25 Even by stealth. This truly to all the Immortals was grateful ;
Saving to blue-eyed Pallas Athena, Poseidon, and Hera.
Still, as before, these nursed strong hate against Ilium sacred,
Priam, his people and race ; stirr'd up by the frenzy of Paris ;
Seeing the goddesses high he disgraced, when they came to his dwelling ;
30 Honour awarding to her who inspired vile lust in his bosom.

Thus then wrangled the gods, but the twelfth fair morning appearing
Phœbus Apollo divine thus spoke, and address'd the Immortals :

“Cruel ye are, O gods, and injurious. Oh, has not Hector
Burn'd unto you fat thighs full often of goats and of bullocks ?
35 Whom now, dead tho' he be, ye have not yet ventured to rescue,
Even that Priam his father, his wife, and his son, and his mother,
Yea, and the people when met might behold him ; who promptly would
honour,

Burning his body with fire, and his obsequies nobly performing.
Ye, howbeit, desire, O gods, to bestow on Achilles

40 Favour, in whom there is neither a spirit of justice, nor feelings
Tender and soft in his breast ; who in deeds most cruel is skilful,
E'en as a lion, which yields to the impulse of strength and dominion
Filling his breast, who attacks men's white-wool'd flocks, and devours them.
Thus has Achilles abjured all pity, and rises within him

45 Feeling of shame no longer,—at once man's bane and his blessing ;
Some one, it may be, will meet with a loss still harder to suffer,
Haply a brother at one breast nursed with himself, or a dear son ;
Nevertheless he in due time ceases to weep and lament him,
Fate having placed in the bosom of man great power of endurance.

50 Otherwise is it with this man here, who illustrious Hector
Drags round the tomb of his friend, him dead to his chariot binding.
This, of a truth, for Achilles is neither becoming nor prudent,
Brave tho' he be, peradventure our just indignation he'll kindle,
Seeing, indulging his wrath, he the dumb clay even dishonours.”

55 Him in return thus Hera the white-armed answer'd indignant :

“ This might, indeed, O god of the silvery bow, be thy language
Justly, if honour alike ye will give to Achilles and Hector ;
Hector is only a man, at the breast of a woman was suckled ;
Such was not noble Achilles, a goddess divine was his mother,
60 Whom I myself brought up, having nourish'd and gave to the hero
Peleus to wife, who is dear to the heart of the blessèd Immortals ;
All ye deities came to the nuptials ; thyself at the banquet
Sat'st with the lyre ; thou ! friend of the vile, thou ! ever deceitful ! ”

Whereon in turn her answer'd the great cloud-urging Kronion :
65 “ Hera, forbear, nor be ever incensed with the blessèd Immortals :
Honour alike both ne'er will receive ; still, aye to the high gods
Dearest was Hector by far of the dwellers in Ilium sacred,
Such he was ever to me, full oft gifts grateful presenting ;
Altar of mine ne'er lack'd, of a truth, some sacrifice fitting,—
70 Odour of fat, or libations ; for these we were ever allotted.

Hector, by stealth to remove let us now forego ; to attempt it,
 Vain were indeed, unseen by the eye of Achilles ; for ever,
 Daily and nightly alike, as a mother he watches beside him.
 Come, howbeit, let some of the gods call hitherward Thetis,
 75 Council discreet at my hands to accept, that Peleides Achilles
 Gifts may receive, due ransom from Priam the monarch, for Hector."

Zeus thus spoke, upon which swift Iris arose as his lieger,
 Plunging between rough Imbros and Samos adown into ocean,
 Where loud groans from the dark sea rose as she sunk to the bottom,
 80 E'en as a lead ball, fixed on the horns of an ox, thro' the deep wave
 Rapidly sinks, death-charged to the raw flesh-swallowing fishes.
 Thetis she found in her scoop'd-out grotto, the rest of the ocean-
 Goddesses round her assembled ; herself in the middle, lamenting
 Deeply her innocent son, now ready to perish by Troia

85 Wealthy and fertile, afar from his home, and the land of his fathers.
 Whereon, approaching, anon thus swift-wing'd Iris address'd her :

"Thetis, arise, Zeus skilful in counsels immutable calls thee."

Thetis, the silvery-footed, in turn thus answer'd the lieger :

"Wherefore does this great god me summon ? I blush with Immortals
 90 Commerce to hold, while such sad woes lie hid in my bosom ;
 Go howbeit I will ; 'tis in vain to contend with Kronion."

This having said ; the divinest of goddesses lifted her dark robe,
 (Blacker is none,) and prepared to depart, while Iris the swift-limb'd,
 Went in advance, and the sea upon each side parted before them.

95 Reaching the shore, straightway they arose, and ascended to heaven.

There far-sounding Kronion the mighty they found, and the other
 Blessèd Immortals on high, all seated, assembled around him ;
 Pallas retiring, she sat down close by the side of Kronion.

Hera divine now placed in her hands a magnificent golden
 100 Goblet, with kindest greeting ; of which having drunk she return'd it.
 Whereon the father of gods and of men, thus speaking, address'd her :

"Thetis divine, thou hast come to the lofty Olympus, tho' grieving ;
 Sorrow thou ne'er wilt forget, full well do I know it, has seized thee ;
 Nevertheless I will tell why now I have summon'd thee hither.

105 Nine long days has a contest been waged 'mong the blessèd Immortals,
 Touching the body of Hector and city-destroying Achilles ;
 Often they prompted the keen-eyed slayer of Argus to steal it.
 Now great favour I deign to bestow upon godlike Achilles,
 Thereby thy love and respect to secure for myself for the future.

110 Therefore away to the camp, and thy son thus speedily order,
 Tell him the gods are with great wrath moved, and myself am indignant

More than the other Immortals, because with a furious spirit
Hector he keeps by the crook-beak'd ships, and refuses to ransom,
So peradventure he me will revere, dead Hector restoring.

- 115 Swift-wing'd Iris divine I will send to magnanimous Priam
Now, that proceeding at once to the ships of the Argives, his dear son
There he may ransom, and gifts on Achilles bestow that will melt him."

Spoke : nor did Thetis the goddess of silvery foot disobey him :
Down from the lofty Olympus with one swift bound she descended.

- 120 Reaching the tent of Achilles, her much-loved offspring, she found him
Ceaselessly moaning within ; while round him his trusty companions,
Hither and thither were moving, preparing the meal of the morning,
Seeing a thick-fleeced sheep in the tent lay, recently slaughter'd.
Close to him now sat down fair Thetis, his matronly mother :

- 125 Then, with her soft hand kindly caressing, she spoke and address'd him :

" O how long, dear son, wilt thou still be afflicting thy bosom,
Mourning and grieving in soul, both food disregarding and slumber ?
Good it were, truly, for thee to commingle in love with a woman,
Seeing thy days shall be few ; stern Fate and thy death are approaching.

- 130 Come, give ear to my words, I 'm a messenger sent by Kronion,
Thee to inform that the gods, and himself, above all the Immortals,
Wroth are against thee, because with infuriate soul thou detainest
Hector, tho' dead, by the deep-hull'd galleys, and wilt not release him :
Come, howbeit, restore him, and ransoms receive for the body."

- 135 Whereupon her swift-footed Achilles incontinent answer'd :
" Hither the man who will rescue the body may come with his ransoms
Now, if in grave mood Zeus the Olympian wills it, and orders."

Thus by the close-ranged galleys the son and the mother in wing'd
words

Spoke ; but Kronion despatch'd swift Iris to Ilium sacred :

- 140 " Go, swift Iris, in haste, having quitted the seat of Olympus,
High-soul'd Priam command to proceed to the ships of Achaia,
Promptly to ransom his much-loved offspring and take him to Troia,
Carrying gifts to appease, peradventure, the wrath of Achilles ;
Likewise alone let him go, no Trojan companion beside him.

- 145 Him let a grey-hair'd herald accompany, guiding his well-wheel'd
Litter and mules ; let him also the corse bring back to the city,
Slain by Achilles : let death no fear nor anxiety waken,
Such a secure guide, even the slayer of Argus, we 'll send him,
Hence to conduct, till he bring him in safety to godlike Achilles.

- 150 Duly arrived at the tent of Achilles, the hero will neither
Slay him himself, nor allow one man in the army to touch him,

Seeing he is not indeed in the least way rash nor imprudent,
Neither profane ; but a suppliant hero will treat with forbearance."

Spoke : and away flew swift-wing'd Iris to carry the message.

155 Reaching the dwelling of Priam, she found great weeping and wailing.
Met in the palace, the sons sat inside, circling their father,
Wetting their robes with their tears, while, stretch'd in the middle, the
old man

Sat all muffled around in his cloak, with his head and his bosom
Strewn thick over with dust, which the grey-hair'd man with his own
hands

160 Gather'd and strew'd, while rolling himself on the ground in his sorrow.
Daughters and daughters-in-law all over the palace were weeping,
Calling to mind those many and noble who fell by the Argives.
Then the ambadress stood near Priam the king, and address'd him,
Speaking in low-toned voice, and the limbs of the old man trembled :

165 " Fear not at all in thy mind ; take courage, Dardanian Priam :

Hither I come not indeed unto thee ill's boding, but rather
Purposing good, an ambadress sent by Kronion, who truly
Thee, far off though he be, still cares for, and tenderly pities.
Now the Olympian bids thee prepare meet ransoms for Hector,

170 Carrying gifts to appease, peradventure, the wrath of Achilles ;
Likewise alone thou must go, no Trojan companion beside thee.
Thee let a grey-hair'd herald accompany, guiding the well-wheel'd
Litter and mules ; bring also the dead corse back to the city,
Slain by Achilles : let death no fear nor anxiety waken,

175 Such a secure guide, even the slayer of Argus, we'll send thee,
Hence to conduct, till he bring thee in safety to godlike Achilles.
Duly arrived at the tent of Achilles, the hero will neither
Slay thee himself, nor allow one man in the army to touch thee,
Seeing he is not indeed in the least way rash nor imprudent,

180 Neither profane ; but a suppliant hero will treat with forbearance."

Thus she address'd him ; and swift-wing'd Iris, the lieger, departed ;
Whereupon Priam his sons now speedily order'd the well-wheel'd
Mule-drawn litter to harness, and thereon to fasten a coffer.
Then he descended, and into a high-roof'd chamber of cedar,

185 Fragrant with odours, which held things rare and magnificent, enter'd :
There to his loved wife Hecuba calling, he spoke and address'd her :

" Hecuba, hither a lieger has come unto me from Kronion,
Bidding me ransom my much-loved son at the ships of the Argives,
Carrying gifts to appease, peradventure, the wrath of Achilles.

190 Come now, tell me thy mind. What think'st thou in truth of my going ?

Strongly my courage and strength me urge to obey as commanded,
Going at once to the ships, and the widespread army of Argives."

Thus he address'd her ; on which his beloved wife, weeping, responded :
" Woe 's me, alas ! where now is the prudence for which thou aforetime
195 Ever wert famous, alike among strangers and those whom thou rulest ?
Why dost thou wish to proceed to the Danaad ships unattended,
Daring alone to encounter the man who thy many and brave sons
Slew and despoil'd ? Thou hast surely a heart altogether of iron.
Oh, should that false fierce man but behold thee, and capture, he 'll neither
200 Reverence show thee, nor pity. Alone let us mourn our beloved son,
Here in our halls, for his thread was by dire Fate spun when I bore him ;
Swift dogs' maws he was destined to satiate, far from his parents,
Slain by that fierce-soul'd man, whose liver I wish I had hold of
Fast by the middle, that thereunto clinging I soon might devour it.
205 Thus would the bad deed done to my son be repaid, for he slew him
E'en while nowise skulking like some poor craven, but standing
Forth in defence of the heroes and full-zoned women of Troia,
Never of flight once thinking, nor yielding the ground to the foeman."

Whereupon her thus answer'd the old man, reverend Priam :
210 " Me, now wishful to go, O seek not to keep in my palace,
E'en as a bird ill-omen'd ; for truly thou wilt not persuade me.
Oh, if an earth-born being had thus spoke, whether a prophet,
Soothsayer, ay, or a priest, we indeed might have named it a falsehood,
Feeling but greater aversion : but now, since myself I have heard it,
215 E'en from a goddess divine, with my own eyes too have beheld her,
Surely I'll go, nor in vain will the word have been said ; and should dire
Fate

Call me to die at the ships of the brass-greaved sons of Achaia,
Still I am willing, for then would Achilles despatch me embracing
Hector my son in my arms, when my grief I had solaced with weeping."
220 Thus having spoken, he lifted the beautiful lids of the coffers,
Thence twelve mantles he took of a fine-wrought curious texture,
Twelve vests also, and twelve fine tunics, and carpets as many.
Then, having weigh'd it, he laid out ten whole talents of pure gold ;
Two fine glittering tripods he took, moreover, and goblets
225 Four, and a wondrously beautiful cup, which the Thracian heroes
Gave him when going of yore on a mission ; a gift which he valued.
This gift even the old man kept not behind in the palace,
Anxious, above all, Hector, his much-loved offspring, to ransom.
Afterwards, taunting, he drove from the porch of his palace the Trojans :
230 " Off with you all, ye dastardly crew ! Oh, is there not sorrow

More than enow in your homes, that ye come here only to fret me ?
 Think ye indeed it but little importeth that mighty Kronion
 Me such sorrows has sent, that my bravest of sons I'm bereft of ?
 Soon ye will know it, for, he being laid low, easier truly

235 Now ye will be for the Argives to slay : for myself, I will gladly,
 Rather than see with my eyes this beautiful city dismantled,
 Plunder'd, and lying in ruins, descend to the mansions of Hades."

Spoke ; and dispersed with his staff the uproarious crowd, who retreated,
 Driv'n by the old man off, who his own sons next reprehended ;

240 Helenos chiding, and Paris, and Agathon godlike, and Pammon,
 Likewise Antiphonos brave, and Polites the dauntless in battle,
 Warlike Deïphobos, Dion renown'd, and Hippothoös noble ;
 These nine sons did the old man chide, thus angrily speaking :

" Off with you, children, disgrace to my name ! Oh, would at the
 swift-keel'd

245 Galleys ye all had been slain, slain fighting, instead of my Hector.
 Ah me ! alas ! most wretched of men ! once father of brave sons—
 Bravest in wide Troy—none, I'm afraid, of the many is left me !
 Troïlos valiant, who fought from his chariot, Mestor the godlike,
 Hector besides, who was one of the gods among mortals, and deem'd no

250 Son of an earth-born man, for the son of a god he resembled.
 All these Ares has slain, and the dastards alone are remaining.
 Liars, effeminate dancers, in light steps only excelling,
 Bare-faced robbers of lambs and of kids—a disgrace to the region.
 Come, then, wherefore not now make haste, and my chariot harness,

255 Thereupon laying the ransoms, that forthwith hence we may journey ?"

Thus he address'd them, and they, much fearing their father's
 reproaches,

Drew out quickly the well-wheel'd, mule-drawn, beautiful litter,
 Now for the first time used ; upon which they adjusted the coffers.
 Then they the box-wood yoke for the mules took down from the bracket,
 260 Crown'd with a stud, well fitted with rings where needed, and likewise
 Handed the yoke-bands out, full nine good cubits in measure.
 This they with due care fix'd to the end of the pole, and the large ring
 Over the ring-bolt drew, upon each side lapping it thrice round,
 Fixing it tight on the staple, with firm knots fasten'd securely.

265 Then from the chamber they next brought forth the magnificent presents,
 Hector to ransom, and piled on the fine, smooth, beautiful litter.
 Afterwards harness'd the strong-hoof'd large mules, patient in working,
 Gifts most costly, bestow'd by the Mysian people on Priam.
 Lastly, the steeds, which the old man aye at the glittering manger

- 270 Fed with his own hands, under the yoke they conducted for Priam ;
Priam himself and the herald divine deep thoughts interchanging,
While outside they were yoking the firm-hoof'd steeds at the palace.
Then came Hecuba forth, with a soul sore grieved, in her right hand
Bearing a pure gold goblet with sweet wine fill'd, that libations
275 Due having first pour'd out to the gods, they might speed on their
mission.

Straightway, standing in front of the horses, she hail'd, and address'd him :

- “ Pour a libation to father Kronion, and pray that thou homeward
Safely again from the foe mayst return, since thy spirit impels thee
Forth to the large-hull'd ships, notwithstanding my own disapproval.
280 Go to Idæan Kronion, who sees all Troia, and pray thou,
Seeking his lieger divine on the right hand first, as a token,
That bird dearest by far to himself, whose strength is unrivall'd ;
So that, beholding his flight with thine own eyes, trusting his guidance,
On thou mayst go to the ships of the swift-horsed sons of Achaia.
285 Deigns not indeed far-seeing Kronion to give thee his own true
Lieger to guide thee, I would not in such case, urging, advise thee
Now to proceed to the ships of the Danai, even tho' eager.”

Her in reply thus Priam the old man instantly answer'd :

- “ Thee I will not disobey, O wife, thus wisely advising ;
290 Good 'tis to lift one's hands unto Zeus, if he haply will pity.”

Thus did the old man speak ; and commanded the maid in attendance
Pure fresh water to pour on his hands, for a damsel in waiting
Stood meanwhile in his presence, with ewer and laver provided.
Whereon, himself having wash'd, from his wife he accepted the goblet.

- 295 Standing within the enclosure he then pray'd, looking to Heaven,
Pouring the wine out, lifting his voice thus loud to Kronion :

- “ O great Zeus, most glorious deity, ruling from Ida,
Grant that I come to the tent of Achilles accepted and pitied ;
Sending thy lieger divine on my right hand first as a token,
300 That bird dearest by far to thyself, whose strength is unrivall'd ;
So that, beholding his flight with mine own eyes, trusting his guidance,
Forth I may go to the ships of the fleet-horsed sons of Achaia.”

Praying, he thus spoke : whereupon him Zeus sent, upon hearing,
Promptly an eagle, of omens the best, named Percnos the Sable.

- 305 E'en as the safe fast-bolted and well-form'd door of a chamber
High in the ceiling, pertaining to some man wealthy in substance,
So were its vast wings, stretching on each side out. On their right hand
Hastening over the city it seem'd ; upon which, when they saw it,
Both joy felt, and the souls in their innermost bosoms exulted.

310 Priam his beautiful chariot soon thereafter ascended,
Driving at once from the vestibule forth and the porch loud-sounding.
Foremost the strong-hoof'd mules with the four-wheel'd litter proceeded,
Driven by prudent Idæos ; immediately after him follow'd,
Cheer'd by the monarch himself, urged on with the lash thro' the city,
315 Briskly the beautiful steeds. Meanwhile those friends of the old man
Following, deeming him going to death, wept loud, and lamented.
Then when they all had descended the hill from the city, the great plain
Spreading on each hand reaching, his sons and his sons-in-law forthwith
Troyward turn'd once more. Nor did these twain, over the champaign
320 Passing, escape far-seeing Kronion's regard, but the old man
Viewing he pitied, and thus his beloved son Hermes accosted :
“ Go, O Hermes (to thee it is ever above all grateful
Man to consort with, and whom thou wouldst win thou willingly hearest),
Forth, and convey to the deep-hull'd ships of the sons of Achaia
325 Priam, that none him now on his way may descry, and above all
None of the Argives, until he arrive at the tent of Achilles.”

Thus did he speak ; and the lieger, the slayer of Argus, obey'd him.
Under his feet he incontinent girded his beautiful sandals,
Golden, ambrosial, bearing him forth with the speed of the breezes
330 Over the widespread earth, and the infinite waters of ocean ;
Taking the wand which he uses for charming the vision of mortals,
Such as he pleases ; or those fast fetter'd in slumber arousing.
This in his hands then holding, the Argicide flew on his mission.
Flying, he came to the Hellespont shore, and the region of Troia ;
335 Then on the earth he proceeded, in form like the son of a monarch,
Springing in youth's first opening dawn, life's loveliest season.
Now when the others the earth-mound lofty of Ilos had circled,
Check'd they their horses and mules, low down by the river to water,
Seeing the glimmering twilight already had earth overshadow'd :
340 Whereon the keen-eyed Herald, espying the messenger Hermes,
Hailing the monarch, in these wing'd words thus spoke and address'd
him :

“ Offspring of Dardanos, now take heed, there is reason for prudence ;
Yonder a warrior fierce I perceive, and I fear he may slay us.
Come, make haste, let us forthwith fly with our horses ; or rather
345 Him let us supplicate, clasping his knees, if perchance he will pity.”
These were his words, and the old man fear'd, and was greatly con-
founded ;
Bristled the hair on his limbs, all bending, and stupor oppress'd him.
Whereupon Hermes approach'd, and, his hand now taking, accosted :

“Whither thy horses and mules dost thou lead, O reverend father,
350 During the night, the ambrosial night, while others are sleeping ?
Dost thou not fear the courageous renown'd strength-breathing Achaïans,
Foes to thyself, most hostile in mien, whom now thou approachest ?
Truly, if any of these in the dangerous night should observe thee
Bearing so many and rare spoils off, then what would thy mind be ?
355 Neither in sooth art thou young, and an old man this who attends thee ;
Difficult were it for thee to repel an attack if molested.
I, howbeit, will injure thee nowise ; rather another
Off will I ward, for methinks my beloved sire much thou resemblest.”

Whereupon him thus answer'd the old man, Priam the godlike :
360 “These things all, dear son, are assuredly e'en as thou sayest.
Hitherward, sure, me one of the blessèd Immortals has shielded,
Sending so kind a conductor to meet me, in form and appearance
Comely ; in mind thou art wise, most blessèd the parents who own thee.”

Whereupon him the ambassador answer'd, the slayer of Argus :
365 “Good old man, all this thou hast certainly spoken with reason.
Come now, answer me this howbeit, and answer me truly :
Wishest thou all these treasures, so many and rich, to deposit
Here amongst strangers, to hoard for thine own use safe for the future ?
Say, or do all in their fears now Ilium sacred relinquish,
370 Seeing thy son, who is dead, was indeed brave-hearted,—a hero
Second to none of the warlike sons of Achaïa in battle ?”

Whereupon him thus Priam the old man speedily answer'd :
“Ah ! who truly art thou, most noble ? and what is thy lineage ?
Thou, who the death of my son, ah hapless ! so justly recountest.”
375 Him in return the ambassador answer'd, the slayer of Argus :
“Naming thy son, old man, brave Hector, thou meanest to prove me.
Him these eyes full often, indeed, have beheld in the battle,
Glorious fighting, when, routing the sons of Achaïa, he slew them,
Down by their deep-hull'd ships, with his sharp spear many destroying.
380 Wondering greatly we all look'd on, for Peleides Achilles,
Wrathful with King Agamemnon Atreides, debarr'd us from fighting.
Henchman to godlike Achilles am I, one galley convey'd us ;
Yes, I am one of the Myrmidon heroes, Polyctor my father ;
Rich he is held, and is now well-stricken in years, as thyself art.
385 Father of six brave sons was my sire, and myself am the seventh :
Well, lots casting, my own fell out, and I follow'd him hither.
On to the plain I have come from the galleys, because on the morrow
Early the quick-eyed Argives the fight will begin by the city ;
Wrathful the bands feel sitting at rest, while longing for battle ;

390 None of the chiefs of the fleet-horsed Argives have power to restrain them."

Whereupon him thus answer'd the old man, reverend Priam :

"If thou art such as thou boastest, attendant of godlike Achilles,

Peleus' brave son, come then, answer, and answer me truly ;

Whether is Hector my son at the ships, or has noble Achilles

395 Given his corse to be cast to the dogs, to be torn into pieces ?"

Him in reply the ambassador answer'd, the slayer of Argus :

"Neither the dogs have devour'd him as yet, old man, nor the vultures ;

No, but he lies in a sorrowful plight in the tent of Achilles,

Down at his ship : there lying, the twelfth grey morning arising

400 Him has beheld, yet his skin no taint whatever approaches,

Neither have loathed worms touched, which devour those falling in battle.

Ever, as soon as divine morn dawns, round the tomb of his comrade

Him he relentlessly drags, yet his body is marr'd not, nor injured.

Wonder thou wouldst on approaching, to see how, fresh as the dew-drops,

405 Yonder he lies unpolluted and pure, with the blood from his body

Clean wash'd off, and the wounds he received, how many soever,

All closed up ; for their spears full many directed against him.

Thus do the blessèd Immortals thy son hold dear, and remember,

Dead tho' he be, for by them, while living, he greatly was cherish'd."

410 Thus he address'd him ; and glad was the old man's heart as he answer'd :

"Son, it is good meet gifts to present to the blessèd Immortals ;

While he was living, my brave son never forgot in his palace

Offerings due to bestow on the gods who inhabit Olympus ;

Therefore it is, though in death laid low, him still they remember.

415 Come, now, deign to accept this beautiful goblet, and save me,

Guide me thyself till I come, with the aid of the gods, the Immortal,

Even as far as the tent of the son of magnanimous Peleus."

Whereupon him in reply thus answer'd the slayer of Argus :

"Good old man, me, younger, thou temptest, but shalt not persuade me :

420 Say, wouldst thou bid me accept this gift unknown to Achilles ?

Him whom I dread and revere, and should shrink in my bosom from robbing,

Fearing calamities dire mayhap might in time overtake me.

Thee notwithstanding I still would conduct with considerate foresight

Even to Argos renown'd, upon foot, or by galley, as need be :

425 Thee be assured no man will oppose, nor despise thy conductor."

- Hermes in these words spoke, on the steed-drawn chariot springing,
Holding the reins and the lash with a good firm hand as he mounted,
Both in the swift-limb'd horses and mules fresh vigour inspiring.
Now when they thus had arrived at the rampart and trench of the galleys,
430 There they the night-watch found the repast of the evening preparing ;
Over their eyes the conductor, the slayer of Argus, serene sleep
Shed, and the bolts push'd back, and the portals immediately open'd,
Priam conducting within and the beautiful gifts on the litter.
Then when arrived at the high-roof'd tent, which the Myrmidon heroes,
435 Friends of the noble Peleides Achilles, had built for their monarch,
Form'd of the lopp'd-off branches of firs, roof'd over with rushes,
Mown on the mead, and a spacious enclosure besides, with a railing
Round it of close-set stakes, one fir-beam guarding the entrance
(This three Argives were wont to secure ; and the portal's immense bolt
440 Three, too, used to undo ; but Achilles could move it unaided) ;
Hermes beneficent straightway open'd the gate for the old man,
Bringing the gifts in, destined for brave swift-footed Achilles,
Whereupon down from his chariot leaping, he spoke and address'd him :
 " Good and revered old man, unto thee have I come, an Immortal,
445 Hermes my name, unto thee I was sent by my sire as companion :
Now, howbeit, again I'll return ; in the eyes of Achilles
Never indeed will I stand, for invidious both and unfitting
Surely it were that a god thus openly favour'd a mortal.
Go, howbeit, thyself, and encircle the knees of Achilles,
450 Bending, and him by his father, and fair-hair'd mother, and offspring,
Supplicate, if, peradventure, his mind thou succeed in persuading."
Thus having spoken ; the lieger departed to lofty Olympus.
Whereupon down on the ground from his chariot Priam descended,
Leaving Idæos behind him in charge of the mules and the horses :
455 Afterwards straight to the tent old Priam, the monarch, proceeded,
Where sat Zeus-loved, godlike Achilles : himself he within found :
Seated apart were his friends, save two who remain'd to attend him,
Warlike Automedon, namely, and Alkimos, Ares-descended :
Serving him these two stood, for of food he had just been partaking,
460 Eating and drinking ; the table remain'd still spread as they left it.
Thither the old man enter'd unnoticed, and, standing beside him,
Clasp'd with his arms both knees of renown'd, swift-footed Achilles,
Kissing the terrible blood-stain'd hand of the man who his sons slew.
Even as dread guilt-pangs take hold of a fugitive wretched,
465 One who has slain some man at his home ; to the house of a rich man
Far off, flying, he comes, and the inmates all are confounded :

- So, on beholding revered old Priam, amazed was Achilles ;
Gazing with wonder the rest stood too, each other regarding.
Whereupon Priam in suppliant language accosted Achilles :
- 470 “ Godlike in mien, O noble Achilles, remember thy own sire,
Now, like myself, on the threshold of old age—sorrowful season !
Those in his neighbourhood dwelling mayhap him sorely oppressing ;
None now left to assist him, or ward off war and destruction :
This notwithstanding, he, hearing of thee still living, rejoices
475 Greatly in soul, and expects each day to behold his beloved son
Safely return home, leaving the battle and leaguer of Troia.
Otherwise is it with me, most wretched, the father of brave sons,
Bravest in all wide Troia, of whom none live to console me.
Fifty in number were mine when the Argives invaded our region :
- 480 Nineteen sons were of one womb born, in my palace the others
Concubines bore ; but the sinews of most fierce Ares has slacken’d.
Ay, and my own son, he who defended ourselves and the city,
Fighting the foe for his country and kin, him now hast thou slain too,
Hector ; for whose sake hither I’ve come to the ships of the Argives,
485 Carrying gifts both many and precious to ransom his body.
Reverence show to the gods ; O noble Achilles, have pity !
Think of thy own loved father, than he I am far more wretched :
Oh, I have suffer’d what no mere earth-born mortal has suffer’d,
Stroking the chin of the man who my dear son slew in his fury.”
- 490 Spoke : and in him waked yearning of soul to bewail his revered sire ;
Whereupon, taking the old man’s hand in his own, he removed him.
Then, as the past they remember’d, the one wide-slaughtering Hector
Mourn’d, while rolling himself on the ground at the feet of Achilles,
Weeping profusely ; the other his own sire now, and again loved
495 Faithful Patroclus ; and all thro’ the tent loud wailing resounded.
Now when Achilles his grief had indulged to the full, and the yearning
All from his innermost soul had departed, immediately rising,
Leaving his seat, with his hand he the old man tenderly lifted,
Touch’d at the sight of the head and the chin, now silvery hoary.
- 500 Whereupon speaking, in these wing’d words forthwith he address’d him :
“ Much thou indeed must have suffer’d in soul, most wretched of
mortals !
How hast thou ventured alone to repair to the ships of the Argives ?
Into the sight of the man too coming who slew thy renown’d sons
Many and brave ? Thou hast surely a heart hard even as iron.
505 Come, howbeit, and sit down here, leave sorrow to settle
Deep in thy soul, though troubled, for cold grief nothing availeth.

- Such is the fate which the gods have allotted to man that is mortal,
 Life full fraught with afflictions ; themselves unacquainted with sorrow.
 Twain are the vessels which stand at the threshold of mighty Kronion,
 510 Holding the gifts he dispenseth—the one good, evil the other.
 He upon whom great Zeus, the rejoicer in thunder, bestows them
 Mingled in one, meets evil and good in alternate succession :
 Whosoe'er evil unmingled receives is obnoxious to sorrows ;
 Over the bountiful earth him hungry Calamity follows ;
 515 Lonely he wanders, alike by Immortals and mortals unhonour'd.
 So, of a truth, have the gods from his birth vouchsafed unto Peleus
 Glorious gifts ; for above all men was he ever distinguish'd
 Both for his substance and wealth, while over the Myrmidons ruling :
 Ay, and on him, though a man, they conferr'd as his consort a goddess.
 520 Nevertheless, great evil on him has Kronion inflicted,
 Seeing of royal descent no son had he born in his palace.
 One, short-lived, he begat ; howbeit, though now in his old age,
 No kind soothing attention from me he receives, for in Troia
 Far from my country I bide, to thyself and thy children a sorrow.
 525 Thee, old man, they report as aforetime famed for thy riches,
 More than indeed all Lesbos, of Macar the seat, to the northward,
 Phrygia lying below, and the widespread Hellespont region.
 Rumour declares thee famous 'mong these for thy sons and possessions.
 Now, howbeit, since Zeus and the other Immortals have sent thee
 530 War's great bane, red murder and battle encircle thy city,
 Therefore desist, bear up, nor unceasingly grieve in thy spirit :
 Sorrow for Hector, thy dead son, nothing, be sure, will avail thee ;
 Ne'er canst thou raise him to life ; fresh evils thou only wilt suffer.”
 Whereupon him thus answer'd the old man, reverend Priam :
 535 “ No seat, great Zeus-bred, will I take while still my beloved son
 Lies stretch'd out at thy tents unburied, but hasten, restore him,
 So that my eyes once more may behold him : accept thou the ransoms
 Many we bring thee, and live to enjoy them, the land of thy fathers
 Reaching, since me thou hast spared, and the sun to behold hast
 permitted.”
 540 Straight, him sternly regarding, replied swift-footed Achilles :
 “ Fret me, I say, no more, old man, for inclined I myself am
 Hector to loose ; for my mother, the child of the ancient of ocean,
 Came to me here, an ambadress high sent down by Kronion.
 Clearly my soul thee reads, O Priam, nor think to deceive me,
 545 Guided by one of the high-throned gods thou hast come to the galleys :
 No mere mortal could ever have ventured to come to the army.

No, not in vigorous youth, for the watch he could ne'er have eluded,
Neither the strong cross-bars of the gate could have push'd from the
socket.

Wherefore disturb not the grief in my spirit with thine any longer,
550 Even lest thee, old man, it may chance in my tent that I spare not,
Suppliant though thou art come, thus doing despite to Kronion."

So did he speak ; and the old man, fearing Achilles, obey'd him.
Whereupon Peleus' son to the door of the tent like a lion
Now leapt forth ; not alone, but the two loved comrades attending
555 Follow'd, Automedon warlike, and Alkimos, friends whom Achilles
Honour'd and most loved, next to Patroclus his comrade departed.
These from the yoke their horses and mules first quickly unharness'd,
Leading the clear-voiced herald within, the attendant of Priam,
Giving him likewise a seat : from the well-made litter they lifted
560 Next those gifts past price, head-ransoms of Hector the hero.
Two fine mantles they left, and a well-wove tunic, in order
Duly to cover the body, when giv'n to be borne to his palace.
Then, having summon'd his female attendants before him, he bade them
Wash and anoint it, but so that the old man might not behold it,
565 Fearing lest, viewing his son, the despair in his sorrowing bosom
All should again break loose, and his own wrath haply embitter ;
Tempting him even to slay him, despite the commands of Kronion.
Soon as the damsels the body had wash'd and anointed with unguents,
Over it gently a fine cloth mantle they threw, and a tunic ;
570 Whereon Achilles himself on a bier having lifted the body,
Placed it, his friends him aiding the while, on the beautiful litter,
Moaning aloud in his grief, thus calling by name his companion :

" O my Patroclus, with me be not wroth, tho' thou hearest, in Hades
Even, that Hector the brave I 've restored, that great man-slayer,
575 Giving him back to his sire in exchange for the costliest ransoms :
Ay, for of these, moreover, thy own just share I will give thee."
Ended ; and into his tent once more having enter'd, Achilles,
Now sat down on a well-form'd fine couch, whence he had risen,
Placed at the opposite side ; and in these words Priam accosted :
580 " E'en as thou wishest, thy son is released, O reverend Priam,
Yonder he lies on a bier : at the earliest dawn thou shalt see them
Bearing him hence. But of food, come, now let us not be unmindful.
Mindful of food was the fair-hair'd Niobe, even albeit
Died in her halls six daughters, and six sons likewise in manhood.
585 These with his silvery bow slew Phœbus Apollo, resentful,
Wrathful with Niobe ; those, howbeit, the goddess of hunting,

- Seeing she boasted herself as the equal of beautiful Leto.
Niobe said two children alone fair Leto had brought forth,
While she exulted, the mother herself of a numerous offspring :
590 This notwithstanding, the two were the cause of the death of the many.
Nine days these in their blood lay weltering, lying unburied,
Mighty Kronion the people the while having turn'd into statues ;
Nathless, the heavenly gods on the tenth day gave them interment :
Still she was mindful of food, though ofttimes weary with weeping.
595 Now, it is true, 'mid the rock-girt mountains of Sipylos desert,
Where it is said are the beds of the heavenly Dryads and Naiads,
Nymphs who the dance lead round on the banks of the famed Acheloös,
Over her infinite woes, sent down by the gods, tho' a statue,
Still she laments. Come now, old man, be of food not unmindful,
600 Then thou indeed mayest go and bewail to the full thy beloved son ;
Leading his corse into Troia, with many a tear thou wilt mourn him."
Thus spoke brave swift-footed Achilles ; and, leaping anon up,
Slaughter'd a white-wool'd sheep, and his friends next flay'd and pre-
pared it,
Then on the spit pierced, after in choice small portions dividing ;
605 Drawing the flesh from the spit, when they saw to their mind it was
roasted.
Noble Automedon next took bread and distributed freely,
Over the table in baskets, Achilles dispensing the viands :
Whereupon all then stretching their hands forth, took of the victuals.
Now when their craving for viands and wine was sufficiently sated,
610 Looking on Peleus' son, much marvell'd Dardanian Priam,
Marking his stature, for one of the high gods e'en he resembled.
Neither did godlike Achilles admire less Priam the monarch,
Hearing his words well-chosen, and seeing his countenance noble.
Then when they thus each other had scann'd, till contented with gazing,
615 Priam, the old man, godlike in mien, him foremost accosted :
" Now to my couch me lead, O great Zeus-bred, that, reclining,
Rest I indulge, and with sweet sleep soothe this sorrowful bosom :
Never indeed have my tired eyes once closed under their eyelids,
Even since that sad day when my Hector was slain by thy falchion ;
620 No, but I ever my many severe woes cherish, lamenting,
Rolling myself on the ground in the dust, in the courts of my palace.
Now I have tasted of food, howbeit, and wine from the goblet
Likewise have drunk, for before I of such things ne'er had partaken."
Ended the old man ; whereon Achilles desired his companions,
625 Maidens and men, lay down 'neath the portico suitable couches,

Over them broider'd tapestries throwing, and costliest purple
Rugs, and the whole with a beautiful close-wove mantle to cover.
Carrying torches before them, the maids now left the pavilion ;
Going in haste two couches to spread in the porch as commanded.

630 Whereupon, feigning alarm, thus godlike Achilles address'd him :

“ Lie outside, thou revered old man, some chief, peradventure,
Hither may come, to consult, as they oft do, sitting beside me ;
Doubtless should any of such friends see thee in dangerous midnight,
Hurrying hence, he would early apprise Agamemnon Atreides ;

635 This might occasion, perchance, lost time in redeeming the body,
Come, however, inform me of this, and inform me exactly ;
Say, what time will suffice for the burial honours of Hector ?
So long mean I to rest, and restrain the advance of the army.”

Whereupon him thus Priam, the godlike old man, answer'd :

640 “ Noble Achilles, if me thou accordest to celebrate meetly
Hector's funereal rites, the indulgence I gladly acknowledge.
Well dost thou know we are pent in the town, and the labour of bringing
Wood from the mountains is great, and the Trojans exceedingly dread it.
Him nine days we would mourn and lament in the halls of our palace,
645 Bury him next day, calling the people to feast, the eleventh
Finish his tomb, and the twelfth, if we needs must, on to the battle.”

Him once more thus answer'd in turn swift-foot'd Achilles :

“ All these things shall be done as desired, O reverend Priam ;
E'en till the twelfth day dawn will I hinder the army from fighting.”

650 Thus having spoken ; Achilles the old man took by the right hand,
Grasping him tight by the wrist, lest perchance some terror should haunt
him.

Priam the king, and the herald beside him, reposed in the outer
Porch of the tent, thoughts prudent the while in their spirits revolving.
Godlike Achilles himself in an inner recess of the well-built

655 Tent lay down : and beside him the fair-cheeked maiden, Briseïs.

Meanwhile rested the other Immortals, and chariot-fighters,
Lying the live-long night, overcome by the gentle restorer
Sleep, save Hermes alone, great blessing-dispenser, who slept not ;
Much he revolved in his mind how Priam afar from the galleys

660 Best he could guide, and assist in eluding the watch at the portals.

Whereupon, over his head now standing, he spoke and address'd him :

“ Verily, old man, evil thou heedest not, seeing thou sleepest
Here among heroes, thy foemen ; permitted, 'tis true, by Achilles.
Rich gifts many indeed hast thou given to ransom thy loved son ;

665 Thrice howbeit as many the sons still left to survive thee

Gladly would give for thy ransom, if King Agamemnon Atreides
Haply should learn thou wert here, and the other Achaians should
know it."

Ended : on which the revered man fear'd, and awaken'd the herald,
Whereupon Hermes the horses and mules yoked, driving them forthwith
670 On thro' the army himself, unperceived by the watch in attendance.

Now when they all had arrived at the waters of eddyng Xanthus,
Stream fair-flowing ! the offspring beloved of immortal Kronion,
Hermes ascended anon to the region of lofty Olympus,
Over the wide earth morning with mantle of saffron appearing.
675 Forward they drove thro' the city with wailing and loud lamentations,
Follow'd the mules with the dead ; nor were any apprised of their
coming,

Neither the warriors brave, nor the fair-zoned beautiful women ;
Saving Cassandra alone, who ascending, like bright Aphrodite,
Pergamos' tower, descried on the chariot-seat her beloved sire
680 Standing ; beside him the herald who went to assemble the city.
Him she beheld too, borne by the mules, laid out on the litter.

Whereon, she, shrieking and crying aloud, ran on thro' the city :

" Hasten, ye Trojans, and women of Troia, to look upon Hector !
Haste, if ye ever rejoiced in your breasts to behold him returning
685 Home from the war, for the joy of the city he was, and the people."

Thus she aloud cried ; whereon nor woman nor man in the city
Longer remain'd ; such sorrow of soul seized every beholder :
Pouring in crowds from the portals, they him met bringing the body.
Foremost his mother revered and his own loved wife to the well-wheel'd
690 Wain forth flew, both tearing their hair with their hands, and the body
Touching ; and, weeping, the whole vast crowd came clustering round
them.

All day long had they stood at the wide gates, even till sunset,
Mourning the dead, had not Priam the people address'd from his carriage :

" Come, make way for the litter to pass on first ; when the palace
695 Once I have reach'd with the dead, then weep ye your fill and lament him."

Spoke ; and the crowd fell back, that the litter might pass unob-
structed,

Then, when the corse they had brought close up to the beautiful palace,
There on a sumptuous bed it was laid, by the singers encircled,
Those who the requiem pour for the dead, who a sorrowful ditty
700 Chanted around, while women in tears stood wailing responsive ;
Then, 'tween her soft palms holding the head of illustrious Hector,
Foremost her loud wail comely Andromache utter'd lamenting :

“ O dear husband, in years still young hast thou fallen, a widow
 Me in thy rich halls leaving, and leaving thy son but an infant ;
 705 Him whom, alas ! ill-fated, I bore unto thee ; who will never
 Bloom into youth, for before then Troia in ruins will perish,
 All overthrown, its protector renown'd now dead, who defended
 Nobly the city itself, and its wives, with their innocent children,
 Soon to be hurried away in their black-hull'd ships ; and myself, too,
 710 One of their bond-slaves ; thee, my beloved son, bearing beside me,
 There to be doom'd mean tasks to perform to a merciless master :
 Ay, or it may be, one of the Danai, seizing thy little
 Hand, in his fury will thee hurl down from a battlement headlong,
 Death and destruction thy terrible doom ; some hero whose father
 715 Hector has slain, or whose brother, or son, peradventure ; for doubtless
 Many an Argive has bitten the earth, death-struck by thy father :
 Yes, for thy sire was of no mild mood in the terrible battle ;
 Wherefore it is thro' the whole of the city the people lament him.
 O thou hast caused great grief to the souls of thy sorrowing parents,
 720 Hector, but chiefly to me ; yes, mine is unspeakable sorrow :
 Oh, on thy death-bed laid, no hands unto me didst thou stretch out,
 No kind word didst thou utter, with tears to be ever remember'd.”

Thus she bewail'd him ; her handmaids all round groaning responsive.
 Hecuba next pour'd forth to the women her loud lamentations :

725 “ Hector, my loved son ! truly of all to the soul of thy mother
 Far most dear ; in thy life thou wert surely beloved by the great gods,
 Seeing they even have shown in thy death-doom care of thy body.
 Sold far over the harvestless sea were the rest of my offspring,
 All whomsoever he captured, by fierce swift-footed Achilles,
 730 Sold at the rock-girt, harbourless Lemnos, and Samos, and Imbros :
 Thee, howbeit, thy life with his long sharp spear when he shorten'd,
 Often he dragg'd round the tomb of his faithful companion Patroclus,
 Him whom thou slewest ; in vain,—for from death no power could awake
 him.

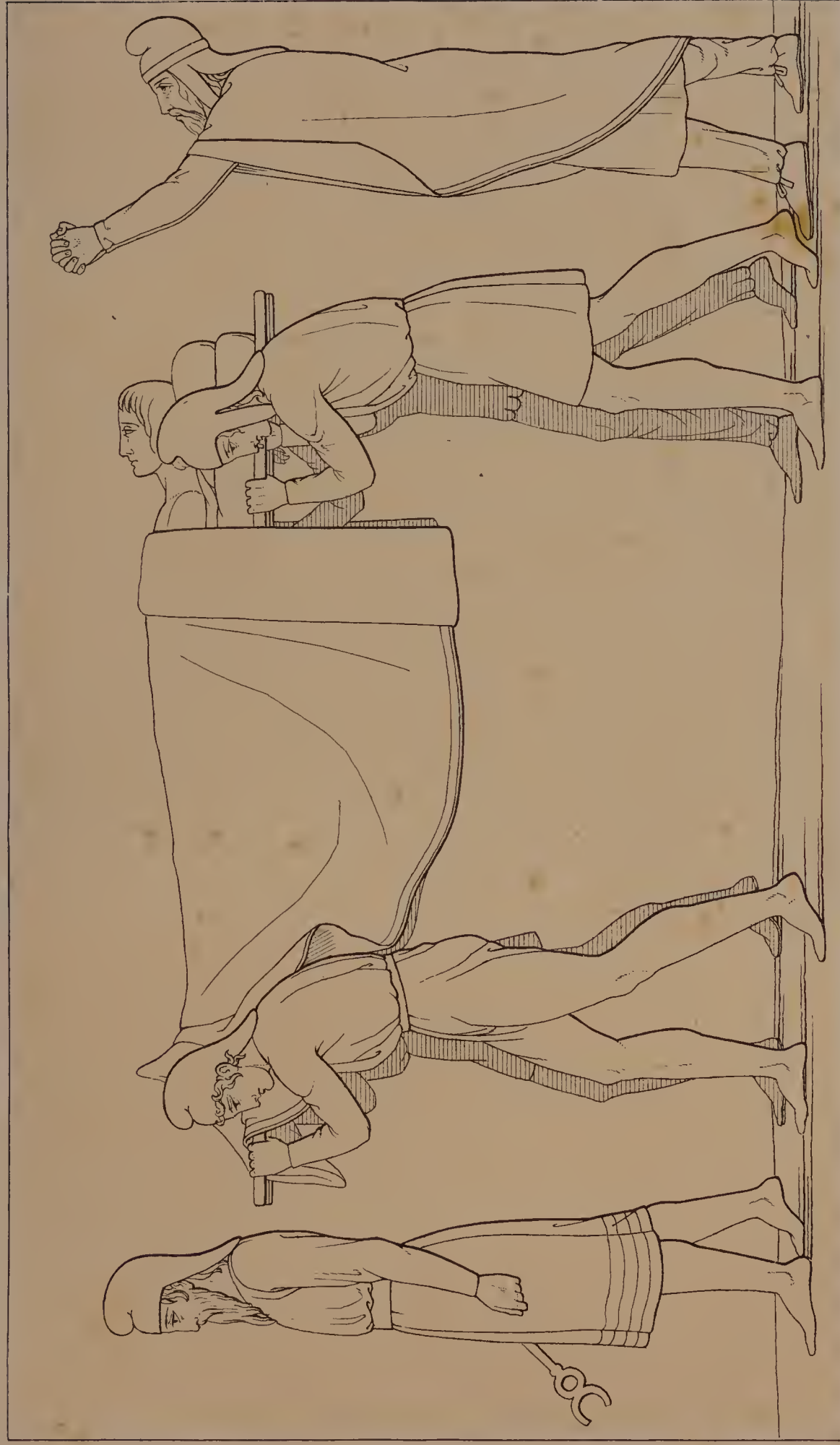
Now all fresh as the dew in the morn, in the palace thou liest,
 735 Recently fallen in battle, like one whom Phœbus Apollo,
 God of the silvery bow, with his arrow has suddenly smitten.”

Thus spoke Hecuba weeping, and vehement wailing excited.
 Then, third, Helen began to the women her loud lamentation :

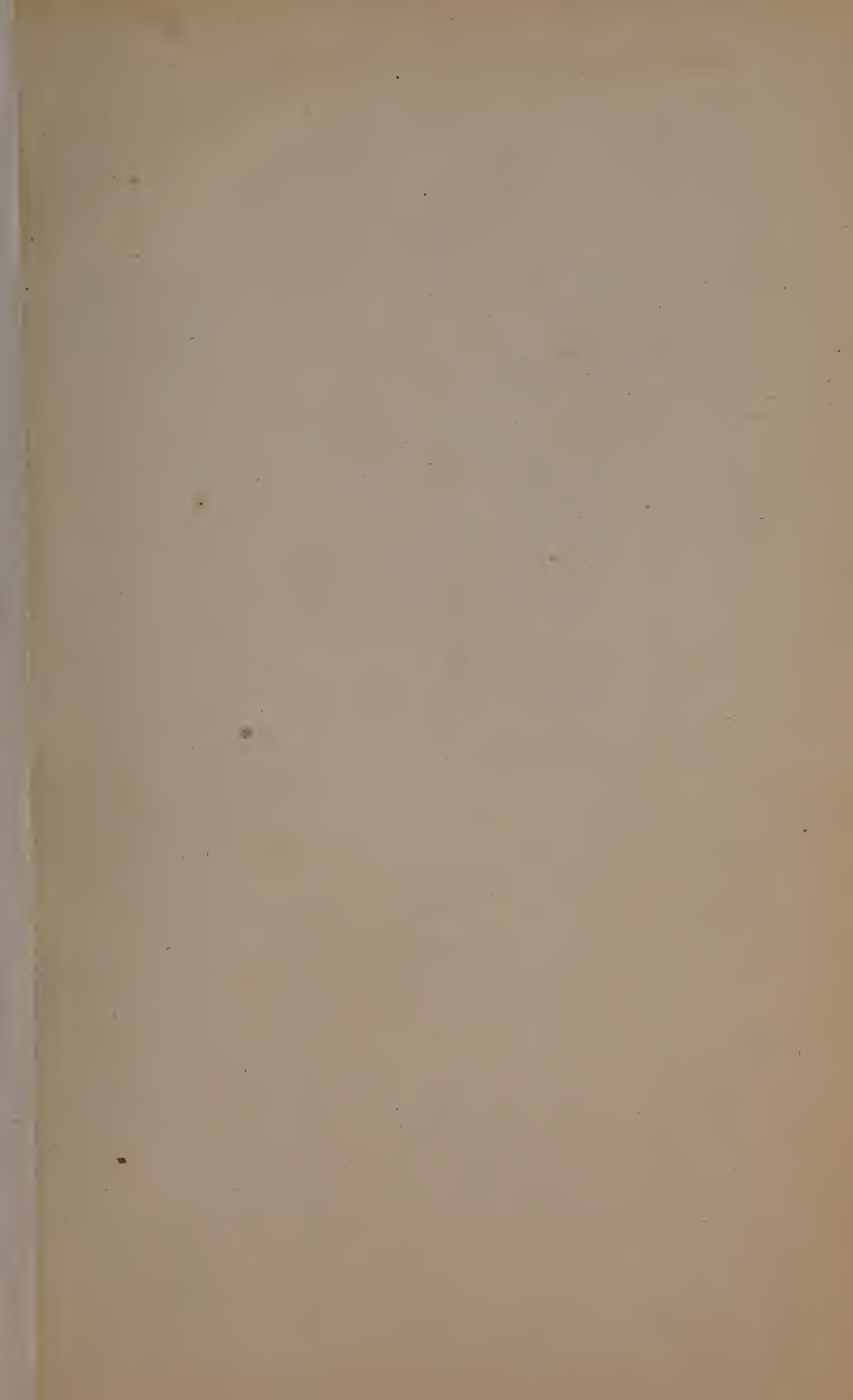
“ O loved Hector ! of all to the soul in my agonized bosom
 740 Far most dear of my brothers-in-law (for I'm wife of the godlike
 Paris, who brought me to Troy). Oh, would that I sooner had perish'd !
 This is the twentieth year since I quitted the land of my fathers,

- Hither to come, yet never with harsh words once didst thou blame me :
 No, but if any indeed of my brothers-in-law, or the well-robed
 745 Consorts of Paris' brothers, or sisters-in-law, in the palace
 Hurt me with taunts, or my mother-in-law (for indulgent was Priam),
 Them thou wouldst check full often, and kindly admonish, restraining
 Both by thy own soft accents, and tender endearing demeanour.
 Thus now thee I bewail in my soul, and myself most wretched :
 750 Oh, there is none now left, no, none, in the city of wide Troy,
 Friendly or tender to me, all, all now shun and abhor me."
- Weeping she thus spoke, all those round her responsively groaning ;
 Whereupon Priam, the agèd, himself then spoke to the people :
 " Trojans, away, now haste, bring wood to thè city, nor ambush
 755 Fear of the Argives, for godlike Achilles, dismissing me, promised,
 Down by the black ships, war till the twelfth morn dawn'd to relinquish."
- Thus spoke Priam ; on which both oxen and mules to the waggons
 Promptly they yoked, and the people assembled in front of the city.
 Nine days toil'd they, of wood great masses collecting together ;
 760 Then when the tenth grey morning arose, light bringing to mortals,
 Soon, all weeping, they bore from the palace illustrious Hector,
 Placing the corse on a high-built pile, then lighted the fuel.
- Soon as the daughter of dawn, bright Eos, appear'd, rosy-finger'd,
 Gather'd the people in crowds round the pyre of illustrious Hector,
 765 Then, when assembled, the burning with dark wine first they extinguish'd
 Pouring it out wherever the force of the fire had extended.
 Next his companions and brothers his white bones duly collected,
 Mourning aloud, while tear-drops water'd their cheeks in descending.
 After, the bones in a pure gold urn they deposited safely,
 770 Cov'ring it over with folds of magnificent vestments of purple ;
 This they deposited next in a deep-dug grave, and above it
 Laid huge stones : but the tomb they in great haste built, and the watches
 Set all round, lest the well-greaved Argives mayhap might attack them.
 Then, having finished the tomb, they return'd, and in order assembled,
 775 Shared in a sumptuous banquet by Zeus-bred Priam provided.
 Such was the burial giv'n brave Hector, the tamer of horses.

THE END.



Hector carried to the funeral pile. Book XXIV l. 760.



BOSTON COLLEGE



3 9031 035 41911 8

15323

HOMER

AUTHOR

ILLIAD

TITLE

PLATE BY J. T. COCHRANE

15323

BOSTON COLLEGE LIBRARY

UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS

CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

Books may be kept for two weeks and may be renewed for the same period, unless reserved.

Two cents a day is charged for each book kept overtime.

If you cannot find what you want, ask the Librarian who will be glad to help you.

The borrower is responsible for books drawn on his card and for all fines accruing on the same.

